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ART. I. — *A History of the Operations of a Partisan Corps, called the Queen's Rangers, commanded by* LIEUT. COL. J. G. SIMCOE, *during the War of the American Revolution;* illustrated by ten engraved Plans of Actions. Now first published, with a Memoir of the Author, and other Additions. New York: Bartlett and Welford. 1844. 8vo. pp. 328.

WHATEVER knowledge individuals may have obtained of the reasons which influenced, the hopes and fears which agitated, and the miseries which befell, the Loyalists of the American Revolution, the public generally have known but little of them until within a very recent period. And even at the present moment, many things which are necessary to form a correct judgment of all the circumstances of their case are wanting. The third volume of Hutchinson's "History of Massachusetts," the "Life of Peter Van Schaack," the "Journal and Letters of Samuel Curwen," and the journal named at the head of this article, comprise, we believe, all the published works on the subject. Like every thing connected with the great event to which they relate, they contain much to interest and instruct the reader. We have met with individuals, however, who, imagining that they know quite all that can be said of the causes which severed the British empire, and enough of those who were prominent actors in the struggle that preceded it, seek to know no more of either. To such persons, and to others who, equally conceited, are ready to do battle for *every*

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"Whig," and to denounce *every* "Tory," these books are of no possible value. But of a spirit wholly different are the searchers after truth, and the close students of history. These have ascertained, from the various sources open to them, that all who called themselves "Whigs" were not necessarily disinterested and virtuous, and the proper objects of unlimited praise; and that the "Tories" were not, to a man, selfish and vicious, and deserving of unmeasured and indiscriminate reproach. And be the popular sentiment now what it may, we cannot doubt, that Harrison Gray, Peter Van Schaack, Richard Saltonstall, and hundreds of others, were animated by a purer and stronger love of country, than were many who will go down to posterity as true and sound-hearted patriots. Men who give up home, who separate themselves from kindred, who surrender all the happiness and expectations of life, in order to become exiles, — if of distinguished private worth, — are never to be stigmatized, but always to be respected, and sometimes venerated. "I will go to Worms," said Luther, "though I were certain to meet as many devils as there are tiles on the houses." Impelled by a sense of duty as high and as holy as this, *some* of the Loyalists abandoned their firesides to brave perils as alarming to them, as any which beset the path or floated in the imagination of the great Reformer. "Why did you come here, when you and your associates were almost certain to endure the sufferings and absolute want of shelter and food, which you have now narrated?" asked an American gentleman of one of the first settlers of St. John, New Brunswick, a man whose life, which has just ended, was without a stain. "Why did we come here?" replied he, with emotion that brought tears; — "for our loyalty; think you that our principles were not as dear to us, as were yours to you?" Will not even the prejudiced own, that faithfulness to conscience and to duty is always a great virtue, never a sin?

Every effort which has been, or which remains to be made, to relieve the class to which this good man belonged from obloquy and shame, has had our most hearty concurrence. And while we hope that full justice will be done to such, we would also hope that no asperity of judgment may be shown towards those who were aged, who were grief-stricken, or who adhered to the crown from natural timidity

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of character, the dread of bloodshed, or the conviction that the most united and energetic resistance would prove unavailing; since, if blamable, they were, as a mass, severely punished. Those who clung to the cause of the king upon a calculation of personal advantage, or from the love and expectation of place and power, deserve to be held up to public scorn; and assuredly we will say nothing to avert from them the full measure of reprobation which they deserve.

There is still another class, on whom public indignation has fallen, and yet rests, none too heavily. The occasions are few, if, indeed, they are found at all, which justify men in bearing arms against their native land. This has been the sentiment in all ages, and we would endeavour to confirm and strengthen it. To this end, we would not have the conduct of the Loyalists who entered the British service and fought against their brethren held excusable, either now or at any coming time. Until every distinction between right and wrong shall be beaten down, their deep sin will stand accursed. Not that there was no difference in the criminality of these men's acts, while they were in service; for in this respect, some were far less reprehensible than others. Thus, the Queen's Rangers, when under the command of Simcoe, committed as few, and the corps of Tryon as many, barbarous deeds, we suppose, as any Americans who wore the royal uniform; but for consenting to wear *that* uniform at all, both incurred guilt, which is deserving of equal and perpetual detestation.

Dropping here this course of general remark, we propose to notice somewhat in detail, and with only incidental allusions to the work before us, the principal occurrences between the Whigs and the Tories throughout the war; and we enter upon the task, fully conscious, that, though we shall perform it with a single eye to truth, impartiality, and justice, we cannot fail to utter thoughts which will grate harshly upon the ears of a portion of our readers, and disturb some of their long cherished opinions.

Those who have not been at the pains to investigate the matter may be surprised to learn, that the opponents of the Revolution were powerful in all the thirteen Colonies; and that, in some of them, they were nearly, if not quite, equal in number to its friends, the Whigs. Such, however,

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is the undoubted fact. The Loyalists composed a large body, even in Massachusetts. On the departure of Hutchinson, he was addressed by upwards of two hundred merchants, lawyers, and other citizens, of Boston, Salem, and Marblehead. On the arrival of Gage, his successor, forty-eight persons "of the ancient town of Salem" presented to him their dutiful respects, as the representative of their honored sovereign; and on his retirement, he received the "Loyal Address from gentlemen and principal inhabitants of Boston," as they styled themselves, to the number of ninety-seven, and of eighteen country gentlemen and official personages, who had been driven from their homes to a shelter in the capital. Such of these "Addressers"* as were not subsequently "Recanters" became exceedingly obnoxious; and most of them were driven by the force of subsequent events into temporary or permanent banishment; and whoever visits British America can now stand by the graves, and hold converse with the descendants, of many of them.

Besides these, the crown had more or less friends in nearly every old and populous town in the Colony. At Marshfield, for example, the associated Loyalists consisted of three hundred members, and Gage's citizens' patrol numbered as many more. In Charlestown, there was but a single inhabitant who claimed the royal protection. In Maine,

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* It may be well here to notice some of the *names* and *terms* which obtained currency during the struggle. The two great parties, as all are aware, were known as "Whigs" and "Tories"; but the latter were also called "Refugees" and "Loyalists," and the former, "Sons of Liberty." Besides these general designations, there were several others, which had reference to particular circumstances. Thus, the term "Rescinders" was applied to the members of the Massachusetts House of Representatives who voted to rescind a resolution that gave great offence to the Ministry, and caused Lord Hillsborough to direct Bernard to dissolve that body, on refusal to "rescind." The "Protesters" were those who published protests against the doings of Congress, and against the resolves of the Whigs in public meetings. The "Addressers" were those who addressed the royal governors, as in the case of Hutchinson and Gage; and the "Recanters," such of them as confessed their regret for doing so. A "Mandamus Councillor" was a member of the Council who, after the charter of Massachusetts was declared void, was appointed by the king's writ of "Mandamus." To say of a party of men, that they "were Burgoyned," meant not only their capture or the entire overthrow of the plans of the discomfited, but also that a proud and boastful spirit had preceded their humiliation. The "Cow-boys" and "Skinners" were native Americans and others, who came from within the British lines, on excursions of plunder and murder.

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Falmouth, the principal town, had quite its share of Tories, and the same is true of Pownalborough and Castine; while Saco and Biddeford possessed but two that were objects of Whig displeasure. Of Massachusetts generally it may be remarked, that a large proportion of her people who opposed the Revolution were persons of consideration; that many of them were eminent for virtue, were blessed with fine talents, had been well educated, and were in the enjoyment of competency, and even of wealth; and, as will be seen in another connection, they afterwards obtained distinguished places in the annals of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

The division of parties in Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire was much the same as in Massachusetts; and each of them furnished not only strong and influential supporters of the ministry, but recipients of their bounty and preferment. Of New York it is scarcely possible to speak in terms of exaggeration; since it is undeniable, that it was the Loyalists' stronghold, and contained more of them than any Colony in all America. While proof to sustain this assertion can be adduced to almost any extent, we shall cite but a single, though conclusive, fact; namely, that, soon after the close of the war, the Assembly of that State passed a bill which prohibited adherents of the crown from holding office, but which was objected to and returned by the Council of Revision, who, among other reasons for their course, stated, that, if it were suffered to become a law, there would be difficulty, and in some places an impossibility, of finding men of different political sympathies, even to conduct the elections.

In some of the Southern Colonies the Loyalists were almost as numerous as in New York; while in all of them they composed a most formidable body. In the Carolinas it may be hard to determine which party had the majority; and it will be found, as we proceed, that there were occasions when the royal generals obtained twelve or fifteen hundred recruits among the inhabitants, merely by issuing a proclamation or call upon them to stand to their allegiance "to the best of sovereigns." General Lincoln was compelled to surrender Charleston; and all who calmly examine the events which led to the capitulation must be satisfied, we think, that the inhabitants of the city and its vicinity, as a body, preferred that both the American army and the city

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should fall into British hands. Few of the Carolinians would enlist under the American banner; but after the capitulation, they flocked to the royal standard by hundreds. In truth, so general was the defection from the popular cause, that men who had shared Lincoln's confidence, and stood high in the Whig counsels, abandoned it, and bound their necks anew to the yoke of colonial vassalage.

In North Carolina, it is remarkable, that the "Regulators," a body of men who, before the union of the thirteen Colonies, had attempted by force to reform certain real or supposed abuses, now opposed the Revolution, and lent military aid to the power which they had resisted. It may be added, that, while the "Addressers" at the North generally preserved some portion of self-respect, those of Governor Martin commonly gave up all pride, and at times expressed sentiments abject and mean enough to be becoming for slaves crouching under the uplifted lash.

It has often been asserted, that nearly all the clergy were Whigs. The truth of this may admit of doubt; since most of those of the Episcopal faith not only espoused the adverse side, but abandoned their flocks and the country. This was especially the case in New England; and it is believed, that Dr. Parker, of Trinity Church, Boston, was the only one of that communion who stood by the people of his charge, and saved them from dispersion. The Sandemanians, though inconsiderable, both in numbers and influence, were opposed to the popular movement, and gave its friends no little trouble. Of the clergymen of the remaining sects, it is probably correct to say, that they were generally sound in political doctrine. But there were some among them who were otherwise; or who, falling under suspicion, were compelled to leave their parishes.

The ministers of the time, under whichever banner they ranged themselves, seem oftentimes to have made a recruiting house of the sanctuary. Some of them have left memorials of their zeal in the proceedings of public meetings, before which they were summoned to answer for their conduct; and others, in particular acts, which may well excite a smile. Thus, one uttered a prayer in these words: "O Lord! if our enemies will fight us, let them have fighting enough. If more soldiers are on their way hither, sink them, O Lord, to the bottom of the sea." Boucher, of

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Virginia, a learned man, and one of the best preachers of the day, in his farewell discourse on leaving America, declared, that, as long as he lived, he would say, with Zadoc the priest and Nathan the prophet, "God save the king." Of a similar nature was the declaration of Ashley, of Massachusetts, on reading a proclamation of the Provincial Congress: the old form of ejaculation had been changed to "God save the *people*"; but when he came to the close, "he raised himself above his ordinary height, and with great vehemence subjoined, 'And God save the king, I say, or we are an undone people.'" Of the wit, Mather Byles, it is unnecessary to speak; but we may mention, that Morgan Edwards, a Baptist divine of Pennsylvania, whose political sympathies harmonized with those of the "guarded, regarded, and disregarded" Byles, appears to have possessed a similar vein of eccentric humor; for among his performances, was the preaching of his own funeral sermon.

Of the thirty-seven newspapers which were published in the Colonies, in April, 1775, if the result of our inquiries be correct, seven or eight were in the interest of the crown, and twenty-three were devoted to the service of the Whigs. Of these thirty-one, however, one on each side had little or no part in discussing the great questions at issue, as they were established only in the preceding month of January; and of those which did participate in these discussions and maintain the right, no less than five went over to the Loyalists in the course of the war. Of the number first named, two were printed in German, and one in German and English; and as another of the thirty-seven was commenced in April, there were, in fact, but thirty-one newspapers in the vernacular tongue, at the close of 1774. Up to the beginning of the strife, printing had been confined to the capitals, or principal towns; but hostile deeds, interfering with all employments, caused the removal of some of the public journals to places more remote, and were the means of interruptiug, or wholly discontinuing, the publication of others. Those that existed at the period of which we are speaking were very unequally distributed; thus, Maryland, Virginia, the two Carolinas, and Georgia, taken together, had but one more than Pennsylvania, and but three more than Massachusetts.* In New Hampshire, the "Gazette"

* There was quite as much difference between the North and South, in the nnmber of published political essays; since it is believed, that but three

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was alone; while Rhode Island had both a "Gazette" and a "Mercury." Of the editors and proprietors who originally opposed the right, or became converts to the wrong, several sought refuge in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, where they established newspapers; and had we space for details, we might show, perhaps, that the influence of the *hegira* of at least one of them is still felt in the politics of the former Colony.

The two great parties divided kindred, and severed old ties of love and friendship. Of the sorrows from this source, which pierced the bosoms of thousands, it were utterly vain to attempt a description. But we will give a few instances of the disruption of family and social bands, and leave our readers to their imaginations to fill up the outlines. Of different sides, then, were Franklin and his only son, the royal governor of New Jersey, between whom there was no intercourse for ten years. John Lovell, who moulded the minds of many of the prominent Massachusetts Whigs, went to Halifax as a refugee; but his son James as a prisoner of war. The wives of Hancock and of Jonathan Sewall were sisters, of the Quincy family. The father of Knox's wife, deprived of his honors, died in exile, and her brother was in arms against her husband. The mother of Gouverneur and Lewis Morris was under the protection of her British friends throughout the struggle; and their brother, Staats, was an officer in the pay of the king, whose servants desolated the beautiful Morrisania, and burned its thousand acres of woodland. Nathaniel, the Whig son of Judge Saltonstall, mourned a brother who died in banishment, and another, who, showing a long roll of honored ancestors in both hemispheres, accepted a military commission, and served under the royal banner with Cornwallis. The state-paper which drove Van Schaack from his home, and which he said was a "death-warrant," bore the signature of a former student in his office, whom he loved. Jeremy Gridley, who defended the legality of the "Writs of Assistance," and Richard Gridley, who laid out the works on Breed's Hill, were brothers. The wife of Fisher Ames was the daughter of a

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were written in Virginia during the controversy,—those by Jefferson, Richard Bland, and Arthur Lee. In Massachusetts, James Otis alone was the author of four; while Samuel and John Adams, Quincy, Oxenbridge Thacher, Chauncey, and Cooper, each wrote one or more tracts or series of papers.

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"Mandamus Councillor"; and the wife of Jonathan Bliss was her sister. John Hicks was editor of a Boston paper to which the British officers are supposed to have contributed; but his father fell at Lexington. Harrison Gray, on going into perpetual banishment, parted from his only daughter, the wife of an Otis. The entreaties and tears of a most affectionate sister failed to deter Samuel Quincy from continuing as a recipient and an expectant of honors from the sovereign whom all others of his blood renounced. Sewall, already spoken of, and John Adams were bosom friends; and it was to him, on the "Great Hill" in Portland, and in answer to his dissuasives, that the patriot of lion heart and lofty soul uttered the memorable words, — "The die is now cast; I have passed the Rubicon; swim or sink, live or die, survive or perish with my country, is my unalterable determination." Thus they parted, to meet no more till the "declaration" had been made good, and Adams had "a country and that a free country"; but it was reserved to the highly gifted and eloquent Loyalist to die as he was born, — "a colonist."

But if there were scenes of grief, so, too, there were incidents to amuse; of which we will relate one, as we received it from the son of a citizen of Massachusetts, who was proscribed and banished. "My father," said our informant, "was the son of a Tory captain; my mother, the daughter of a Whig major; and the two families were thus divided, even to some of the collateral branches. The political discussions were, of consequence, frequent and warm. On the birth of one of my brothers, it was insisted on the one side, that he should receive a Whig, and on the other, a Tory, name. Neither party would yield, and after many disputes, my father proposed to take the Bible and give the child the first proper name he should see, on opening it. This was assented to; the name happened to be "Cushi," and "Cushi" was my brother called to the day of his death." The father in question was engaged in many hazardous enterprises during the war, and was twice captured by the Whigs, and tried for his life. Notwithstanding this, and his final settlement in one of the present British Colonies, the good mother continued true to the land of her birth, and clung throughout her life to the principles imbibed in her youth.

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It may be asked, why, when the oppressions of the mother country were so very flagrant and apparent, there was not greater unanimity than, from what we have now said, appears to have existed; and why a party so large in numbers, which, in many Colonies, included persons so respectable, and hitherto so universally esteemed, was seemingly, or in fact, averse to breaking away from British dominion. These questions have been put to Loyalists themselves. They have answered, that, upon the original formation of parties, they were generally regarded as the common organizations of the *ins* and *outs*; the one striving to retain, and the other to gain, patronage and place; and that the mass, in taking sides with or against the royal governors, were stimulated by the hopes which politicians have always been able to excite in their followers. It has been answered, too, that few foresaw the issue to which the quarrel must come. It has been said, also, that those who received the name of Tories were not, at first, nor, indeed, for some years, resisting *a revolution*, but striving to preserve order, and an observance of the rights of persons and property; that many, who took sides at the outset as mere conservators of the peace, were denounced by those whose purposes they thwarted, and were finally compelled, in pure self-defence, to accept of royal protection. Again, it has been stated, that, had the naked question of independence been discussed from the beginning, and before minor, and in many cases, local, events had shaped their course, many, who were driven forth to live and die as aliens and outcasts, would have terminated their career far differently.

That there is some force in all of these replies, the unprejudiced minds of this generation should be frank enough to admit. The wise man of Israel said, "A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city; and their contentions are like the bars of a castle." That many were needlessly "offended" by the doings of persons who took to themselves the sacred name of "Sons of Liberty," we shall not hesitate to declare. What "brother," upon whose vision the breaking up of the colonial system and the sovereignty of America had not dawned, and who saw, as even the Whigs professed to see, with the eyes only of a British subject, was "to be won" over to the right by the arguments of mobbing, tarring, burning, and smoking? Did the

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cause of human freedom gain strength by the deeds of the five hundred who mobbed Sheriff Tyng, or by the speed of the one hundred and sixty on horseback who pursued Commissioner Hallowell? Were the shouts of an excited multitude, and the crash of broken glass and demolished furniture, fit requiems for the dying Ropes? Were Whig interests promoted because one thousand men shut up the courts of law in Berkshire, and five thousand did the same in Worcester, and mobs drove away the judges at Springfield, Taunton, and Plymouth? because, in one place, a judge was stopped, insulted, and threatened; in another, the whole bench were hissed and hooted; and in a third, were required to do penance, hat in hand, in a procession of attorneys and sheriffs? Did the driving of Ingersoll from his estate, of Edson from his house, and the assault upon the home of Gilbert, and the shivering of Sewall's windows, serve to wean them, or their friends and connections, from their royal master? Did Ruggels, when subsequent events threw his countrymen into his power, forget that the creatures which grazed his pastures had been painted, shorn, maimed, and poisoned,—that he had been pursued on the highway by day and night,—that his house had been broken open, and he and his family had been driven from it? What Tory turned Whig, because Saltonstall was mobbed, and Oliver plundered, and Leonard shot in his own house? * Was the kingly arm actually weakened or strengthened for harm, because thousands surrounded the mansions of high functionaries, and forced them into resignation,—or because sheriffs were told, that they would perform their duties at the hazard of their lives? Which party gained by waylaying and insulting at every corner the "Rescinders," the "Protesters," and the "Addressers"? which, by the burning of the mills of Putnam? Had widows and orphans no additional griefs, because the probate courts were closed by the multitude, and their officers were driven under cover of British guns? Did it serve a good end to endeavour to hinder Tories from getting tenants, or to prevent persons who owed them from paying honest debts? On whose

* These cases are selected from the many that are to be found in the documents of the times, because the objects of displeasure were principally men of note, and, before the troubles, were held in great respect.

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cheek should have been the blush of shame, when the habitation of the aged and feeble Foster was sacked, and he had no shelter but the woods? when Williams, as infirm as he, was seized at night, dragged away for miles, and smoked in a room with fastened doors and a closed chimney-top? What father, who doubted, wavered, and doubted still, whether to join or fly, determined to abide the issue in the land of his birth, because foul words were spoken to his daughters, or because they were pelted when riding, or moving in the innocent dance? Is there cause for wonder, that some, who still live to tell of their own or their fathers' treatment, should yet say, that "persecution made half of the king's friends"?

The practice of "tarring and feathering," however reprehensible, needs no mention for the purposes which we have in view. Though so frequent as to qualify the saying of the ancient, that man is a two-legged animal *without* feathers, still, it was borrowed from the Old World, where it has existed since the crusades; and it was confined, principally, to obnoxious custom-house officers, pimps, and informers; and hence, it had no special influence in determining the course of families or individuals. In concluding our remarks on this topic, we ask our readers to observe, that the outrages which we have cited occurred before the shedding of blood, and while both parties occupied — ostensibly, at least — common ground on the question of separation. The point we have labored to show is, that a work as righteous as men ever undertook lost friends by deeds of violence. With the principles of those who lent no aid to that work, from whatever cause, we have neither communion nor sympathy. We have seen enough of the operations and the tendencies of the colonial system, modified even as it now is, to entertain for it the heartiest abhorrence. But the mobs and the warfare waged against persons at their own homes and about their lawful avocations, in order to overthrow it, are to be severely and unconditionally condemned.

We have now a word or two to say of the Whigs who went back. Arnold is branded, by common consent, with the chief infamy of treason; but he was not the only one, nor even the only military officer, who deserted, or sought to betray, his country. Zedwitz, a lieutenant-colonel in the regular continental service, was detected in a treasonable

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correspondence with Tryon, and was tried for his life; he escaped death by a casting vote, but was dismissed the service, and declared incapable of entering it again. William Allen, a son of Chief Justice Allen, of Pennsylvania, who was also a lieutenant-colonel in the armies of America, joined her enemies, and attempted to raise a regiment of Tories to aid in her subjugation. McDowall, adjutant of a regiment of Connecticut state troops, was found guilty of desertion to the royal standard, and sentenced to death. With these we would by no means place the unfortunate Hayne of South Carolina, whose sad fate has excited so general sympathy, and called out so much and so bitter controversy; but we mention his name, to say, that we lament that so gallant a gentleman should have engaged fealty to more than one of the parties to the civil war.

Of non-combatants, of greater or less distinction, there were several who were either guilty of defection, or incurred suspicion. Prominent stands Church, of Massachusetts, surgeon and director of the American hospital department; a man who was equally celebrated as a scholar, physician, poet, and politician, and who, before his fall, was as high in favor as Warren, Hancock, or Samuel Adams. Under a cloud, also, is the good name of Deane, the earliest diplomatic functionary of the revolutionary period. It may be difficult to determine, whether he split on the rock of guilt or incompetency. If, on his retirement to England, he was on terms of familiarity with Arnold, as Mr. Jay seems to have believed, he must have been corrupt.* Admiration of the prayer used by Duche, † the chaplain of Congress, has not yet ceased; but events show, that his own heart was not moved by the sublime sentiments which it breathed. Not content merely to go back to the power which he had exhorted his countrymen to oppose, his memory is loaded with

* Deane died in misery and destitution. He may have suffered unjustly. His accounts with the government were never adjusted, it would seem, until 1842, when Congress passed an act providing for their settlement on certain principles, and for paying to his heirs a considerable sum, which, upon principles recognized by the Treasury department, appeared to be due.

† He was a man of fine talents, and an eloquent preacher. John Henry, whose "plot" made so much noise in our politics just before the last war, married his daughter. Duche went to England, where his pulpit performances were much admired.

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the infamy of a labored effort to sap the integrity of Washington. Of the defection of Zeebly, a clergyman of Savannah, a member of the Provincial Congress, and a man of great learning and vigorous mind, we will only remark, that, because of it, sorrows encompassed him on every hand, and embittered his remaining days. To Galloway, an eminent lawyer of Pennsylvania, and a member of the first Congress; and to Gower, of the same Colony, and the most extensive publisher of books in America, we can devote but a passing word. The former, who retired to England after his defection, was an active, influential, and virulent foe of the associates whom he abandoned. Both he and Gower lost large fortunes; and it is a fact which throws light on the spirit or the necessities of the times, that, among the confiscated property of the latter, was a quantity of unbound Bibles, which were used for making cartridges.

This list is far from being complete; but we shall notice only one other. Goddard, to whose exertions the Whigs appear to have been principally indebted for their post-office establishment, and who held the place of surveyor of its roads and comptroller of its affairs under Franklin, its head, is supposed to have been soured because he was not selected to succeed that eminent man, and to have changed his political attachment in consequence; and certain it is, that he incurred the displeasure of his former friends, and the vengeance of mobs.

A discussion of the questions which caused the divisions and aberrations, of which we have now very briefly spoken, forms no part of our present design. But since the winners in the strife which ensued have grown to some eighteen or twenty millions, and can well bear to hear what the losers and their descendants now think of the matter, the present opportunity to touch upon that point may not be suffered to pass unimproved. Some of them, then, whose homes are across our north-eastern border, clinging pertinaciously to the thoughts and prejudices of former days, still use the old terms of "rebels" and "rebellion," and speak of "*Mr.* Washington" without moving a muscle. When Sam Slick's "free and enlightened citizens" hear this from the aged, they can retain sufficient gravity to be civil; but they can hardly be serious, when they hear a mincing matriculate of a colonial college, who adds, that "Mr. Washington was

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rather a respectable gentleman." Others, well stored with the sneers and insinuations of bygone years, know all about the quarrel between the Otises and Bernard ; have a shake of the head for the faults of Warren; pretend to a deep knowledge of the early history or motives of the Adamses, the Lees, the Morrises, and of Hancock, Hawley, and others. It wounds the sensibilities of another class, that the offices in "the thirteen" passed from "the old families" into the hands of "upstarts"; and it is in vain to tell them, that — revolution or no revolution — a change in this particular was inevitable, because of the arrogance or faithlessness of the incumbents, and to break up the practice of bestowing upon the son, however incompetent, the place held by the father; and that the world has lost nothing, because John Marshall, instead of pleading, his life long, at the bar of a colonial court, broke his bonds, and became the founder of a nation's jurisprudence. These persons, forgetting, or not knowing, that many of the leading Whigs, especially at the South, actually belonged to the "old families," that they were rich, and had been educated in the universities of that distant "home" of their own affections, regard our fathers, for the most part, as mere needy office-hunters, and affect to believe, that all would have continued well, had they been gratified. It has been said in reply, that, were the fact admitted, the Whigs were still the more patriotic of the two ; since, upon this issue, it would seem that the fat and sleek possessors would not give up the much coveted places to the lean and hungry claimants, even to save the British empire from dismemberment. It may be replied further, that neither the Loyalists nor their descendants have evinced any unconquerable aversion to public employment; inasmuch as they have filled, and continue to fill, the most important places in British America. Thus, Smith, chief justice of New York, who wavered and doubted, till the struggle was well-nigh half over, attained to the same dignity in Canada. Jonathan Bliss, Daniel Bliss, Ward Chipman, Jonathan Sewall, Edward Winslow, James Putnam, and Joshua Upham were all on the bench of New Brunswick. Foster Hutchinson * and Sampson Salter Blowers were on the bench of Nova

* His sister Abigail died at Halifax, N. S., July, 1843, at the age of 74. Their father was a judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and brother of Governor Hutchinson.

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Scotia. John Wentworth, the last royal governor of New Hampshire, received the executive power over Nova Scotia, a baronetcy, and a pension of £500 a year.* Routh, collector of Salem, held the same post at Newfoundland, and was also chief justice there. William Hutchinson was king's councillor at the Bahamas. Samuel Quincy was king's attorney at Antigua. Daniel Leonard was chief justice of the Bermudas, and William Browne was governor of the same islands. Jonathan Stearns was attorney-general of Nova Scotia. Sir John Johnson was governor of Canada. Of these it is of interest to add, that Smith was educated at Yale College; and all the others, Routh and Johnson excepted, at Harvard University.

Among the descendants of the persons above named, and of other Loyalists, we may mention, that one of Sewall's sons was chief justice, and another, solicitor-general, of Canada; that Putnam's son James was barrack-master and executor of the Duke of Kent; that Beverly Robinson's son John was, and his grandson Beverly is, treasurer of New Brunswick; that Chipman's son is now chief justice, and a son of Daniel Bliss is upon the bench, of the last named Colony; that a son of Routh is a commissary-general of the British army; that a son of Thomas Robie has held several honorable and lucrative posts in Nova Scotia; and that sons of Christopher Hatch and Thomas Wyer are queen's councillors, and hold other considerable offices in New Brunswick.

Our readers must not suppose, that John, like Jonathan, doles out to his servants the pittance of a few hundred dollars *per annum;* on the contrary, he gives the heads of the colonial bench four, five, and even six, thousand dollars a year; and is not only proportionably liberal to dignitaries of lesser magnitude, but, as a rule, retains them for life, and has a tender care of the children afterwards. If the people of Rhode Island would become "respectable," we beseech them to increase the salary of their chief magistrate. "Ask a man to put down a rebellion, and pay him but a hundred pounds currency, will never do,"—in the Colonies, depend upon it.

* His only surviving child, Sir Charles M. Wentworth, who was born in Portsmouth, N. H., died in England, in April of the present year.

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Another class still, going a step beyond either of the preceding, denounce the Whigs, both the leaders and the led, in set terms; hardly admitting that the whole party contained any persons of unquestioned moral worth. In answer to such language, it has been said, that, in all civil commotions, there have been men who have counted the chances for obtaining power and plunder, and taken sides accordingly; and that some of this description, without doubt, rallied on the popular side. But it is better to dispose of the question in a word, by saying, that, even if the charge were entirely true, if Washington, and Jay, and John Adams were just objects of the world's scorn, and every associate they had were an Arnold in motive, separation from the mother country was still to be triumphantly defended on the ground of absolute necessity; that, without a dissolution of the connection, the Saxon race in the New World could neither have developed their own character or the resources of the continent they occupied; and that, when the sympathies of France, and the political condition of England, and of Europe generally, all favored entering upon the glorious work of self-government, and the emancipation of industry, the Loyalists should take shame to themselves, and hide their faces in the dust, for having left its accomplishment to those whom they are now pleased to endeavour to stigmatize.

Again, persons are to be met with, from whose eyes the scales have long since fallen, and whose hopes and hearts are set on "the States." These have seen, that the power to which they sacrificed their all has herself virtually confessed that the Whigs were right, by abandoning, one after another, the oppressive measures which they resisted; that, though England once insisted that the old Colonies should give up their tea trade with the Dutch, and buy their tea wholly of the company who monopolized her own market, she now allows colonial merchants to get it in China, or wherever else they will; that the colonial ships, which were once restricted to direct voyages to and from possessions of her crown, now enjoy a free trade with all the world; that colonists were prohibited from working up wool and iron, but may now manufacture both, and even purchase their machinery in "the thirteen"; that England's American subjects, who shed their blood to extend her conquests, or maintain the honor of her flag, and who were once denied prefer-

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ment, now obtain high rank in each arm of her service; that, while it was formerly her policy to discourage interior settlements and enterprises for facilitating intercourse and transportation, she now encourages both by direct and frequent legislation, and guaranties payment of money borrowed by colonists to open roads and canals; that her mandates formerly suppressed a currency of paper in the dependencies which she lost, but she now permits it in those that remain to her, in every form and to any extent compatible with safety; and finally, that the colonial system has been so shattered, as to be, at the present time, but a wreck of the old fabric.

For the class last mentioned, may we not fairly urge upon the citizens of the United States, that "he who is sorry for having sinned is almost innocent"? We ask our countrymen to remember, that

> "Mercy to him that shows it is the rule
> And righteous limitation of its act,
> By which Heaven moves in pardoning guilty man;
> And he that shows none, being *ripe in years*,
> And conscious of the outrage he commits,
> Shall seek it, and not find it, in his turn."

We go further, and say, indeed, that, while it is time to exercise discrimination, and not condemn in a mass, hatred towards all should cease. The remembrance of the conduct of those who bore arms should be perpetuated; but the crime, rather than the men, of whom few survive, ought either to be detested or excused. But in saying this, our plea is more for our national character than for Loyalists of any description; since many of them, regarding themselves as the wronged party, scorn the sentiments which we have uttered and quoted. But

> "Can he be strenuous in his country's cause
> Who slights the charities for whose dear sake
> That country, if at all, must be beloved?"

It is but fair to add, that, as far as our own observation has extended, a sense of the overpowering strength and resources of England, and of the utter impossibility of successfully resisting her, appears to have been general among those who made shipwreck of their patriotism. It is maintained yet, that the "rebellion" might have been suppressed, but for the wrong measures of the ministry, and the inefficiency of their generals; and the expression, that in the hands of

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both it was a "bungled business," is still used. Nor did the events of the war of 1812 serve to weaken the opinion of the omnipotence of Great Britain; since that war is regarded, by those who direct public opinion, as being "nothing more than a mere desultory flourish of arms."

We go back now to the course pursued by the opposers of the Revolution during the war. Some thousands quitted the country. Many took refuge with Lord Dunmore, when he was forced to abandon Virginia, in 1775; and on the evacuation of Boston, in the year following, about eleven hundred persons belonging to New England accompanied the British troops to Halifax, from which place considerable numbers embarked for England, to endure anguish, privation, and suffering. The life which Curwen led there gives, we suppose, a tolerably good idea of what was seen, heard, and felt by those who, like himself, were not entirely destitute of means. His Journal, for those who have not read it, may be compressed thus: —

"Visited Westminster Hall. Went to Vauxhall Gardens. Dined with a fellow-refugee. Saw the Lord Mayor in his court. Dined with Governor Hutchinson, in company with several Massachusetts refugees. Walked to Hyde Park. A whole army of sufferers in the cause of loyalty are here, lamenting their own and their country's unhappy fate. 'The fires are not to be compared to our large American ones of oak and walnut, nor near so comfortable; would that I were away!' Saw many curiosities brought from Egypt and the Holy Land. Visited Hampton Court; saw there chairs of state, with rich canopies; pictures of the reigning beauties of the times of Charles the Second; pictures of monks, friars, nuns; pictures of former kings and queens. Went to Windsor. Heard news from America. Went to Governor Hutchinson's; he was alone, reading a new pamphlet, entitled 'An Inquiry whether Great Britain or America is most in Fault.' Dined with eleven New Englanders. Went to meeting of Disputation Club. Bought Dr. Price on 'Civil Liberty and the American War.' Visited Governor Hutchinson, who was again alone. Went to Herald's office. Went to New England Coffee-house. New England refugees form a club. Went to Chapel Royal, and saw the king and queen; Bishop of London preached. Heard Dr. Price preach. Dinner, tea, and evening with several refugees. Attended funeral of fellow-refugee; many have died. At the New England Club dinner, twenty-five members present. News of ban-

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ishment and confiscation acts. Saw procession of peers for trial of Duchess of Kingston. Went to St. Paul's; Dr. Porteus preached; several high church dignitaries present. Saw Lord Mansfield in court, his train borne by a gentleman. Went to Bunyan's tomb. Heard Peters, a refugee, preach. News from America. Strive for some petty clerkship; application unsuccessful; such offices openly bought and sold. Hopes and fears excited by accounts from native land. Visited ancient ruins, supposed to be either of Roman or Danish origin. Witnessed election of a member of parliament. Discuss probability of war's closing. Sigh to return to America. Fear to be reduced to want; lament distressed and forlorn condition. Visited noblemen's estates and castles. Heard of death of Washington. Letter from a friend in America. Visited different colleges and public gardens. Fears about losing pension, and horror of utter poverty. Attended sessions of parliament; heard Fox, Burke, and other great orators. Heard that Washington and his army were captured. Heard Wesley preach to an immense throng in the open air. Visited a fishing-town, and reminded of fishing-towns in Massachusetts. Heard Washington is declared Dictator, like Cromwell. King implored to drive North from his service, and take Chatham, and men of his sentiments, instead. Witnessed equipment of fleets and armies to subdue America. Angry and mortified to hear Englishmen talk of Americans as a sort of serfs. Wearied with sights. Sick at heart, and tired of a sojourn among a people, who, after all, are but foreigners. New refugees arrived, to recount their losses and sufferings. Fear of alliance with France. Great excitement in England among opposers of the war. Continued and frequent deaths among refugees. Pensions of several friends reduced. Fish dinner at the Coffee-house. O, for a return to New England! Anxious as to result of the war. News of surrender of Cornwallis, and admission, on all hands, that England can do no more. All the refugees deeply agitated as to their future fate. Failure of British commissioners to procure in treaty of peace any positive conditions for Americans in exile. Long to be away, but dare not go. Some venture directly to return to their homes; others embark for Nova Scotia and Canada, there to suffer anew. Know of forty-five refugees from Massachusetts who have died in England; among them, Hutchinson, the governor, and Flucher, the secretary."

Would that all had passed their time as innocently as Curwen and his fellow-exiles, and that our account might end here! Many of those who remained in the country kept

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quietly at or about their homes, and conducted with propriety, while others were guilty of every enormity. These latter, to aid in the already rapid depreciation of the continental money, assisted to circulate immense sums of the counterfeit, so well executed as to be scarcely distinguishable from it. They plundered houses, robbed on the highway, and committed murders. In one instance, two sisters, who assumed male apparel, their two brothers and their mother, were apprehended and tried for their lives ; and the sisters, with one brother, were convicted. In another, ten persons were found guilty, among whom was a father, aged seventy, and his son, a youth ; the boy was pardoned, but the sinner of threescore and ten was executed. We cannot stop to particularize the cases of capital punishment, either those in which the courts had no part, but which were inflicted by unauthorized hands, and without the formality of trial of any kind, or others which occurred under the authority of the regularly appointed military leaders of the Whig forces. Of both descriptions, we lament to say, there were several ; and of some, the details are truly horrible. Out of this murderous and exterminating species of warfare grew the interesting affair of young Asgill, a captain in the British army, the heir of an honorable family, and the only son of a doting mother, whose pathetic appeals in his behalf roused the attention and the compassion of a considerable part of Europe.

Wherever there was defection, conspiracy, or treason, there were to be seen the stealthy footsteps of the Loyalists. They were connected with the plot to seize, and, as was believed, to assassinate, Washington and some of his principal officers, and with the plan to destroy Albany. An adherent of the king, and a relative of Nathan Hale, recognized him while on his perilous service, and betrayed him to an ignominious death without a trial. A Tory, who had been in the employment of General Silliman, led the band that took him prisoner. In the capture of General Wadsworth a Tory was the chief instrument. The loyalist colonel, Beverly Robinson, figures conspicuously in the real or supposed scheme of the Whig leaders of Vermont to resume their allegiance to the crown, and in the treason of Arnold. Arnold might not have fallen, possibly, had he never had Tory connections in his commercial adventures ; had he not

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found so many associates among the Loyalists of Philadelphia; and had he not married a lady whose sympathies were with the royal cause, and who had been flattered and admired by the officers of the British army. In the plot to attack Falmouth from Castine, the British troops were to do all the open fighting, the Tories all the mean and infamous work. Those who hovered in the vicinity of Washington's camp at Valley Forge, when his soldiers had neither food nor clothing, to induce and aid desertions, were Americans. On the revolt of the troops of Pennsylvania, another opportunity occurred for tampering with Whig integrity; but the Tory emissaries were delivered up by the men whom they were sent to seduce, and were hung without ceremony or delay.

Before the last named event, however, the Loyalists had played their last card; we allude to the failure of the British commissioners to effect reconciliation, which was decisive of the final issue of the contest. While these commissioners were about their master's work, both parties seem to have felt that the important hour which was to determine their destiny had come, and both used their pens and tongues to the utmost of their ability. If the terms of accommodation were accepted, the Whigs would be, at best, only pardoned rebels; while their opponents, riding rough-shod over them, would enjoy all that a grateful sovereign could bestow. The attempt — through the wife of a Loyalist — to bribe a member of Congress, by the offer of a fortune in money, and the best colonial office which the king had at his disposal, to aid in uniting the colonies to the mother country again, proved of incalculable service in recalling the doubting and irresolute to a sense of duty. The noble answer of Reed — "I am not worth purchasing; but, such as I am, the king of Great Britain is not rich enough to buy me" — was repeated from mouth to mouth; and from the hour he uttered it, the Whigs had won, and the Tories had lost, the control of a future empire. Henceforth, for ever, the annals of America were to contain honorable mention of "rebel" names, and the high office of ruling the western hemisphere was to devolve upon "new families."

In the military service of the crown were several Americans of rank, and some of distinguished talents. Of one or both of these classes, were Edward Winslow, Jr., of the family of the two governors of Plymouth, who rose to the

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rank of colonel, and Pelham Winslow, of the same lineage, who was a major; Joshua Upham, who was aid to Carleton, and subsequently a colonel of dragoons;* Daniel Murray, who was a major of dragoons; and Nathaniel Chandler, who commanded a corps of volunteers. Attached to this service, also, were John Lindall Borland, Timothy Ruggles, Jonathan Bliss, Elijah Williams, and Samuel Murray. John Jeffries, — celebrated for having crossed the British channel in a balloon as early as 1785, — Brinley S. Oliver, and William Paine, were attached to the medical staff; and Daniel Bliss and Jonathan Simpson to the commissary department. These, with Thomas A. Coffin, private secretary of Carleton, were all graduates of Harvard University; and, as observed in another place, Upham, Edward Winslow, and the Blisses were subsequently judges of courts in New Brunswick.

In addition, there were Sir John Johnson, Skinner, a former attorney-general of New Jersey, Allen, already mentioned as having abandoned the Whig army, Chalmers, Clifton, John Butler, Oliver de Lancey, Rogers, Beverly Robinson, Grymes, a Virginian of education and fortune, and one of Simcoe's Rangers. Among others whose names are preserved, were Richard Bagley, who was a surgeon under Howe, and who introduced the present active treatment of the croup, and Joshua Loring, whom nature never designed for any thing higher than a brute, who was commissary of prisoners.

Of the number of Loyalists who enlisted under the king, in inferior capacities, and as common soldiers, it is, perhaps, impossible to form an accurate estimate. It was designed that Allen, Chalmers, and Clifton should each raise a separate battalion; that De Lancey's corps should consist of fifteen hundred, and Skinner's of two thousand five hundred men; but it is believed that neither of these was able to fill out his complement. Johnson raised and commanded a regiment. De Lancey was commissioned as brigadier-general, and Robinson as colonel. Rogers preceded Simcoe in command of the Queen's Rangers, which corps consisted of above four hundred men. Of the force

* His eldest daughter, Elizabeth, died at Frederickton, New Brunswick, in the spring of the present year, aged 74.

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under the miscreant Butler, at Wyoming, thirteen hundred are said to have been Tories.

In the South, Lord Dunmore drew a considerable number to his standard, and Martin, governor of North Carolina, succeeded in embodying a force of fifteen hundred men. In arms, under officers of their own, and performing partisan duty, or attached to the regular British force, there were also, at different periods, bodies of from two to seven and sometimes nine hundred soldiers. It would seem, that, among the deceptive promises and hopes held out to the ministry by the refugee Americans in England, was that of the readiness of their countrymen, of like sentiments, in America, to engage against the Whigs, and that the difference between the expectation and the result caused no little disappointment. Yet it should be observed, that, with the conviction, which all must have had, of the deep criminality of such a service, many more wore the livery, and ate the bread of infamy, than either the king, or those who administered his affairs, ought to have looked for. At one time or another, and on permanent or temporary duty, there were, probably, not less than twenty thousand Loyalists in arms; and, indeed, unless the number of their killed and wounded, in the different battles and affrays in which they were engaged, was unusually large, we have put the aggregate force far too low. This, we think, will appear *from the facts which we shall now briefly state.*

In the fight at Bennington, in the enterprise of Sullivan at Staten Island, in the adventure of Nelson in New Jersey, in the affray of Pickens with a band of Tories who were on their way to the British camp in Georgia, in the battle of King's Mountain, and in four actions of Colonel Washington, Marion, Lee, and Sumpter, the whole number who were slain, wounded, or made prisoners, was upwards of twenty-three hundred, or more than a ninth part of our estimate. That, in the various conflicts of the illustrious commander-in-chief, in those of Greene, Lincoln, and Gates, in the South, in the rencontres of Marion, Lee, and Sumpter, not mentioned above, in the losses of Tryon, Simcoe, De Lancey, Johnson, and Arnold, in their various actions with the Whig forces, or hastily assembled neighbourhoods, in the strifes between Whigs and Tories hand to hand, and in cases where neither had authorized or commissioned lead-

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ers, another ninth of twenty thousand met with a similar fate is nearly certain. At the time of Cornwallis's surrender, a part of his force was composed of native Americans, and his Lordship evinced great anxiety for their protection. Failing to obtain special terms for them in the articles of capitulation, he availed himself of the conceded privilege of sending an armed ship northerly, without molestation, to convey away the most obnoxious among them. Burgoyne had been spared this trouble; for, as his difficulties had increased, and his dangers thickened, the Loyalists had abandoned him to his fate.

The merciless warfare of Johnson, who ravaged extensive districts, and did not spare the people in the neighbourhood of his own former home; the burning of Danbury and Fairfield, and the sacking of New Haven, by Tryon; the destruction of New London, and the massacre there, by the traitor Arnold; the frequent violation of females; the doings of that incarnate devil, John Butler, who ordered a mother in bed, and the babe by her side, to be put to death, — and of whose associates, one butchered his stepfather, his sisters, and their infants in their cradles, another slew his father, and exterminated his whole family, and a third washed his hands in his father's blood, in order to fulfil a promise, and in accordance with a message sent to the parent, — by whose command or permission, men, women, and children were shut up and burned to ashes, prisoners were slain in masses, and Whig officers thrown upon fires and held there with pitchforks, — and in consequence of whose hellish deeds, wives, who escaped his exterminating hand, became mothers in the lone forest, where they perished, and where the newly born became the food of beasts; — these, the works, partially or wholly, of Americans who adhered to the royal cause, together with the sad fate of Jane McCrea, who was the daughter of one Loyalist, and was to have become the bride of another, and who was the victim of her parent's and lover's Indian allies, speak of Tory guilt, and of the horrors of civil war, in tones which will ring in the ears of men for centuries to come.

Of the dreadful character of the strife at the South, which was commenced even before the arrival there of the British troops, we can spare room to say but a single word. The following extracts will, however, tell quite enough.

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"The animosity," wrote General Greene, "between the Whigs and Tories renders their situation truly deplorable. . . . . The Whigs seem determined to extirpate the Tories, and the Tories the Whigs. Some thousands have fallen in this way, in this quarter, and the evil rages with more violence than ever. If a stop cannot be soon put to these massacres, the country will be depopulated in a few months more, as neither Whig nor Tory can live."

And Judge Marshall wrote of the same part of the country, that the inhabitants "felt all the miseries which are inflicted by war in its most savage form. Being almost equally divided between the two contending parties, reciprocal injuries had gradually sharpened their resentments against each other, and had armed neighbour against neighbour, until it became a war of extermination. As the parties alternately triumphed, opportunities were alternately given for the exercise of their vindictive passions."

It were a hard duty to determine, from an examination of the details of the contest thus vividly portrayed, which party was guilty of the greatest barbarities; and we dismiss the topic with the remark, that, whatever the guilt of the one, the other, which was in arms to deliver themselves and their posterity from colonial vassalage, disgraced their cause and the American name. Nor was the South the only quarter where deeds of shame were done. We cannot, in this article, specify cases. Washington loved Greene, and Lincoln, and Mercer, for they were humane men, and so were a host of others; but there were those among the Whig officers, nor were they all of inferior rank, who took life without necessity, and for the sake merely of enjoying the death-scene of a trembling, shrieking Tory. Others, mayhap, there were, who

> "Traded in the blood of innocence, and plead
> *Expedience* as a warrant for the deed."

We pass now to speak, very briefly, of the acts of legislative bodies. In Rhode Island, death and the confiscation of estate were the punishments provided by law for any person who communicated with the ministry or their agents, or who afforded supplies to the forces, or piloted the armed ships, of the king. The property of certain persons, who were pronounced enemies to liberty at the time this act was passed, was declared to be forfeited. In Connecticut, the

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offences of supplying the British army or navy, of giving them information, of enlisting or procuring others to enlist in them, and of piloting or assisting naval vessels, was punished more mildly, and involved only the loss of estate and of liberty for a term not exceeding three years. To speak, or write, or act against the doings of Congress, or the Assembly of Connecticut, was punishable by disqualification for office, imprisonment, and the disarming of the offender. Here, too, was a law for seizing and confiscating the estates of those who sought the royal fleets or troops for shelter. In Massachusetts, a person suspected of enmity to the Whig cause could be arrested under a magistrate's warrant, and banished, unless he would swear fealty to the friends of liberty; and the selectmen of towns could prefer charges of political treachery in town-meeting, and the individual thus accused, if convicted by a jury, could be sent into the enemy's jurisdiction. Massachusetts also designated by name, and generally by occupation and residence, three hundred and eight of her people, of whom seventeen had been inhabitants of Maine, who had fled from their homes, and denounced against any one of them who should return, apprehension, imprisonment, and transportation to a place possessed by the British; and for a second voluntary return, without leave, death without benefit of clergy. By another law, the property of twenty-nine persons, who were denominated "notorious conspirators," was confiscated. Of these, fifteen had been appointed "mandamus councillors," two had been governors, one lieutenant-governor, one treasurer, one secretary, one attorney-general, one chief justice, and four commissioners of the customs.

New Hampshire passed acts similar to these, under which seventy-six of her former citizens were prohibited from coming within her borders, and the estates of twenty-eight were declared to be forfeited. Virginia passed a resolution to the effect, that persons of a given description should be deemed and treated as aliens, and that their property should be sold, and the proceeds go into the public treasury for future disposal. In New York, the county committees were authorized to apprehend, and decide upon the guilt of, such inhabitants as were supposed to hold correspondence with the enemy, or had committed some other specified acts; and they might punish those whom they adjudged to

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be guilty, with imprisonment for three months, or banishment for seven years. There, too, persons opposed to liberty and independence were prohibited from practising law in the courts; and the effects of fifty-nine persons, of whom three were women, and their rights of reversion or remainder, were to pass, by confiscation, from them to "the people." So, also, a parent, whose sons went off and adhered to the enemy, was subjected to a tax of ninepence on the pound value of such parent's estate, for each and every such son; and, until a revision of the law, Whigs were as liable to this tax as others.

Much of this legislation appears to have proceeded from the recommendations made from time to time by Congress, and that body passed several acts and resolutions of its own. Thus, they subjected to martial law and death all who should furnish provisions and certain other articles to the British army in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware; and they resolved, that all Loyalists taken in arms should be sent to the States to which they belonged, there to be dealt with as traitors. In the spirit and temper of some of the acts which we have noticed there is much to be regretted. To say nothing of the difference of severity observable between Rhode Island and Connecticut, in the punishment of the same or similar offences, the absurdity of the New York law, which imposed a tax upon the father for the delinquency of the son, is too manifest to need remark. Our great objection, however, is to the provisions of the banishment and confiscation acts. There were persons, without doubt, who justly enough came within their terms, and who ought to have suffered the penalties which they provided. But it is utterly impossible, as it seems to us, that all, or even a considerable number, of those who are named in them, could have been rightfully proceeded against in so summary a manner. It is certainly true, that there were among these men some of great private worth, who, in abandoning their kindred and homes, were governed by conscience and a stern sense of duty; and quite as certain is it, that the offence of others consisted in no overt acts, but merely in a disinclination to witness, or participate in, the horrors of a civil war.

Is it urged now, as it was then, that "discrimination" in

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the turmoil, and under the circumstances of the case, "was difficult, perhaps impossible"? Then, we answer, *all* should have gone free, in life, liberty, and estate. The criminality of Loyalists should have been proved in a formal and regular manner, and their deeds should have been punished just in proportion to the aggravation of the offence, and no more. Is it said, that there were no means to mete out exact justice? We reply, that means were abundant, and could have been applied as well to political misdoers, as to persons charged with other acts of criminality. It has been our boast, indeed, that, unlike the usual course of things in civil war, civil government was maintained throughout the whole period of our Revolution, with hardly an interruption anywhere. This is a fact as honorable as it is remarkable. Connecticut and Rhode Island pursued their usual course under their old charters; Georgia was overrun by the British, the people were dispersed, and the military law was made paramount to the civil, or existed in its place; but the remaining ten States actually formed constitutions during the struggle, — most of them in the very early part of it, — and so well adapted to their wants were these instruments, that some of them have remained, without essential change, to the present time.

Nor is it believed, that either the banishment or the confiscation laws, as they stood, were more expedient than just. The latter did little towards relieving the public necessities, and served only to create a disposition for rapacity, and to increase the wealth of favored individuals. Had the estates, which were seized and sold, been judiciously or honestly managed, a considerable sum would have found its way to the treasury; but as it was, the amount was inconsiderable. Some of the wisest and purest Whigs of the time hung their heads in shame, because of the passage of measures so unjustifiable, and never ceased to speak of them in terms of severe reprobation. Mr. Jay's disgust was unconquerable, and he never would purchase any property that had been forfeited under the confiscation act of New York.

The subject of restitution and compensation to the Loyalists was a source of great difficulty during the negotiations for peace. The course of the matter may be learned better from the negotiators themselves, than from any words of ours;

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and we therefore make some extracts from the Journal of Mr. Adams,* who was one of them.

November 3, 1782. — "Dr. Franklin, on Tuesday last, told me of Mr. Oswald's demand of payment of debts, and compensation to the Tories; he said his answer had been, we had not the power, nor had Congress. I told him I had no notion of cheating any body. The question of paying debts, and compensating Tories, were two. I had made the same observation that forenoon to Mr. Oswald and Mr. Strachey."

November 10. — Mr. Adams waited on Count Vergennes. "The Count asked me how we went on with the English. I told him we divided on the Tories and the Penobscot. The Count remarked, that the English wanted the country there 'for the masts.' I told him I thought there were few masts there; but that I fancied it was not masts, but Tories, that again made the difficulty. Some of them claimed lands in that territory, and others hoped for grants there."

November 11. — "Mr. Whiteford, the secretary of Mr. Oswald, came. We soon fell into politics. Mr. Adams said, 'Suppose a French minister foresees that the presence of the Tories in America will keep up perpetually two parties, a French party and an English party.'"

"The French minister at Philadelphia has made some representations to Congress in favor of compensation to the Royalists. We are instructed against it, or, rather, we have not authority to do it; and if Congress should refer the matter to the several States, every one of them, after a delay, probably, of eighteen months, will determine against it."

November 15. — "Mr. Oswald came to visit me. He said, if he were a member of Congress, he would say to the refugees, Take your property; we scorn to make any use of it in building up our system. I replied, that we had no power, and Congress no power; that, if we sent the proposition of compensation to Congress, they would refer it to the States; and that, meantime, you must carry on the war six or nine months, certainly, for this compensation, and consequently spend, in the prosecution of it, six or nine times the sum necessary to make the compensation; for I presume this war costs, every month, to Great Britain, a larger sum than would be necessary to pay for the forfeited estates."

November 17. — "Mr. Vaughan came to me; he said Mr. Fitzherbert had received a letter from Mr. Townshend, that the compensation would be insisted on."

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* Sparks's *Diplomatic Correspondence*. Vol. VI.

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November 18. — "Returned Mr. Oswald's visit. We went over the old ground concerning the Tories. He began to use arguments with me to relax. I told him he must not think of that, but must bend all his thoughts to convince and persuade his court to give it up; that, if the terms now before his court were not accepted, the whole negotiation would be broken off."

November 25. — "Dr. Franklin, Mr. Jay, and myself, met at Mr. Oswald's lodgings. Mr. Strachey told us, he had been to London, and waited personally on every one of the king's cabinet council, and had communicated the last propositions to them. They, every one of them, unanimously condemned that respecting the Tories; so that that unhappy affair stuck, as he foresaw and foretold it would."

November 26. — Dr. Franklin, Mr. Jay, and Mr. Adams, "in consultation upon the proposition made us yesterday by Mr. Oswald. We agreed unanimously to answer him, that we could not consent to the article respecting the refugees, as it now stands. The rest of the day was spent in endless discussion about the Tories. Dr. Franklin is very stanch against them; more decided, a great deal, on this point, than Mr. Jay or myself."

November 27. — "Mr. Benjamin Vaughan came in, returned from London, where he had seen Lord Shelburne. He says, he finds the ministry much embarrassed with the Tories, and exceedingly desirous of saving their honor and reputation in this point; that it is reputation more than money," &c.

November 29. — "Met Mr. Fitzherbert, Mr. Oswald, Dr. Franklin, Mr. Jay, Mr. Laurens, and Mr. Strachey, and spent the whole day in discussions about the fishery and the Tories. Mr. Fitzherbert, Mr. Oswald, and Mr. Strachey retired for some time; and, returning, Mr. Fitzherbert said, that Mr. Strachey and himself had determined to advise Mr. Oswald to strike with us according to the terms proposed as our *ultimatum*, respecting the fishery and the Loyalists. We agreed to meet to-morrow, to sign and seal the treaties." *

Beside the want of power in Congress to make the demanded recompense to the Loyalists, as stated by Mr. Adams, there were other objections, and some quite as serious. First, many of them, by their falsehoods, misrepresenta-

* The full conversations occupy several pages of Mr. Adams's Journal. In making these extracts, we have always given the substance of what was said; but our limited space has required the occasional compression of a passage, or a change of words.

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tions, and bad counsels to the ministry, had undoubtedly done much to bring on and protract the war; so that, in a good measure at least, it was just to charge them with being the authors of their own sufferings. In the second place, those of them who had borne arms, and assisted to ravage and burn the towns on different parts of the coast, or had plundered the defenceless families of the interior settlements, should have made, rather than have received, compensation. Thirdly, to restore the identical property of any had become nearly impossible, as it had been sold, and, in many cases, divided among purchasers, and could only be wrested by plenary means from the present possessors. Fourthly, the Whigs were in no condition to pay those who had toiled and bled for their emancipation, or to make good a tithe of the losses which they had suffered in consequence of the war; much less did they possess the ability to adjust the accounts of enemies, whether domestic or foreign. And finally, each party, taken as a whole, was bound, as in all warfare, to abide the issue of the contest, without claim upon the other. The Loyalists, as a body, looked upon the subjugation of the Whigs as almost certain, to the last; and their delegates in New York even went so far as to entertain a plan for the government of the Colonies, whenever their day of triumph should come. If that day had arrived, how would the Whigs have fared at their hands? Would Falmouth, in Maine, which was burned solely on account of troubles with the Tory merchant, Coulson; would Wyoming, burned and desolated by the fiend Butler and his band of Tories and Indians; would New Haven, Fairfield, Danbury, and New London, have been paid for? Would the claims of the thousands who expended their estates in the cause of liberty, and who had no shelter for their heads, have been allowed? Pardoned rebels would scarcely have made terms to cover these, and other losses, that could be easily enumerated; and it seems clear, therefore, that the whole matter, as a question of public policy, was rightfully enough determined for the Loyalists, as it would have been for the Whigs, under reversed circumstances. But for all that, we cannot forget, that some were wrongfully deprived of their property, and ought to have been considered.

Grounds somewhat similar to those which we have assumed induced Congress, we suppose, to instruct their com-

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missioners to enter into no engagements respecting the Americans who adhered to the crown, unless Great Britain would stipulate, on her part, to make compensation for the property which had been destroyed by persons in her service. With this injunction the commissioners found it impracticable rigidly to comply, inasmuch as they deemed it necessary to admit into the treaty a provision to the effect, that Congress should *recommend* to the several States to provide for the restitution of confiscated estates ; that certain persons should be allowed a year to endeavour to recover their estates ; that persons having rights in confiscated lands should have the privilege of pursuing all lawful means to regain them ; and that Congress should use its recommendatory power to cause the States to revoke or reconsider their confiscation laws. Congress unanimously assented to this arrangement, and unanimously issued the recommendations to the States, which the treaty contemplated. These terms were very unsatisfactory to the persons interested, and to a part of the British public ; and loud clamors arose in parliament, and elsewhere. The opponents of the ministry declared, that they were infamous concessions, and that, practically, they amounted to little or nothing. This was true ; and England was compelled, or felt bound, to provide from her own coffers for those who had suffered much and long for the honor of her flag and the integrity of her dominions. To her honor be it said, the provision made for them was liberal, amounting to about twenty millions of dollars in money, besides grants of land, pensions, and half-pay, to reward or relieve particular individuals.

Stories which go to show the *honesty* of some of the Loyalists, in proving their losses before the commissioners whom she sent over to adjust claims, continue to be told. Many of them handed in claims for the whole amount of their property which had been confiscated, without making any allowance for the debts which they owed, though these debts had been allowed by the Americans, and paid out of the proceeds of the forfeited estates, only the balance being put into the public treasury. The British commissioners detected the injustice of many claims of this character, and made the proper deductions. But many cases, probably, escaped detection. Some aged pensioners of England's bounty, who served their king rather than their native land,

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are yet occasionally to be found in British America. The Americans, then, who espoused the royal cause, were well cared for; while thousands, who fought and bled on the adverse side, have been allowed by the country which they won to end their lives in utter destitution.

The States not only refused to comply with the recommendation of Congress, to make restitution to the Loyalists, as provided in the convention of peace, but, generally, persisted in their course of hostile legislation. Success should have taught moderation; instead of this, however, the most rancorous spirit prevailed in the Whig councils, and in some parts of the country there really appears to have been a determination to place these misguided, but now humbled, men beyond the pale of human sympathy. In one legislative body, a petition from the banished, praying to be allowed to return to their homes, was rejected without a division; and a law was passed, which denied to such as had remained within the State, and to all others who had opposed the Revolution, the privilege of voting at elections, or of holding office. In another State, all who had sought British protection were declared to be aliens, and to be incapable of claiming and holding property within it, and their return was forbidden. Others refused to repeal such of their laws as conflicted with the conditions of the treaty, and carried out the doctrines of the States alluded to above without material modification. But the temper of South Carolina was far more moderate. Acting on the wise principle, that, "when the offenders are numerous, it is sometimes prudent to overlook their crime," she listened to the supplications made to her by the fallen, and restored to their civil and political rights a large proportion of those who had suffered under the banishment and confiscation laws. The course pursued by New York, Massachusetts, and Virginia, is hardly to be spoken of with calmness. These States were neither merciful nor just; and it is even true, that Whigs, whose gallantry in the field, whose prudence in the cabinet, and whose exertions in diplomatic stations abroad, had contributed essentially to the success of the conflict, were regarded with enmity on account of their attempts to produce a better state of feeling and more humane legislation. Had these States adopted a different line of conduct, their good example would not have been lost, probably, upon

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others, smaller and of less influence; and had Virginia, especially, been honest enough to have permitted the payment of debts which her people owed to British subjects before the war, the first years of our freedom would not have been stained with a breach of our public faith, and the long and angry controversy with Great Britain, which well-nigh involved us in a new war with her, might not have occurred.

Eventually, popular indignation diminished; the statute-book was divested of its more objectionable enactments, and numbers were permitted to occupy their old homes, and to recover the whole or a part of their property; but far the greater part of the Loyalists, who quitted the country at the commencement of or during the war, never returned. And of the many thousands who abandoned the United States after the peace, and while these enactments were in force, few, comparatively, had the desire, or even the means, to revisit the land from which they were expelled, or in which they were denied many of the common rights of men. Such persons, and their descendants, form a very considerable proportion of the population of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and not a small part of that of Canada.

Induced by favorable accounts of the fisheries of Nova Scotia, many persons from New England emigrated to that colony before the war; and should the Snows, Doanes, Nickersons, and Crowells of the southern cape of Massachusetts, or the Coffins of Nantucket, now visit some parts of it, they will find many kinsmen of their own name, who, fishermen in the beginning, are yet as skilful and successful as any of their lineage in "the States." The whole number of people in Nova Scotia and the adjacent island of Cape Breton, including the remnant of French population then remaining, in 1772, did not much exceed nineteen thousand; while, nine years afterwards, disasters of various kinds, and especially the results of several speculations in lands, had served to reduce the population nearly one third, so that, at the coming of the Loyalists, not more than thirteen or fourteen thousand remained. Of the refugee Americans, it is estimated that upwards of twenty thousand* arrived

* New Brunswick remained a part of Nova Scotia until 1784; so that this number includes the settlers of St. John, St. Andrew, and other places within the former colony.

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before the close of October, 1783, and that, before the beginning of the next year, ten thousand more had found their way to Canada. It is remarkable, that this description of persons, notwithstanding their sufferings and privations, have generally lived to a very advanced age, in the possession of uncommon bodily and mental vigor. Of these thirty thousand, and of those who subsequently joined them, many still survive.

We fear we have already exhausted our readers' patience; but we cannot altogether omit mention of the principal places in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, which were either settled by our countrymen, or which were indebted to them for great accessions of inhabitants. Of these, St. John, the commercial capital of the latter colony, claims our first notice. This city has been, probably, one of the richest of its size on the continent; but none have suffered greater diminution of wealth by conflagrations and commercial revulsions. At one time, the shipping owned by its merchants exceeded in quantity the whole mercantile marine of England at the time of the accession of Elizabeth, and fortunes were made with astonishing rapidity. The first settlers were chiefly from Massachusetts and New York. Among the monuments which will arrest the eye of the stranger, if he goes to its church-yard, is one which perpetuates the memory and the loyalty of James Putnam, a kinsman of General Israel Putnam, and the last royal attorney-general of Massachusetts; and another, which records the virtues, faithfulness, and public services of Ward Chipman, of the same State, already spoken of, as having been himself an occupant of the New Brunswick bench, and as the father of its present head. These stones, and others like them, appear not a little remarkable to a citizen of the republic, whose thoughts about the Revolution have usually embraced but one side of the question. Nor will the strangeness of things around him be lessened, if, happening to be at St. John on "the eighteenth of May," he witnesses much of the pomp and show with which "the fourth of July" is celebrated at home, and is told, that, on that day, in 1783, the earliest comers landed and pitched their tents; and that the event is celebrated, "that their precepts and example may be engraven in the memory of their descendants, who delight to cherish the flame of their enthusiastic loyalty and devoted

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attachment to the British crown." In this city Arnold lived for a while, and some are yet alive who knew him. They speak no good of him. One worthy old gentleman there is, who often relates that the traitor quarrelled with him about a quantity of firewood, and that, but for the interference of the bystanders, he would have cudgelled him soundly with a stick which he seized from the pile for that purpose.

The principal men who founded St. Andrew, in the same colony, went from Boston and Falmouth *; of whom a number are named in the Massachusetts proscription act of 1778. The sons of two of them are members of her Majesty's Colonial Council, and are otherwise persons of much consideration. The Loyalists here claimed, at first, to exercise jurisdiction on the westerly side of the Passamaquoddy, and proceeded so far as to appoint civil officers at Eastport, and to arrest and carry to jail an individual, — who yet survives, — for refusing to acknowledge their authority. At St. Andrew closed the lives of Pagan and Wyer, both of Falmouth, and both proscribed. In New Brunswick, the first was a leading member of the House of Assembly, and chief justice of the Common Pleas; and the other was a sheriff, a judge, a deputy-treasurer, and government agent. After remarking that many of Simcoe's Rangers, whose exploits are detailed in the Journal before us, settled on the River St. John, when the corps was disbanded at the peace, we proceed to glance, briefly, at the settlement of some of the townships of Nova Scotia.

First among these, connected with our subject, is Shelburne, a place which was intended for a great town, but which sadly involved and disappointed its projectors and their associates, who were from New York. At their head was Beverly Robinson. They embarked at that city in April, 1783, in a fleet of eighteen large vessels, and several transports, under the protection of two ships of war. Arrived at Shelburne,† they laid out five parallel streets, each of sixty feet in width, with many others to intersect these at

* Now Portland.

† Previously known as New Jerusalem. The harbour is thought to be one of the best on the continent, being capacious, easy of access, and entirely secure.

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right angles. The population was, at one period, twelve or fourteen thousand; but it soon diminished, and the town, being without resources or business, rapidly declined. Digby, a place of surpassing natural beauty, was granted to some four or five hundred Loyalists; of whom many abandoned their lands, and returned to the United States. Prominent among the settlers here was that commanding and strong-minded man, — who suffered a hard destiny for one so highly endowed, — Brigadier Timothy Ruggles, of Massachusetts, president of the Congress of Delegates from nine of the Colonies, in 1765. The first inhabitants of Rawdon were adherents of the king from the Carolinas, who had served under Lord Rawdon. Preston was settled by disbanded soldiers, Loyalists, and free negroes; and Guysborough by people who served during the war in the civil department of the army and navy. The Carolina Rangers, and parts of other royal corps of the South, founded a town which they called Stormont. A settlement was made at Canseau by Loyalists who accompanied the British troops from Florida; and Douglass was peopled, to a considerable extent, by Americans who formed part of a British regiment stationed at Long Island. Among the other places which might be enumerated are Aylesford, West Chester, Wilmot, and Clements. The first inhabitants of West Chester, we may add, were from that part of New York which bears the same name, and which Cooper has made memorable in his tale of "The Spy."

The consequences of the formation of these settlements cannot be stated at the close of this article. Events will, however, require attention to the subject at no distant day. Of the injustice of treating all the adherents of the king during the war as equally guilty, we have already expressed an opinion; and we would now say, that, to pursue them after its close without moderation, and without distinguishing those whose conduct had been wicked from those whose offence had consisted in residing in places held by the royal forces, or in nominal disapprobation of the objects sought for by the Whigs, was wrong, on grounds both of humanity and policy. The old plea, that it was "impossible to discriminate" between these classes, if of force while the contest was undecided, was absurd after the peace. It is, and it ever will be, difficult to decide between guilt and inno-

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cence; but those who assume, or on whom society devolves, the duty of passing judgment upon real or suspected offenders, are not to be held themselves acquitted, if they fail to make use of all ordinary means of performing their trust. In the case before us, the Whigs not only dealt harshly with many and unjustly with some of their opponents, but they doomed to misery others, whose hearts and hopes had been as true as those of Washington himself. Thus, there were wives and daughters, who, although bound to Loyalists by the holiest ties, had given their sympathies to the right from the beginning; and who now, in the triumph of the cause which had had their prayers, went meekly — as woman ever meets a sorrowful lot — into hopeless, interminable exile. Without dwelling further upon this point, we repeat, that we cannot condemn too often, or too severely, every act which punished men, in any form, or to any extent, for opinion's sake, — which denied to all the right of conscience. Very many of the Whigs came into the measure of independence reluctantly; and even in the Congress that passed it, the vote of Morton determined Pennsylvania for it; and, had John Adams opposed it as powerfully as did Dickinson, it is highly probable that it would have been postponed, if not rejected. The members of both parties were born and had grown up under a monarchy; and the abstract question of renouncing or continuing it was one on which good men of that generation differed widely; and such of our readers as recollect the difficulties that occurred in forming the old Confederation, — of which Maryland refused to become a member until the war was nearly at a close, — and who recollect, also, the difficulties which embarrassed the wise men who framed our present national constitution, and the formidable opposition which was made to that instrument when before the country for adoption, will at least excuse the Loyalists for not looking forward to the union of the thirteen Colonies under a well balanced, and, if well administered, an almost perfect government.

As a matter of expediency and policy, how unwise was it to perpetuate the feelings of the opponents of the Revolution, and to keep them a distinct class, for a time and for harm yet unknown! How ill judged the steps that drove them to people the hitherto neglected possessions of the British crown! Nova Scotia had been won and lost, and

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lost and won, in the struggles between France and England; and the blood of New England had been poured out upon its soil like water. But when the Loyalists sought refuge there, what was it? Before the war, the fisheries of its coast — for the prosecution of which Halifax itself was founded — comprised, in public estimation, its chief value; and though Great Britain had quietly possessed it for about seventy years, the emigration to it from the United States, in a single year, more than doubled its population. Until hostile events brought Halifax into notice, no civilized people were poorer than the inhabitants of this colony; since, in 1775, the Assembly estimated that twelve hundred pounds currency, a sum less than five thousand dollars, was the whole amount of money which they possessed. By causing the expatriation, then, of many thousands of our countrymen, among whom were the well educated, the ambitious, and the well versed in politics, we became the founders of two agricultural and commercial colonies; for it is to be remembered, that New Brunswick formed a part of Nova Scotia until 1784, and that the necessity of the division then made was of our own creation. Should it be replied, that these colonies, without such accessions from the republic, would have risen to importance ere this, we answer, that we seriously doubt it; because, in the first place, of the thousands who annually come from Europe to America, but a small proportion land on their shores, and because the most of those who do embark again for the United States, notwithstanding the strong inducements held out, by the colonial and home governments, for them to settle on territories of the crown. But were it otherwise, the force of our remarks is in no degree diminished, for the obvious reason, that, had we pursued a wise course, people of our own stock would not have become our rivals in ship-building, in the carriage of our great staples, and in the prosecution of the fisheries. Nor is this all. We should not have had the hatred, the influence, and the talents of persons of this origin to contend against, in the questions which have and which may yet come up between us and England. It is to be observed, moreover, that the operation of these causes has been, and will continue to be, no slight obstacle in the way of adjusting such questions; since those who were born in our Union, and their children and kindred, have no inconsiderable share in

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determining colonial councils, and in the shaping of remonstrances and representations to the mother country. And whoever takes into view the fact, that the sacrifices and sufferings of the fathers are well remembered by the descendants, and that, under the monarchical form, hereditary descent of official station is very common, will agree with us in the belief, that evils from this source are far from being at an end, and that the past and the present foreshadow the future.

Be all this as it may, the Loyalists should have been suffered to remain in the land of their birth. Most of them would have easily fallen into respect for the new state of things, and obedience to the new laws, and, long before this time, all would have mingled with the mass. The error of England in perpetuating two distinct races in Canada just begins to be felt. There, as in our own case, the conquerors and the vanquished should have been mingled and made one. We acquired the southern possessions of France in America forty years after she yielded up to British arms her remaining territories in the North; but how different is the population of French origin in Louisiana from that in British America! To make republican Americans of Frenchmen — if we may so express the idea — was a task far more difficult, than to unite under one form of government the entire people of the thirteen States. And yet, while we failed to accomplish the latter, how very nearly have we already perfected the former!

We must leave the subject here. The doctrines of the Whigs may yet be embraced, before the century closes, by their opponents of whom we have discoursed. Colonies become nations as surely as boys become men; and of all races, the Saxon learns to rule itself the soonest. The thirteen children of England taught the lesson, we trust, that, though fire and sword may retard, they cannot prevent, the operation of this law of nature. Satisfied with the extent of our domains, we do not seek to enlarge them on either of their boundaries. Satisfied, too, with our institutions, we leave to others the choice of modelling theirs by any plan they may select; but we earnestly pray, that, whenever any people, whether on our continent or elsewhere, shall seek, by their own election, or by the necessities of their condition, to change from one system to another, as

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did our fathers, they may have as few excesses to lament as we ; and that they may have a Washington, a John Adams, and a Jay, to carry them through whatever difficulty or danger shall embarrass their course in the effort, or which may distress and distract them in the early years of their emancipation.

ART. II. — 1. *An Encyclopædia of Gardening, comprising the Theory and Practice of Horticulture, Floriculture, Arboriculture, and Landscape Gardening.* By J. C. LOUDON, F. L. S., &c. A new Edition. London : Longmans.

2. — *European Agriculture and Rural Economy, from Personal Observation.* By HENRY COLMAN. Vol. I. Part I. Boston : A. D. Phelps. London : Joseph Rogerson.

3. — *Cottage Residences, a Series of Designs for Rural Cottages and Cottage Villas, and their Gardens and Grounds, adapted to North America.* By A. I. DOWNING. Second Edition. New York and London : Wiley & Putnam.

THE first of these works is a thick volume, printed in small type, and illustrated with a profusion of well executed engravings. It contains the history of landscape improvement in every quarter of the world, presented in a very attractive form, and treated with the same minuteness and accuracy for which the other works of its lamented author are so conspicuous. But it is not Mr. Loudon's only work, nor, as we are inclined to believe, his best one, upon this subject. We have never seen, indeed, "The Suburban Gardener, and Villa Companion," which is advertised in the list of his publications, or we should have included it also in the title of this article. Some idea of its usefulness, however, may be formed from the announcement on its title-page, that it "comprises the choice of a suburban or villa residence, or of a situation on which to form one ; the arrangement and furnishing of the house ; and the laying out, planting, and general management of the garden and grounds ; the whole adapted for grounds from one perch to fifty acres and upwards, in extent ; and intended for the instruction of those

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who know little of gardening and rural affairs." Such a book, we think, must prove even more serviceable as a guide than the "Encyclopædia of Gardening," and on this account we hope to see it soon introduced among us.

Mr. Colman's tour of observation is likely to afford matter for a highly interesting and valuable work. In the first number — the only one yet issued — are contained some excellent observations on the English parks, iron and sunken fences in pleasure grounds, and on hedges and inclosures, which induced us to include it in the present notice. It is very handsomely printed, and, judging from the list of subscribers appended to it, is likely to be extensively circulated in this country.

Of Mr. Downing's treatises we have spoken in a former article.* We allude to them again, to observe, that a second edition has been called for by the public, and that a supplementary volume is announced as in press. We are happy to think, that a new era in the practice of landscape gardening has fairly commenced among us, with the appearance of these tasteful works. In this respect, we are at present very far behind the example of our English contemporaries, who, during the last half century, have certainly made great progress in this delightful art. "The taste of the present day" (in England), says Mr. Loudon, "may be considered as comparatively chastened and refined by so much discussion, so many errors and corrections, and by so many fine examples." And the adoption of the present style is owing to the labors of many eminent artists and authors, who have made it a subject of interest, and of careful study. †

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* *N. A. Review*, Vol. LVI., p. 1.

† "Milton's beautiful descriptions in 'Paradise Lost' had much influence in awakening a taste for natural beauty. His conception of the garden was not only totally at variance with the generally entertained notions of such a spot, but it evinced a mind full of exquisite natural beauty as well as the most sublime poetry. . . . . Addison and Pope, however, undoubtedly have the merit of completely overthrowing the formal, and substituting in the minds of the British public a taste for the natural style. The celebrated essay by Addison 'On the Causes of the Pleasures of the Imagination arising from the Works of Nature, and their Superiority over those of Art,' was written in 1712. And the widely read article 'On Verdant Sculpture,' by Pope, appeared in 'The Guardian,' in the succeeding year. In the former, the superiority of the beauty of natural expression is most effectively shown, and the philosophical principles of landscape gardening suggested; in the latter, the absurdities of the ancient style are pointed out in a masterly manner." — *Downing's Treatise*, p. 16.

"Among the first examples of modern landscape gardening, were those

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When the exterior of Blenheim House was nearly completed, the Duke of Marlborough was very naturally desirous to lay out the adjacent grounds in a manner that should accord with the stately glories of the new mansion. With this view, he applied to Sir John Vanbrugh, the architect of that noble pile, who, for himself, declined to recommend any decided steps to his Grace, but advised him at once to confer with a landscape painter of acknowledged abilities, as the safest and most competent judge of what he wished to effect. It must be acknowledged, that this was a judicious course, and its results are seen to this day in beauties too obvious to be overlooked by the most careless visiter of that imposing demesne. The alternate grandeur and beauty of its approaches give rise to an infinity of picturesque combinations, and form an admirable background to this masterpiece of "the most poetical of the English architects."* In this conclusion Vanbrugh has been uniformly supported by the practice of later times. It was not long after, that the improvers of landscape awoke to the idea of conforming their alterations, in some degree, to the demands of local propriety, and the formal Dutch taste, imported with the Prince of Orange, was fairly eradicated from English soil. The whole country, from Cornwall to Cumberland, has at length been restored to more than its primitive beauty. But the process has of course been gradual, while the increasing want of tasteful and judicious direction long since gave rise to a new profession, and, from time to time, brought forward Kent, Gilpin, Knight, Repton, and Browne, and, more recently, the accomplished Sir Uvedale Price, whose elegant treatise upon this subject shows him to be in every way fitted to carry the art to its final perfection. Under their hands, every vestige of plantations like those of Timon's villa,

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given by Pope and Addison. In so far as was practicable, on a spot of little more than two acres, Pope practised what he wrote; and his well known garden at Twickenham contained, so early as 1710, some highly picturesque and natural looking scenery, accurately described by contemporary writers. Addison had a small retirement at Bilton, near Rugby, laid out in what may be called a rural style, which still exists with very little alteration besides that of time." — *Encyclopædia of Gardening.*

* According to Sir John Soane, who was no follower of Vanbrugh, but composed his designs in a very different manner.

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"And all that toil,
Misled by tasteless fashion, could achieve
To mar fair Nature's lineaments divine,"

has now disappeared, and the eye of the traveller is continually entertained with new and surprising landscapes, as if of nature's own exquisite painting, upon which he can dwell with feelings of unmingled pleasure, and which call up to his mind associations replete only with interest and delight.

"The taste of the English in the cultivation of land," says Mr. W. Irving, "and in what is called landscape gardening, is unrivalled. They have studied nature intently, and discovered an exquisite sense of her beautiful forms and harmonious combinations. Those charms, which in other countries she lavishes in wild solitudes, are here assembled round the haunts of domestic life. They seem to have caught her coy and furtive graces, and spread them, like witchery, about their rural abodes.

"Nothing can be more imposing than the magnificence of English park scenery. Vast lawns, that extend like sheets of vivid green, with here and there clumps of gigantic trees, heaping up rich piles of foliage. The solemn pomp of groves and woodland glades, with the deer trooping in silent herds across them; the hare, bounding away to the covert; or the pheasant, suddenly bursting upon the wing. The brook, taught to wind in natural meanderings, or expand into a glassy lake,— the sequestered pool, reflecting the quivering trees, with the yellow leaf on its bosom, and the trout roaming fearlessly about its limpid waters; while some rustic temple, or sylvan statue, grown green and dank with age, gives an air of classic sanctity to the seclusion.

"These are but a few of the features of park scenery; but what most delights me is the creative talent with which the English decorate the unostentatious abodes of middle life. The rudest habitation, the most unpromising and scanty portion of land, in the hands of an Englishman of taste, becomes a little paradise. With a nicely discriminating eye, he seizes at once upon its capabilities, and pictures in his mind the future landscape. The sterile spot grows into loveliness under his hand; and yet the operations of art which produce the effect are scarcely to be perceived. The cherishing and training of some trees; the cautious pruning of others; the nice distribution of flowers and plants of tender and graceful foliage; the introduction of a green slope of velvet turf; the partial opening to a peep of blue distance, or silver gleam of water;— all these are managed with a delicate tact, a pervading yet quiet assiduity, like the magic

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touchings with which a painter finishes up a favorite picture." — *Sketch Book*, Vol. I., p. 82.

This admirable description sets forth, at a single glance, the whole of the theory, and much even of the practice, of landscape improvement. It is chiefly in these home scenes of rural repose and sheltered quiet, that its principal value must be developed among ourselves. But whatever may be the scale upon which we design to operate, if we are to consider the landscape as the canvass upon which a finished picture can be produced, we shall at once acknowledge the necessity of going cautiously to work. We shall find it useless to proceed without some skill in the formation of masses, the distribution of light and shade, the management of perspective, and the nice selection of color. It is believed, that there are but few persons who are competent to produce this kind of effect. The disposing and ornamenting of the various portions of an extended landscape, so that each shall perfectly accord with the natural expression of the place, or, by a pleasing contrast with it, shall mingle art with nature in its most attractive form, are certainly more closely allied to the higher branches of the fine arts, than to any of those simple and mechanical operations which we always associate with the idea of gardening. The title of "landscape *gardening*" has sometimes, therefore, been objected to as a misnomer, and one calculated to lower the dignity of the art to which it is applied. To us there seems to be good reason for the objection. In its highest achievements, this art is one of great creative power. It does not affect to deal with the rectangular plots, the stiff *parterres*, the box hedges and hotbeds of the "trim garden," — though this, in reality, is almost the only *plaisance* to be recognized on our New England ground, — but it places woods, earth, and water in the hand of the operator, like colors upon the palette of the artist, and enables him, with these materials, to exercise his invention and embody his taste. It converts the waste and desolate hill-side into the sheltered cheerfulness of the woodland slope. It arrests the streamlet in its unnoticed progress, and spreads it out upon the lawn into the silvery expanse of the artificial lake. It clothes the moor with a covering of velvet sward, and prepares it for

> "Flowers worthy of paradise, which not nice Art
> In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
> Pours out profuse on hill, and dale, and plain."

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All these changes it is strictly within its province to effect, and their delightful result cannot fail to prove gratifying to every eye. But the management of such a work is only to be entrusted to skilful and practised hands; and if he has been thought to deserve praise "who makes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before," by the same liberal rule, the successful landscape improver is certainly entitled to the affectionate regard of his fellow-men.

It is well to understand the dignity and importance to which this fascinating art has attained. But we shall be content, for the present, to limit our speculations to a somewhat narrower view. We have as yet no occasion, in this country, to call forth the exercise of the highest talent; for we boast no parks extending over acres of country, nor do we possess estates so overgrown, that they may not be easily walked over in half an hour. The theory of operation, therefore, is only to be studied as an agreeable, though perhaps unprofitable, diversion. But we have an abundance of lesser occasions, on which the principles of good taste could be applied, with an advantage equal at least in kind, if not in degree; and on this account, it would be gratifying, if the study of them could be made to engage some share of the public notice. We need not entirely disregard the picturesque, because we have no Blenheims, Chatsworths, Clumbers, or Seaton Delavals, to exhibit its widest principles and develop its highest beauties. We might as well be satisfied to ignore the rules of architecture, because we build no minsters, club-houses, or parliament-halls. Exchanges, custom-houses, and churches we do find occasion for, and the ignominious failures we have often made of late, in this kind, are likely to remain to our lasting shame. Landscape gardening, however, is, if possible, at a still lower ebb among us; and though it is granted that we require as yet to know but little of it, still that little has, so far, been very tardily acquired. Mr. Downing appears to be the only author among us, who has given it his attention, and he certainly deserves great credit for the sensible manner in which he has imparted his knowledge. We earnestly wish, that his tasteful projects may more frequently be put in execution.

In a previous number of this Journal, we gave a free expression to our sentiments upon the subject of architecture, and we now feel no disposition to renew the task.

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We candidly think, that we have done our share. We are satisfied, with Sir Lucius O'Trigger, that "the quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands"; and until the positions which we lately assumed are distinctly controverted, we shall continue to look upon them as admitted truths. We do not think it advisable to enlarge upon them any farther; but in proceeding to the consideration of our present topic, we are treading upon similar ground. The two subjects are very closely united, and, as observed by Mr. Laing Meason, in his work on the *Landscape Architecture of Italy*, "we are influenced by a desire to raise and extend the theory and practice of architecture to all that we consider belongs to the art. This was the case in Italy, when the fine arts were in perfection, and great villas were often laid out by artists who combined the practice of painting with that of architecture; and until it be adopted with us, the designs of the architect will never have justice done to them in the execution." We view this subject as accessory only to the other, and shall treat it accordingly, being necessarily confined to a smaller space.

The first point to be observed in the construction of a country residence is, that the outline of the house and its offices should blend agreeably with the surrounding scenery, and harmonize with the character of the situation in which they are placed. Whatever alterations may be made in the grounds about them should be strictly managed, also, upon the same rule, and the whole should be made to accord as nearly as possible in a perfect unity of expression. The ingenious Mr. Hope has ably exposed the contradiction of "launching from the threshold of the symmetric mansion, in the most abrupt manner, into a scene wholly composed of the most unsymmetric and desultory forms of mere nature." It is beyond dispute, that certain characters of ground and scenery have a distinct analogy with certain styles of architecture. Mr. Downing has devoted a portion of his valuable work to graphic illustrations of this idea. It certainly does not seem very difficult to understand, that an English Gothic residence, with its irregularity of plan, its endless diversity of form and outline, its

> "Quaint, fantastic chimneys, with their store
> Of twisted, carved, and lozenge-shaped device,"

belongs, of right, to a hilly and irregular surface, — that the

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general aspect of its environs should be rather rude and unadorned, — and that it would seem ill at ease amid the tame or rich scenery that so charmingly befits the terraces, arcades, piazzas, and balconies of the Italian style. But we doubt if our gentry have often paid the least attention to this obvious rule. In most cases, they seem to have proceeded to lay out their villas and cottages *ornées* with the most entire innocence of any definite intentions of effect, and with as little knowledge how the whole affair will turn out in the end, as Miss Pinch possessed when she compounded her maiden pie in the triangular parlour. Very little difference can be discerned in the process. The Greek-temple house, painted a staring white, and ornamented with Venetian blinds of the most intense shade of greenness, has everywhere been set down among the rich woods and varying slopes of the country; while rows of trees have been disposed about it in exact lines, as if to extend the angularity of the mansion into direct conflict with the undulating features of external nature, and, if possible, to overpower her wild variety with the unmeaning effect of this wretched attempt at art. The town house, in fact, with all its compact arrangements and concentrated accommodations, has been transplanted to the open fields; and the incongruities, which are the unavoidable consequence, remain without remedy, if not without detection. A number of composition urns or wooden statues are perhaps placed about among the grass, — effigies of

> "All heathen goddesses most rare,
> Homer, Plutarch, and Nebuchadnezzar,
> All standing naked in the open air";

but these, too, are most carefully placed and most exactly balanced; and the self-satisfied proprietor then retires to his Doric colonnade, to read Thomson's Seasons and Phillips's Pastorals, and imagine himself in complete rural trim. No wonder, in view of these absurdities, that the matter-of-fact business man should often have forsworn the country altogether, perhaps without fully understanding the reason why, and, shutting himself up at home, with his Turkey carpets and sea-coal fire, thanked the Gods, like Audrey, "that had not made him poetical."

The universality of this inconsiderate style of building and planting is by no means an argument in its favor. Were

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it admitted to have any share of real merit, we might still venture to depart from it at times, in the hope of obtaining that little spice of variety, which the proverb so strongly commends. Invention and change are not, we are well aware, always synonymous with improvement. But in an instance like the present, where to alter is immediately to benefit, and where every departure from immediate precedent is, by so much, a perceptible addition to convenience and enjoyment, it would appear that we cannot too soon be emancipated from the uniformity of which we have to complain. Perhaps there are some persons who will be inclined to draw a conclusion favorable to the present system, from the fact that no other is now understood or practised among us. They do not care to oppose the example and opinion of every body about them. When the Vicar of Wakefield's horse was so gratuitously depreciated by the sharpers at the fair, the worthy man acknowledges himself to have "reflected, that the number of witnesses was a strong presumption they were right, and that St. Gregory upon good works professes himself to be of the same opinion." But little advance, however, will be made toward that degree of cultivation which insures the display of good taste, so long as this principle is recognized or acted upon as it has been. Attention must be turned to this subject, as to every other, before excellence in it can be attained; and when we take into view the necessity that exists for a judicious choice of situation, a pleasing and characteristic arrangement of the grounds, and a correspondent excellence in the appearance of the mansion, no one, who claims to be blessed with an ordinary share of discernment, but will confess the absurdity of taking one standard, upon trust, for every species of location, and every kind of aspect. Mr. Loudon holds it to be necessary, that the builder of a villa "either possess taste himself, or have sense enough to call to his assistance the taste and judgment of others who profess to practise this branch of the art of design"; and we confess we do not think this excellent author at all unreasonable in the conclusion at which he has arrived.

In New England, however, no such class of artists exists. The builder must, therefore, depend very much upon his own ideas, assisted only by the information to be obtained from scarce and expensive books. But we have often ob-

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served a diligent perusal of these to be productive, in more ways than one, of very essential service to him. We have seen, for instance, the much abused country gentleman, who had long been groping about in the primitive darkness of Ionic temples and white board-fences, all at once blessed with an unmistakable glimmering of the true picturesque, doubting whether an English cottage *ornée*, or an Italian villa, were not a more appropriate as well as a more comfortable residence than his temple, and even taking up decided notions upon the subject of hedges and rustic paling. Ideas come to him rapidly upon a theory which had hitherto been in his mind an unformed void, and he seldom drops the new discovery until he has sought out the best sources of information, and availed himself of all that he is able to apply. It is to this laborious process on the part of their owners, that we owe the various pretty country-seats which are beginning to appear in the vicinity of Boston. Nothing but individual study, in each case, would have produced the visible result; for we have already seen, that those upon whom he might be expected to rely are, as a body, grossly ignorant of every thing but the five orders according to Benjamin, which it is their constant delight to torture and caricature.

This necessity for individual application on the part of the proprietor has at least this advantage, that it continually adds to the small number of well informed gentlemen architects, and will, doubtless, in time, come to have some influence upon the public at large. The enlightened builder sees at once, that he can seldom rely upon any professional aid, and he yields to the necessity of taking up the subject thoroughly for himself. If he wants a temple, he can have a hash of Stuart from the studio, cut and dried in tetrastyle, hexastyle, prostyle, or *no-style*; for these classical gentry sometimes give very little heed to propriety, and are not always found, like Tilburina in "The Critic," to be "stark mad according to costume." But if he will choose any thing else, he must generally superintend it himself. This practice will lead to a transition state, it is true; and it is not difficult to see that we have already entered upon it,—a state of domestic architecture, in which the feeling and sentiment of the whole are quite correct, but which is without a corresponding excellence in the details of the various parts.

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In this respect, it is the very antipodes of the style displayed in the various public buildings of the day, which have had the *benefit* of professional supervision. It will readily be owned, that these errors of technical detail are slight, when compared with a total failure to appreciate the idea of fitness, even in its most obvious manifestations; but they are still errors, and we should be happy to see them avoided. The only sure guard against them is, either an implicit adherence to the drawings in some approved book of designs, or, what we should prefer as the safest course, a strict and diligent search till an architect be discovered who *knows* what he undertakes to practise and direct.

If the perplexed novice should decide upon arranging his mansion from a book of prescribed plans, we regret that we cannot recommend Mr. Loudon's work as a whole, nor, indeed, any other with which we are at present acquainted, in the light of a safe *ductor dubitantium*. The merit of these works is often very unequal, and it requires some discrimination to select those parts which are the best. There are several designs in the volumes of Mr. P. F. Robinson, which are perfectly satisfactory; but they are encumbered with a load of others, which one would scarcely suspect to be the work of the same person. Goodwin's "Rural Architecture" has also some designs of great beauty, with a still larger proportion of trash. Mr. Papworth's little volume, published twenty years ago, is far better than either. Lugar's "Residences," a very rare, is also a very excellent work; and one design for a conservatory, in the domestic Gothic style, is uncommonly simple and beautiful. The execution of Mr. Downing's second volume, upon the architectural part of landscape, is not, perhaps, quite commensurate with his knowledge and taste in other particulars, as displayed in his previous work. The river-side villa at Burlington is by far the best thing in either of his books; while the *beau-idéal* villa by Mr. Davis, which he introduces in his second volume with evident satisfaction, is, to our eyes, the ideal of any thing but beauty. We should be sorry to see it carried into execution. But we can still, in the main, cordially recommend the adoption of his plans; as far as they go, they are infinitely better than any thing of the kind, which has hitherto appeared; they are expressly adapted to the uses of this country, and many of them possess

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a marked elegance of composition. They will, at least, prevent the commission of faults, if they are insufficient to insure the ready adoption of the highest order of beauty.

There are some other professed guides to the architectural embellishment of rural landscape, which have had their origin in the United States. The edifices which they represent, however, would appear quite as suitably placed on the summit of Egg Rock as amidst the lawns and pleasure-grounds of the country. "Discuss the matter as long as we may," says the acute Candidus, "it comes to this at last, that the power of architecture, as a fine art, manifests itself only in æsthetic effect. Effect is its alpha and omega. The first requisite in the art is effect; the second is — effect; the third is — effect. And what can be more preposterous than, in one and the same breath, to assign to architecture a place among the fine arts, and then tell us that it may be reduced entirely to the merest mechanical rules?" If a standard like this is to be set up, our *Grecians* must at once go to the wall; and the ambitious houses, whose sole merit is, that the intercolumns of their *façades* are so many diameters in width, and exact to a hair, must inevitably go with them. Assuredly, we shall not fatigue ourselves to avert such a result.

Perhaps the wide difference between the formal and the natural style of landscape improvement is more evident in the operations which are required upon *ground*, than in the plantations or the buildings. The production of an adequate effect in this department depends entirely upon the boldest and most skilful strokes. It is here, therefore, that the qualities of taste and fancy are to be most actively, though cautiously, called in play. The little judgment that might have sufficed to lay out a geometrical pleasure-ground, to "grade" and level a prim avenue, or to plant it with parallel lines of equidistant trees, will be but ill adapted to decide upon the graceful variety of the opposite method. The easy curves, the knolls and hollows, that are to form the pictorial character of the scene, appear, at first sight, only like the unknown writing of an unknown tongue. The eye which has been accustomed to a landscape laid down upon lines, and levels, and squares, would be likely to regard them with no small surprise. But to the true artist, the proposed effect is distinct and definite; the picture, in his mind, is

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thoroughly finished, and even all its accessories are completely sketched in, before the first barrow-load of earth is disturbed. It is scarcely advisable to enter upon any extensive alterations until this degree of proficiency has been attained. The heavy expense which attends any great changes of the natural surface must press the necessity of a well studied programme upon the attention of the improver who wishes to behold nature in all her heightened charms, without incurring an outlay as lavish as it is unnecessary and absurd. The problem here, then, must consist in this, — to improve and adorn the natural character of the scene, with as little actual interference as possible with the face of the soil.

"The error," observes Mr. Downing, "into which inexperienced improvers are constantly liable to fall, is a *want of breadth* and extent in their designs; which latter, when executed, are so feeble as to be full of *littlenesses*, out of keeping with the magnitude of the surrounding scene. Their designs, like the sketches of a novice in drawing, are cramped and meagre. This is exemplified in ground by their producing, instead of easy undulations, nothing but a succession of short sweeps and hillocks, like waves in the ocean."

This will be the first defect to be got rid of, and though an obstinate one, it has often been proved by experience that it is not, by any means, insuperable.

In the *Arboretum* at Derby,* planned and laid out by Mr. Loudon, undulating mounds of soil were raised, varying in height from seven to ten feet, and planted at intervals, near the summit, with groups of trees and shrubs. The effect of the mounds is thus greatly heightened, and the inequality of surface, when the trees are properly placed, appears to be much increased. It is undoubtedly true, that the elevation of these artificial slopes should correspond, in some degree, with the extent of the estate to be inclosed; but in general, an elevation as great as that just mentioned will be found quite sufficient for any operations in our own vicinity. Wherever the nature of the soil is not particularly retentive, and an easy opportunity for drainage is afforded, hollows and winding valleys, as well as hills and ridges, can readily be formed. Effect is, in this way, more rapidly

* *Architectural Journal.* Vol. IV., p. 71.

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produced ; because whatever is taken from the hollows adds in a double ratio to the height of the adjoining elevation to which it is removed. It will be well, in moving the ground, to take care that some of the old top-soil is preserved to form the new surface ; and this new surface must also be drained where necessary, and everywhere rendered perfectly smooth and even by raking and rolling, before sowing the grass-seeds. This course is particularly enjoined by Mr. Loudon.

It is not worth while, however, to suppose that any wonderful changes of the *surface* can ever be effected. Any attempt to accomplish such a result must, after all, prove a disagreeable failure.

> " Great Nature scorns control; she will not bear
> One beauty foreign to the spot or soil
> She gives thee to adorn ; 't is thine alone
> To mend, not change, her features."

The most that we should expect, therefore, is to soften the expression a little, if it be too rugged, or, if too tame, to bring it by degrees into a condition of quiet and unobtrusive beauty. The spade alone cannot be relied on for any surprising results. " Little change," says Sir Walter Scott, " can be attempted by means of digging away or heaping together earth ; the levelling of rising grounds, or the raising of artificial hillocks, only serves to show that man has attempted what is beyond his powers. Trees, therefore, remain the proper and most manageable material of picturesque improvement" ; and some observations upon their planting and training may not, in the present state of the public mind, be entirely thrown away.

It is certainly needless for us to expatiate upon the beauty of trees, or to point out at any great length the value which every estate acquires from their proper cultivation. Upon this point, to the honor of the public taste, we are likely to find but few dissentient voices. In every stage of their growth, and in almost every variety of form and species, they will on all hands be admitted to constitute the delight and the glory of nature. Without them, the expression of the landscape is but little better than that of a wilderness ; and the most diversified outline of swells and slopes will possess no attraction for the eye, if unadorned with those sylvan beauties so essential to the spirit of the scene. The

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hill-tops, even, in the blue distance, look bare without the assistance of their "leafy garniture." But in the immediate vicinity of the mansion, in the lawn, the pleasure-grounds, and the garden, they become the highest sources of pleasure, and are often objects of the strongest attachment. The planter, in the opinion of the fascinating essayist, Professor Wilson, "as he looks at the young, tender plants in his own nursery-garden, will find his heart yearn toward them with all the longing and instinctive fondness of a father. And in what one imaginable attribute that it ought to possess is a tree, pray, deficient? Light, shade, shelter, coolness, freshness, music, all the colors of the rainbow, dew and dreams dropping through their umbrageous twilight at eve or morn,—dropping direct—soft, sweet, soothing, and restorative—from heaven." After such a description, we are doubly assured that we could ill spare from the picture of our *beau-idéal* homestead the overshading of their deep-green foliage, their fantastic boughs stirring to the whispers of the west wind, and the murmuring of the bees amid the rich load of their vernal blossoms. And if we should chance to find any one stolid enough to deny its justice, we should assuredly take the liberty to tell him, like Bayes in "The Rehearsal," "that we think him a very odd fellow, and desire to have nothing more to do with him."

It is not our good fortune, in this part of the country, to have many of the primeval forests remaining in a state of full preservation. But in the deep alluvial soil of the western valleys there are monarchs of the wood that have attained a great age and an immense size, and which attest the fertility of the soil and the fitness of the climate for their cultivation. It is difficult to form an adequate idea of the beauty of a natural wood composed of such noble specimens. Walter Scott shows his hearty appreciation of the charms of such a forest in glowing language.

"From its beautiful effects of light and shadow, from its lonely and sequestered character, from the variety and intricacy of its glades, and from the numerous and delightful details which it affords on every point, it makes the strongest and most pleasing impression on all who are alive to natural beauty. The ancient English poets, Chaucer and Spenser in particular, never luxuriate more than when they get into a forest; by the accuracy with which they describe particular trees, and from their

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noticing the different characters of the different species, and the various effects of light and darkness upon the walks and glades of the forest, it is evident that they regarded woodland scenery not merely as associated with their favorite sports, but as having in itself beauties which they could appreciate, though their age was not possessed of the fascinating art of committing them to canvass. Even the common people seldom mention 'the good forest' and 'the merry greenwood' without some expression of fondness, arising, doubtless, from the pleasure they took in the scenes themselves, as well as in the pastimes which they afforded." — *Miscellanies*, Vol. III. p. 217.

We are not to suppose, however, that we shall soon see any thing of this kind in our vicinity. The axe of the pioneer has passed over the face of the country so recently, and has so effectually done its work of extermination, that we are not likely, in this age at least, to behold any such forests on our soil. But it is not impossible for every landed proprietor to surround himself, in a few years, with very respectable appliances for shade and shelter,— to raise a wood around his habitation, which, though it may not be magnificent, will surely be beautiful, and will afford to posterity the best evidence of his refined taste and far-sighted care for the interests of his descendants.

For the time and the manner of ornamental planting an abundance of well studied instructions have been given by various authors. We have already taken occasion to recommend Mr. Downing's well expressed views. They are very precise, and illustrated — though perhaps too sparingly — with appropriate engravings. The landscape improver will do well to pay a close attention to them. In truth, thorough and minute instruction is required for such an undertaking as that of planting. The sanguine proprietor will often find, that, in his earlier experiments, the stiffest and most ungainly effects will be produced, where he had looked with real confidence for a very different result. His clumps will be formal, and his groups will prove weak and discordant. This all arises from the want of a proper guide. He goes to work upon his improvements with a praiseworthy zeal, it is true, but with a very meagre idea of the connected process which his arrangements will inevitably require. But most of all things, he stands in need of some prescribed order and method in carrying out his task. His labors should, in the

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first place, be directed to these two points, — *the production of a whole, and the proper connection of the various parts;* and, throughout his whole operations, these principles must be distinctly kept in view. With the house itself for the centre, — relieved in every instance by large groups and masses of foliage as a background, — a union with the ground and the surrounding scenery is to be kept up by the introduction of shrubberies and climbing plants. It will not be difficult, also, to adopt such an arrangement of the larger trees in the close neighbourhood of the mansion as will allow of agreeable vistas from it, while at the same time they conceal the offices and out-buildings, and give to the principal edifice that appearance of shelter and support, which adds so much to its air of dignity and domestic comfort. The principal front will, of course, be left comparatively open. But on each side of this central mass, the plantations are to break off, in groups proportioned to the size of the centre, and gradually uniting it with the more distant wood. Upon the lawn front of the house, it is recommended to place single trees of elegant forms, or small clumps of such as are remarkable for the beauty of their foliage or blossoms. These few leading principles can be applied in almost every variety of situation, with an equal degree of success.

The wood that skirts the estate, when under proper management, is another source of great beauty. If it be desirable to restrict the view within the limits of the inclosed lawn, it can easily be surrounded with an impenetrable screen of foliage, that will effectually accomplish this end, and will, in itself, conduce in no small degree to the charming variety of the scene. But to do this, it is by no means necessary to dispose the trees in continuous lines. A succession of masses, irregular in their form and outline, should be scattered along the sides or advanced toward the centre of the grounds, and connected by smaller groups, or perhaps by single trees, which may lead away the shadows by easy gradations, and unite them gracefully with the centre of the composition. The recesses and openings thus created will form the most agreeable variation that can be devised. "Natural groups," says Price, "are full of openings and hollows, of trees advancing before or retiring behind each other; all productive of intricacy, of variety, of deep shadows, and brilliant lights: in walking about them, the form

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changes at every step ; new combinations, new lights and shades, and new inlets present themselves in succession." But if a double or triple row of trees stand crowding and interfering with each other, in set and formal lines, as we have often seen them, the effect is artificial in the extreme, and quite out of keeping with any appearance which nature could possibly assume. The trees are almost invariably stunted in their growth, and but thinly provided with branches ; the tops are drawn upwards, as if in search of light and air ; and no single specimen, in such a situation, can be said to attain its proper and healthful maturity.

In selecting the proper varieties of trees for planting, regard must, of course, be paid to the peculiar character of the situations to which they are to be removed. A tree can be as much out of character in a particular scene, as a pagoda or a pyramid. The rough fir-tree of the Alps would prove a sadly discordant feature in a landscape shaded mostly by smooth chestnut-trees and weeping willows. A little study of Mr. Downing's illustrations of this point will be quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical, the contrasts produced in his engravings being so obvious as to strike every eye. The fulness and accuracy, however, with which he has described the most useful trees, and the proper treatment of them in various situations, will enable the planter to avoid any serious errors for the future. The section which he devotes to the consideration of deciduous ornamental trees extends over a hundred and twenty pages of his large octavo volume, and the account of evergreen ornamental trees is continued twenty-eight pages further. These two sections comprise almost every thing necessary to be understood in the selection of wood, and are rendered peculiarly attractive by the easy elegance of the style, and the great variety of apposite quotations which the writer has brought together. Considered merely as essays, without any immediate practical purpose, they would certainly deserve the favorable notice of the critic. But viewed in the light in which their author intended them, their value as a guide to the principles of the art is much enhanced by the pleasing dress in which they are presented to the reader.

It may not be amiss to enumerate a few of the varieties of shade-trees, which are found to agree with our climate, and to produce a pleasing effect upon the landscape of New

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England. The Oak, the monarch of the forest, is certainly entitled to the foremost place. From its grandeur and picturesqueness, it is a pleasing object in almost every situation; and, whether standing alone, or planted in groups and masses, its outlines are bold and graceful, and the deep tone of its colors is strikingly effective and always agreeable to the eye. It is singular, that it is not more commonly found, in prominent situations, in our vicinity, as it is abundant in our forests; and, being a hardy tree, if planted with ample space on every side, so as to give it a free exposure to the sun and air, it will not be so slow in attaining to a very respectable size, as is generally imagined. "When *immense* trees are desired," observes Mr. Downing, "the oak should either be transplanted very young, or, which is preferable, raised from the acorn sown where it is finally to remain. This is necessary on account of the very large tap-roots of this genus of trees, which are either entirely destroyed, or greatly injured by removal." Planting acorns may seem, indeed, to be looking a great way forward for the benefit of posterity; but it should be recollected, that it is but a slight exertion, and that, when once in the earth, they will have nothing to do but to grow. All care over them ceases when the acorn is planted in the soil, and, whatever else betide, it is certain that each day will be constantly adding to their maturity.

The Elm is more common in our plantations than the Oak, and is certainly unsurpassed for its elegance and gracefulness of form. It forms the chief ornament of most of the small towns and rural villages of New England that have acquired any reputation for sylvan beauties; and, when planted in avenues, its interlacing boughs, crossing each other in graceful pendent curves, impart to the scene an expression of picturesque loveliness that can be produced in no other way. It is one of the best trees for transplanting that can be found, as all its roots lie near the surface; and it is so hardy in its nature as to suffer comparatively little from the maltreatment to which transplanted trees are generally subjected.

The Plane or Buttonwood tree, so common in our streets and environs, has hitherto been highly prized, from the rapidity of its growth, the beauty of its appearance, and the great size to which in time it attains. But it is well known, that, within the last four or five years, these trees have been the subjects of a singular species of disease. They appear to

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be vigorous and full of life, down to the extremities of the minutest twigs; and when cut into, there is no deficiency of sap, nor any appearance of decay. But year after year, the Buttonwood is denuded of its leaves until about the end of the season, when, as if by a powerful effort, they come forth in irregular bunches, near the top of the tree. It has been suggested, that the cause of this malady is a minute insect in the stem of each leaf; but it is doubtful what degree of weight is due to this conjecture. It would be gratifying to many others besides amateurs in natural history, to have the cause thoroughly investigated, and some remedy prescribed which will restore these beautiful trees to their former luxuriance and value.

The Ash is, perhaps, the most regularly beautiful of all our deciduous shade-trees. When unchecked by contact with other trees, its shape is rounded and symmetrical in the highest degree; and the light tint of its foliage, and the smoothness and compactness of its bark, give it an appearance of sound health and hardy vigor. Mr. Gilpin says of it,* "The Ash generally carries its principal stem higher than the Oak, and rises in an easy, flowing line. But its chief beauty consists in the lightness of its whole appearance. Its branches at first keep close to the trunk, and form acute angles with it; but as they begin to lengthen, they generally take an easy sweep, and the looseness of the leaves corresponding with the lightness of the spray, the whole forms an elegant depending foliage. Nothing can have a better effect than an old Ash hanging from the corner of a wood, and bringing off the heaviness of the other foliage with its loose, pendent branches."

The Chestnut, which thrives well in our soil and climate, attains in time to an enormous size, and is esteemed by Mr. Downing as ranking, for its qualities in landscape gardening, "with that king of the forest, the Oak." Its beautiful foliage can, if judiciously introduced, be turned to the greatest advantage in the production of lively and picturesque effects; and when it has arrived at a considerable age, there is no other tree, except the Oak, that can confer so much of imposing dignity and grandeur upon the scene. In its mature state, it presents the greatest variety of shape, and

* Gilpin's *Forest Scenery*, p. 82.

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enters with peculiar facility into the formation of bold groups, dark, shadowy masses, and spreading outlines of foliage. It is not, indeed, so rapid in its growth as many other trees, and to raise it from the nursery would be a work of time; and as it forms strong vertical tap-roots in a more advanced state, it is not removed without some expense and difficulty. But when planted *for posterity*, it should be raised from the nut; as the trees produced in that way are much the finest, and their growth, when young, is said to be more rapid and certain than that of the transplanted tree.

The Beech is much less known and cultivated, as an ornamental tree, in this country than in Europe. In the parks and woods in England it is one of the most favorite species, and it will be noticed that it is introduced by the landscape painters with a peculiar pleasure into their finest compositions. Mr. Harding, the eminent pencil-artist, has often made it the subject of his efforts; and several exquisite examples of his treatment of it may be found among his views in the vicinity of Windsor castle, where it abounds in a high state of perfection. When mingled with other trees of a lighter appearance, it may be introduced in plantations with advantage, — and, on account of its darkness and density, it is peculiarly adapted to form screen-woods, for concealment or shelter.

The Black-walnut, the nut of which is so highly esteemed for the dessert, is a tree of most imposing appearance, and, when at its full size, scarcely inferior to the Oak and Chestnut in some of its effects in landscape. It is peculiarly admired for the boldness with which it shoots out its branches on every side, and for the amplitude and compactness of its head. It does not, indeed, possess the varied and spirited outline of the two former trees, but it is thought to be better adapted than they to some peculiar situations. When unencumbered by other trees, and on a favorable soil, it attains a size and dignity truly majestic, often growing to the height of sixty or seventy feet. The wood is very beautiful when used for cabinet-work, and seems to be rapidly superseding that of the Mahogany for a variety of purposes. For its rich color and high polish, we cannot hesitate to think it decidedly superior to that long established favorite; and we gladly take this opportunity to express the wish, that it may be much more generally intro-

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duced for the interior finishing of domestic apartments. Its effect, when thus employed, would be unrivalled even by the famous oak wainscoting of old England; and we have no doubt, that, when the graces and amenities of domestic architecture are a little more understood, it will come into common use among us.

The Lime or Linden is a neat and pleasing tree. It is frequently cultivated in most of the country towns in New England; and though it grows freely in woody situations, it is thought to be more peculiarly suited for planting in avenues, where its somewhat formal shape is not so much out of character as in a picturesque and irregular scene. Mr. Downing calls it "a true town tree," and thinks it cannot be too much praised as an ornament for streets and public parks, where its regular outline corresponds with the formality of the houses and inclosures, while the delightful odor of its blossoms is doubly grateful in the more confined air of the city. Four varieties are enumerated, which will grow well on any good friable soil, and readily endure transplantation.

The Horse-chestnut is another tree which is better suited to the purposes of shade in towns and cities than for ornamental planting in the country. As a single tree, however, the unusual luxuriance of its foliage, and the splendor of its gay blossoms, render it a very beautiful object; but it has so little variety of shape in the different specimens, that a monotonous effect would result from planting it in groups. It is easily transplanted, though it seems to be conceded that it is better to raise it at once from the seed.

The Maple, in its different varieties, is one of the most elegant deciduous trees which we possess. During the spring and summer months, it is certainly quite as handsome as any of the trees before mentioned; but in the autumn months, it assumes a beauty of appearance far beyond them all. After the first frosts, the gradations of color upon its leaves are unsurpassed by any appearance which the vegetable world can possibly present to the eye. In the western counties of Massachusetts, the scenery at that time acquires, from this circumstance, an inexpressible charm. There are five or six varieties of this valuable tree, and as they differ materially in the tints which they assume in fading, very striking effects can be produced by arranging them with a view to that end.

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The Birch, the Poplar, the Locust, the Mountain-ash, and the Willow are also common trees, and may be introduced in proper situations with great advantage and effect. None of them, however, should be made the principal material in any scene, and their value as accessories will entirely depend upon the degree of propriety with which they are used. It will not be very difficult to acquire some knowledge of the principles which should regulate their selection, while the prejudice existing against several of them has entirely arisen from the indiscriminate employment of them in situations to which they are altogether unfitted.

The operation of transplanting trees, that have attained a sufficient size to produce an immediate effect upon the scene, has, in a greater or less degree, occupied the attention of every landscape improver of eminence or ability. Various are the means that have been adopted for this end, and innumerable the expedients that have in turn supplanted each other. So little success, however, has in most cases been met with in removing large trees, that it is often supposed by intelligent persons to be of no use to attempt it. It is often found, that a young tree from the nursery, when placed side by side with one transplanted after it had grown to eight or ten inches in diameter, has shot up so much more rapidly as in a very few years to become the finer of the two. The results of transplanting depend on causes so occult as only to be discovered gradually, and by observation and training of a very peculiar kind. When the greatest pains, therefore, have been taken to insure success, the ignorance of a single particular, or the omission of what might seem a slight and and trivial prerequisite, has brought ill luck upon the whole scheme, and thus discouraged and baffled the most persevering planter, when the object of his labors seemed to be just within his reach. Of late years, however, very successful experiments have been made abroad. The knowledge that has been brought to bear upon this subject, and the degree of perfection to which the system has now been carried, would scarcely be believed by any one who has never lost himself in the enticing pages of Sir Henry Steuart, of Allanton. His numerous experiments led him to the adoption of a system, which he has given to the world in "The Planter's Guide," — and which a distinguished committee of the Highland Society, after a thorough examination, declare

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to be attended with complete and almost miraculous success. In several important respects, the method of practice recommended by him differs from any which had before been known. But it appears to have been taken up after a most patient and systematic series of trials, to be founded on sound and obvious reasons, and to proceed upon a nice adaptation to the habits and the demands of nature.

Sir Henry Steuart begins with the assertion, that success cannot be expected unless upon principles of selection, determining the subject to be transplanted with relation to the soil to which it is to be transferred. The soil and subsoil must be congenial to the nature of the plant, and the *species* of trees selected must receive as much attention as is given by the farmer in adapting his crops to the soil of his farm. The *condition* and *properties* of the individual trees are also to be nicely considered. It is well known, that the greatest difference exists between trees which have stood in exposed situations, and those which have grown in such as are sheltered. The stems of the former are always short and thick, because, from their unobstructed opening to the air and light on every side of them, they have not the same impulse to shoot up towards the free air, which is always so clearly observable in close woods. Their branches, also, are thrown out boldly in every direction, while the roots beneath the ground are exactly proportioned to the vigor and hardiness of the tree above it. Trees that have stood in unsheltered situations will have acquired, therefore, by their own efforts, thickness and induration of bark, shortness and girth of stem, numerousness of roots and fibres, and lastly, extent, balance, and closeness of branches, — properties which admirably qualify them for sustaining the risk of removal. When such trees cannot be had, they must be made by previous training to acquire these properties, the treatment to which they are subjected being various according to the special quality in which the particular tree is deficient,— but all described in " The Planter's Guide " with a fulness and accuracy that leave no possibility of mistake.

The *size* of the trees that can be subjected to the process of transplantation is stated to be a mere question of expense. A large tree can be removed with the same certainty of success as a smaller one ; but the expense, it is material to add, is found to increase in a rapidly progressive ratio.

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Trees of about ten or twelve inches in diameter are considered by our author as a medium size, being easily manageable in their removal, and large enough to produce an immediate effect upon the landscape, and to oppose sufficient resistance to the storm.

The roots of the tree to be removed having first been carefully laid bare to their minutest extremities, the common transplanting machine, consisting of a strong pole mounted upon high wheels, is then attached to it, and it is carefully pulled out of the soil. Both the roots and branches are tied up for fear of injury, and so balanced against each other, that a nice equilibrium is preserved. It is then removed with but little trouble to the pit prepared for its reception. In placing it in the ground, the former position of the tree in regard to the *weather side* is reversed, — that is, the lee side, where its branches have shot out more freely, and in an opposite direction to the prevailing high winds, is now to be turned towards them, so as to correct any irregular or sidelong shape which they may have acquired, and thus restore the balance and symmetry of the top. The practice of mutilating or pruning the removed tree is condemned in the strongest terms, as almost sure to prove fatal to its vigor; and the most delicate nicety is recommended, in the work of reärranging the roots in their original position in the ground. This is only a slight sketch, indeed, of the process, but sufficient, perhaps, to give a general idea of the points in which it differs from those which have ordinarily been pursued.

The reasons assigned for each step in this process are such, it seems to us, as must hold good in all climates, and everywhere. But it is complained by Mr. Downing, in the Appendix to his first volume, that the Allantonian system has not been attended, in this country, with even tolerable success. One of the supposed reasons which he assigns for this result is, that the climate of Scotland, where Sir Henry Steuart's experiments were made, is, in some respects, and particularly that of dampness, exactly opposite to that of the United States. But we are inclined to believe, that there is nothing in any part of Sir Henry's process, upon which Mr. Downing could place his finger and say that it is detrimental, in any particular climate, to the vigor of the transplanted tree. We think the reason must rather be

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sought in the other difficulties which he names ; a want of skill in performing the operation, arising chiefly from ignorance of the nature of the vital action of plants, and from a bad or improper selection of subjects on which the operation is performed. But it should be recollected, that Sir Henry Steuart's treatise is especially precise upon these two very points, so that we cannot see the propriety of making the admissions which Mr. Downing allows to be necessary, and yet rejecting the method in question as unsatisfactory. Unless the nicest attention is bestowed upon an unimpaired preservation of the vital action of the tree, as well as upon the choice and preparatory induration of every individual subject of removal, it cannot be said, that Sir Henry's method has been followed in its most important particulars. Any degree of carelessness in regard to either of these steps is quite enough to insure a failure ; and if it happen, there is no reason why it should be charged to the fault of the theory. Such a proceeding is like treating a patient to a thorough system of depletion, and then complaining that his course of tonics has done him no manner of good. It is assuming the inefficacy of a course of treatment the very reverse of that which has actually been followed.

We cannot allow our faith in the success of the method of which we have spoken to be so easily disturbed. This will require a greater degree of proof, and of a higher kind, than any which we have as yet seen adduced. When it shall be fully established, that a sound and healthy tree, standing exposed, in its original position, to the action of the light and air on all sides, has been delicately laid bare around its roots and their fibres, has been removed with ordinary care, and placed in a soil prepared beforehand, after the directions of Sir Henry Steuart, with its top left entirely unmutilated, and its roots carefully incorporated with the surrounding earth, — and all these operations have been carried on with that scrupulous nicety which is so strictly enjoined in "The Planter's Guide," and the subject of them has yet failed to live and flourish, we will at once yield to the force of the evidence, and admit that a difference of climate, or some other unknown cause, prevents the system in question from being successfully adopted in North America. But until these facts are shown, we see no just reason to doubt the unanimous opinion of the Highland Society,

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that "*the art of transplantation, as practised by Sir Henry Steuart, is calculated to accelerate, in an extraordinary degree, the power of raising wood, whether for beauty or shelter.*" We must resort to the Hibernicism of saying, that we believe the reason why the system has failed is, that it has never been tried among us; and we heartily commend this point to the notice of every person possessing an interest in the question, or in whom we may have been so fortunate as to excite one.

In conclusion, we cannot but rejoice at the appearance of any publications which indicate that a real interest for the charms of external nature exists in the hearts of our countrymen. A lively sensibility to natural beauties will be found to lie at the bottom of the sweetest and purest poetry in our language, and of much even that is highest and holiest in the human soul.

> "O, friendly to the best pursuits of man,
> Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
> Domestic life in rural pleasures passed!"

exclaimed the gentle and contemplative Cowper, and in all ages has this truth been distinctly recognized. Hope, sympathy, faith, piety, love, — all find solace in the charms of nature, and grow stronger by looking upon them with an humble heart. The herdsman in "The Excursion" had passed his youth among the mountains, and there had learned to *feel* his faith; and whether, in spirit, with the poet of Rydal mount, we climb the precipitous steeps of Helvellyn, or stroll adown

> "The banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,"

with the peasant whose sorrows have made them immortal; whether, with the "Wizard of the North," we frighten the stag from his midnight lair

> "In lone Glenartney's hazle shade,"

or lie musing beside the sweet bard of Avon, "under the shady greenwood tree," in the forest of Arden, — we see, in all, the outward circumstance that gave rise to their poetical emotion, and cease to wonder at the impulse which gave it utterance in verse. It is the voice of true nature coming from the heart, and going to the heart of all humanity. When the saintly Walton stops his discourse of angling, to

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"sit down under this honeysuckle hedge," and tell his scholar "what holy Mr. Herbert says of such days and such flowers as these," whose spirit does not leap up within him, and, turning back the tide of two centuries, transport him, though it should be three thousand miles away, to the thatched house at Hoddesden, or to "noble Mr. Sadler's," on Amwell hill? The verdant meadow, where Maudlin entertained the anglers with her choice song, becomes present and visible to his imagination, and still smells as sweet as when they "were last this way a fishing." He hears the birds in the adjoining grove renew "their friendly contention with the echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primrose hill." He lives in the company of nature, and is content with that communion. He turns aside, without one feeling of regret, from the gilded follies, the glorious bubbles, of the world and of public life, and is glad, with Sir Henry Wotton, to exclaim,

> "Welcome, pure thoughts! welcome, ye silent groves!
> These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves;
> Now the winged people of the sky shall sing
> My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring;—
> And if contentment be a stranger,—then
> I 'll ne'er look for it but in heaven again."

ART. III. — *Seventh Annual Report of the Secretary of the [Massachusetts] Board of Education.* Common School Journal. Boston. Vol. VI. pp. 65 – 196.

WE have already noticed, with high commendation, this excellent Report; and we now return to it, not for the purpose of giving it any further examination as a whole, but in order to consider a single topic which is incidentally brought into it, and in respect to which we are compelled to dissent from the opinions expressed by Mr. Mann. We refer to the modes of instruction pursued in schools for the education of the deaf and dumb. Of the zeal and success with which Mr. Mann has devoted himself to the cause of popular education it is unnecessary here to speak. We yield to none in the hearty appreciation of what he has already accomplished, and we bid him God speed in his future efforts.

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Upon subjects which he has studied and understands we are disposed to receive his opinions with high respect, if not with implicit acquiescence. Even upon the subject of the instruction of deaf mutes, with which he is evidently not familiar, if he had based his conclusions upon any actual results attained, we should bow in silence to his verdict, however mortifying it might be to the self-love of our instructers, or injurious to the reputation and usefulness of our schools. But when we find, in a document of such general interest, emanating from such high authority, and destined for wide circulation through the country, a sentence pronounced upon the American institutions for the deaf and dumb, apparently without examination, evidently with very erroneous and defective views of their system of instruction, the effect of which will be to lower those institutions in the public estimation, and thus seriously to impair their usefulness, we cannot suffer it to pass in silence.

With the public schools and other institutions for education in Massachusetts Mr. Mann is certainly well acquainted; but there are in this State no schools for the deaf and dumb; and though in two of the adjoining States there are institutions of this class, among the largest in the world in point of numbers, and for years reputed among the most successful, all that he seems to know definitely concerning their system or their success is, that they do not teach articulation. "In Prussia, Saxony, and Holland," he finds that "the deaf and dumb, incredible as it may seem, are taught to speak with the lips and tongue"; and upon this, he judges "the schools for this class in those countries to be decidedly superior to any in this country." We have usually thought, that the superiority of an institution for education should be measured, not by what it *attempts*, but by what it *performs*. That the German schools attempt more than our own we admit; but that, in the great majority of cases, they accomplish more, we have no evidence. Mr. Mann, at least, has furnished us no *data* whatever, by which we can compare the intellectual attainments and skill in language of the pupils in those schools with those of the pupils in our own. And if, as we have good reason to believe, the German teachers of articulation sacrifice, in a great measure, the development of the intellectual and moral faculties of their pupils to an object that is, in most cases, but

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very imperfectly attained, we may well doubt whether they gain as much as they lose, and whether their success in the true object of education — the unfolding of the capacities for happiness and usefulness — is as great as that of our own teachers.

Among the American instructers of the deaf and dumb, there have been men as much distinguished for talents, learning, and zeal in the cause of education, as Mr. Mann himself. It would have been the part of fairness and caution to examine thoroughly and carefully the reasons in favor, and the results, of a system which such men have deliberately sanctioned, before condemning it ; or at least, not to publish so conspicuously, and upon very slight examination, opinions which do grave injustice to them and to the scheme of instruction which they have patiently elaborated.

Though we were aware, that many erroneous notions were abroad on the subject of the instruction of deaf mutes, yet we were not prepared to find the secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, on a topic of this character, making such obvious errors as the following.

"With us, the deaf and dumb are taught to converse by means of signs made with the fingers. It is a great blessing to a deaf mute to be able to converse in the language of signs. But it is evident, that, as soon as he passes out of the circle of those who understand that language, he is helpless and hopeless as ever. The power of uttering articulate sounds, of speaking as others speak, alone restores him to society."

The reader who happens not to be better informed will inevitably form the idea from this paragraph, that all which our institutions propose to accomplish is to teach the deaf and dumb to converse by means of "signs made with the fingers," and that we enable them to hold social intercourse only in the circle of those who understand such signs. Small, indeed, would be the claim of the instructers to the title of benefactors of the deaf and dumb, if this were all they proposed to accomplish !

The language of signs is, in our institutions, as it necessarily is in all other seminaries for the deaf and dumb, even to a considerable extent in the German schools themselves, a *means*, but neither in our own nor in any others is it the *end* of instruction. Every deaf mute, who can find one or

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more persons willing to converse with him and to learn his signs, will soon establish a dialect of gestures more or less extensive. We have met *uneducated* mutes, whose sign-dialect, their own creation, was sufficient not only for the mutual communication of wishes and wants concerning the daily avocations of the parties, for the correct execution of errands relating to common things, for directions concerning the task for the day, and an account of it when done, but even for the narration of all interesting events, not only in the circle of the deaf mutes' acquaintance, but far beyond it. No deaf mute of ordinary capacity stands in need of the lessons of an instructer to enable him to interchange familiar ideas with his more intimate companions.

When a number of deaf mutes are collected together in an institution, a sign-dialect is speedily and inevitably formed, as much superior to the previous dialect of each solitary individual, as is the copious and refined language of a highly civilized nation to the scanty vocabulary of a small horde of savages. This sign-dialect the teacher may attempt to improve, but he is rarely obliged to teach it to new comers. They learn it by intercourse with those whom they find already in the institution, as certainly as the child, who hears, learns the spoken language of those around him, and in a much shorter space of time. It is true, that the too constant use of this pantomimic language retards the acquisition of a language more universally intelligible among men; but on the other hand, it favors, to a degree conceivable only to those who have witnessed the fact, the development of the pupil's ideas, — of his moral sentiments and intellectual faculties; and it forms, in most cases, the surest and most convenient, and in many instances, the only practicable means, of defining correctly the meaning of words.

But we repeat, that, in the instruction of the deaf and dumb, the language of signs is a *means*, and not an *end*. The expansion which this language always undergoes in an institution, accompanied, as it necessarily is, by a corresponding expansion of ideas, is in itself highly advantageous, and becomes very important as a means of imparting moral and religious instruction to those deaf mutes who, from various causes, fail to make sufficient progress in written language. But instruction in the last mentioned language is, with us, the great end of all the teacher's efforts. We aim

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to enable the pupils to converse *by writing* with all who can read and write; and, as a prerequisite to such conversation, to furnish them with all the stores of knowledge generally diffused among men, and which supply materials for the ordinary conversation of persons of intelligence. We aim, also, to enable them to derive from books and newspapers that solace and enjoyment which reading never fails to afford to well educated persons who are in some measure secluded from society. That our efforts are not in all cases fully successful, we admit; but we are persuaded, that, if we should spend a large portion of the period, scanty at the best, allowed to each pupil, in attempting to teach him to articulate and to read on the lips, the cases of partial failure in the far more essential, yet easier, task of teaching the vocabulary and idioms of language would be much more numerous. It has not, therefore, been through ignorance or indifference, that American instructers have neglected to teach articulation. It has been excluded from the course of instruction after careful and mature deliberation, and, in the New York institution, after actual and patient experiment; not because the object was considered of little account, but because the small degree of success usually attainable was judged to be a very inadequate compensation for that expenditure of time and labor which the teaching of articulation exacts, — for the many wearisome hours which must be spent in adjusting and reädjusting the positions of the vocal organs, — in teaching the "seven sounds of the letter *a*," — "the hundreds of elementary sounds," as Mr. Mann says, represented by only twenty-six letters, — and the thousand capricious irregularities in the pronunciation of the same letters, or combinations of letters. To the deaf and dumb child, the acquisition of ideas, through his own language of gestures, is a task at once easy and delightful; but as words can never be to him what they are to other men, the acquisition of a language of words, whatever signs are chosen to represent them, must for him ever remain a labor that will task to the utmost his patience and his powers, and the skill and perseverance of his teacher. Why, then, should we, on a prospect of doubtful advantage, double a labor which already tasks most minds to the utmost, and not a few beyond their powers?

It is somewhat doubtful, whether, by "signs made with

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the fingers," Mr. Mann meant the language of gestures, or simply the manual alphabet. Though the appellation, "language of signs," is very improperly applied to the manual alphabet, yet some people seem to have no other idea of this language than that it is a manual alphabet. Thus, the biographer of the vocalist Malibran informs us, as a proof of her uncommon memory, that she "learned the language of signs in half an hour." From the context, however, it seems probable, that Mr. Mann had confounded the manual alphabet with the language of gestures; and, indeed, many educated deaf mutes use, with their intimate acquaintances, for the sake of convenience and expedition, a dialect composed partly of gestures and partly of words spelled on the fingers. The manual alphabet is simply a mode of spelling words by means of positions of the fingers corresponding to each letter. It is available only where there is some knowledge of words, and, of course, an ability to read and write. As a mode of intercourse with his acquaintances, the educated deaf mute finds it very convenient; but when he passes out of the circle of those who understand it, he is very far from being "hopeless and helpless as ever." If writing materials can be obtained, — and he takes care to have a slate or tablet always about him, — he can converse with strangers with more or less ease, according to the skill of the one party in orthography, and of the other in the idioms of language. There are few deaf mutes of ordinary capacity, that have passed through the whole course of instruction in one of our institutions, who cannot, in this way, make themselves fully understood, wherever they have occasion to go. If writing materials are not at hand, he can write his wishes on the sand, or on the snow, or scratch them on the nearest wall or smooth stone. He can, also, on many subjects of pressing importance, make himself understood by all persons of tolerably quick perceptions, by means of natural signs; but this last faculty is possessed, often to the fullest extent, by deaf mutes who never entered the walls of an institution, or received a single lesson in written language. It is a faculty which the teacher seeks at the outset to improve, as the only means of holding intelligible communication with his pupil; but the constant exercise of which he discourages, as soon as the latter has acquired sufficient skill in written language to converse to some extent in words.

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With us, we repeat, "the deaf mute is *not* taught to converse by means of signs made with the fingers." This would be, in most cases, a work of pure supererogation. But he is taught to converse by means of written words or their equivalents. When he "passes out of the circle of those who understand" *written* language, he is, indeed, hopeless and helpless as ever, except in the immensely increased resources of his own mind; but in our country, that circle is a wide one, and a deaf mute may wander far without overstepping its boundaries.

After what has been said, it can hardly be necessary to prove, that "the power of uttering articulate sounds, of speaking as others speak," is not the only condition under which the deaf mute can be restored to society; unless by *society*, we understand the companionship of those who can neither read nor write. Mr. Mann need not travel out of the city of Boston to find, if he seeks for them, illustrious instances of the erroneous character of his position.

It may be alleged, that the deaf mute who can only read and write cannot take part in a general conversation among persons who hear, but is restricted, in such society, to that conversation which may be addressed directly to him. Unless he has a ready interpreter, this is true; but as a general rule, this is just as much the case with those who have been taught to articulate, and to read on the lips. On this point, most of the cases cited by Mr. Mann fall under the old maxim, that the exception proves the rule. The notorious fact, that the deaf, however laboriously instructed, can only distinguish words on the lips of those who speak directly to them, at a small distance, in an advantageous light, and with peculiar slowness and distinctness of utterance, is not affected by rare instances of the extraordinary cultivation of this faculty, any more than the general laws of the human mind on the subject of computation with high numbers are affected by such instances as that of Zerah Colburn. Few blacksmiths can expect, by the most unwearied devotion to study in the intervals of labor, to acquire as many languages as Elihu Burritt; and only a very few deaf mutes, gifted with extraordinary power of vision and quickness of perception, will ever acquire the ability to read on the lips, even by the most painful effort of attention, more than a few strongly marked words, and those uttered by a person with

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the movements of whose lips they are familiar, and who knows what words they can most readily distinguish at a distance as great as that at which ordinary conversation can readily be heard, in a dim light, or by a side-view of the face. Still fewer, if any, can learn to distinguish words in the dark by laying the finger on the lips of the other party; though nearly all deaf mutes, whether educated or not, can converse with their more intimate associates, with more or less ease, in the dark, either, as in the case of Julia Brace, by means of signs addressed to the touch, or, as in the case of Laura Bridgeman, by distinguishing in the hollow of the hand the letters of words spelled on the fingers of another.*

Mr. Mann asserts, that he has had "abundant proof," that the deaf and dumb can be taught "to speak as others speak," "and substantially in all cases." On this point we hold him to be widely in error. His assertion contrasts strikingly with the modest statement of Kruse, himself a deaf mute and teacher in the institution at Bremen, who, on this point, thus guardedly expresses himself: — "It is *in many cases possible*, in the course of some years, to bring the deaf and dumb to such a degree of proficiency in this respect, that all who listen to them *attentively* and *patiently* will fully understand them; and they can, also, on their part, come to understand, *in some measure*, what is said to them, by the mere movements of the mouth." † We might quote many other authorities to show, that, though in rare instances, as in the case of Habermass, — who, however, as his biographer informs us, was not deaf from birth, — deaf mutes have been taught to speak as other men speak, yet, in much the greater number of cases, their articulation is imperfect, difficult, and irksome to the speaker, and disagreeable to the hearer. But it is unnecessary to go beyond the pages of Mr. Mann's own Report for evidence to disprove his incon-

* Many of those who are called deaf and dumb are only partially deaf; and with some of these, the sense of hearing may assist that of sight in distinguishing words uttered by others. In the case of the girl mentioned by Mr. Mann, who conversed in the dark by laying her finger on the breast of her companion, we must suppose, that the finger served as a conductor to make the voice of the latter more distinct. If this girl was entirely deaf, the case is as much out of the ordinary limits of possibility as that of those blind persons who are said to distinguish colors by the touch.

† *Der Taubstumme im uncultivirten Zustande, nebst Blicken in das Leben merkwürdiger Taubstummen. Von dem Taubstummen* Otto Friedrich Kruse, *Lehrer an der Bremer Taubstummen-anstalt.* Bremen: 1832. p. 3.

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siderate assertion. The German teachers, from whom Mr. Mann obtains his views and arguments, admit (p. 80 of the Report), that the articulation of their pupils *may be* "wearisome, inexpressive, monotonous, or absolutely disagreeable"; and that some are "obliged to relinquish speaking, on account of being unintelligible." Of the proportion of cases in which the wearisome labor of teacher and pupil is either thus imperfectly rewarded, or quite thrown away, we may judge from the testimony of Mademoiselle Morel, an intelligent and accomplished instructress of the Royal Institution of Paris, who, a few years ago, visited several of the most celebrated schools for the deaf and dumb in Germany. In the institution at Gmund, in Würtemberg, which has been the model school for several others in the neighbouring states, out of thirty-three pupils, there were two or three who spoke with a surprising degree of correctness; about the same number proved incapable of uttering a word intelligibly; and the mass of the pupils articulated with difficulty, and often with contortions of countenance most unpleasant to the beholder, and, it is added in another place, were in general only intelligible to those who were in the daily habit of hearing them. A similar proportion of favorable and unfavorable results was found in other institutions.* It may rationally be presumed, that deaf mutes, taught to articulate thus imperfectly, when they "pass out of the circle" of those accustomed to their articulation, must become "hopeless and helpless as ever."

The German language, it may be observed, is considered decidedly better adapted to the instruction of the deaf and dumb in articulation than any other in which the experiment has been made. A few years since, an attempt was made in the institution at Paris to teach articulation to all the pupils. The experiment resulted in a signal failure, and now instruction in articulation is there given only out of school hours, and to those pupils who show a remarkable facility in its acquisition. We have already mentioned the equally unsuccessful experiment made at an early day in the institution at New York; but as that was by an inexperienced teacher, it may not be considered decisive. Articu-

* *Quatrième Circulaire de l'Institut Royal des Sourds-Muets de Paris*, pp. 54, 71. It is added, that those who cannot articulate intelligibly can still, under favorable circumstances, distinguish words on the lips.

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lation has also been taught for many years in nearly all the institutions in the British isles. Of this fact Mr. Mann seems not to have been aware, or we might suppose, that, while visiting the public schools of England and Scotland, he would have inquired to what degree the instruction of the deaf and dumb in articulation had been found practicable in the English language. He says, that, "though speaking a foreign language, he was able to hold some slight conversation" with the pupils in the German schools. If we take his words in their obvious sense, the assertion appears rather marvellous; for none of the German teachers of the deaf and dumb attempt to teach their pupils foreign languages, at least not before they have "completed half their course of instruction"; but we suppose he only meant, that, being a foreigner, he was not perfectly master of the German language. We think, then, he would have been better able to judge of the success attained in teaching a language with which he was familiar. Concerning the success of English teachers of articulation we have some evidence. Dr. Milnor, president of the New York institution, some years ago visited several of the schools for the deaf and dumb in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and made particular inquiries as to the success attained in teaching articulation. He states, that "one of the deaf mute tutors of the institution in London seemed to understand him readily by the motions of the lips, only occasionally requiring a repetition of the words; and that the enunciation of this person was not materially unpleasant, though by no means so easy and agreeable as that of persons generally who possess their hearing." This, be it observed, was one of the most favorable instances that could be produced in an institution ordinarily containing over two hundred pupils; and we see, that, even in a pupil retained as an assistant teacher, whom we may therefore presume to have possessed more than common abilities, to have received more than an ordinary share of the attention of his master, and to have continued under instruction much beyond the usual time, — even with all these circumstances in his favor, the articulation was neither easy nor agreeable, and his ability to read on the lips was limited. Still, if any thing approaching to this result could be, as a general rule, attained, we should be decidedly in favor of teaching articulation. But this is not the case. In a few other instances,

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the utterance was sufficiently intelligible; but Dr. Milnor also "witnessed the attempts at speaking of some who were incapable of uttering any tones which did not grate harshly on the ear," and was informed, that the attempt to teach articulation frequently failed altogether.*

We have met one of the most distinguished pupils of the institution in Dublin, who could articulate so as to be intelligible to his own family, but who never attempted to read on the lips. With strangers, he relied on writing; his associates always communicated with him by means of the two-handed manual alphabet, which some of them could use with great celerity; and with other mutes he conversed by gestures. We have seen him, at the first interview, converse readily with a family of uneducated mutes; and though the dialect of the latter was chiefly of their own invention, and his dialect was brought from the other side of the Atlantic, he could relate at some length, in pantomime, an incident that happened to one of his schoolmates, and which was perfectly comprehended by his spectators.

The propensity to prefer gestures, when intelligible, to all other modes of intercourse, is universal among the deaf mutes of all countries; and whenever they have become familiar with a manual alphabet, they are found to prefer it, with those who are expert in it, to articulation and reading on the lips. On this account, most of the German teachers interdict the use of the manual alphabet entirely. Perhaps this is the "*artificial* language of signs" mentioned by Mr. Mann as *prohibited* (page 81); for if there is, or ever was, any language that can claim to be called *natural*, pantomime is that language. As ordinarily used by the deaf and dumb, it is, indeed, nearly or quite unintelligible to strangers; because nearly all its signs, for the sake of convenience and expedition, undergo in their hands a species of abbreviation, in which one part of an object, or one circumstance of an action, stands for the whole, and a single sign frequently represents an allegory or a metaphor illustrating some idea beyond the material world. Still, the natural character of the language, in its elements, is sufficiently proved by the fact, that not only deaf mutes brought from opposite sides of

* *Twelfth Report of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.* p. 20.

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the globe, and with sign-dialects the most diverse, can readily communicate all familiar ideas at their first meeting, but even savages from our western woods, and natives of China, have conversed intelligibly with deaf mutes in our institutions.

We know, however, that some of the German teachers do "prohibit, *as far as possible*," — a very significant limitation, — all intercourse by even the *natural* language of signs. On this point we will quote from Kruse, whose authority, which we have already cited, we consider of great weight. Having learned to speak before losing his hearing, he subsequently attained a much greater skill in language, and a much higher degree of intellectual cultivation, than are usually attainable by the deaf and dumb from birth. He had been a teacher in two German institutions, and had visited several others. His views do not always agree with our own; but his writings show him to be more than commonly well versed in the character of the deaf and dumb, and in the true principles of the art of instructing them. On the point under consideration, he thus expresses himself.

"It is, indeed, incontrovertible, that the language of gestures is little adapted to the expression of abstract or metaphysical ideas; it is, further, not to be denied, that it opposes obstacles to that accurate mode of thinking to which the deaf and dumb should be brought; it is, finally, matter of experience, that it causes the deaf mute to neglect the use of words in his intercourse with others; but it can in no wise be prohibited or banished. *The language of pantomime is the true element of the deaf mute, in which first his spiritual life began to bud and unfold;* in which, also, he can and will receive all the ideas imparted to him. It is his *mother tongue*, which first gives him the key to open the mysteries in language and in science. It is the only and the natural means of intelligible communication between him and his teacher, without which the latter cannot operate on his pupil. It were, therefore, not merely cruel, but unnatural (*widernatürlich*), to tie the hands of the deaf and dumb, or to compel them to carry continually in the hand pencils or crayons, as is actually done in many places, or to force them, on all occasions, to express their wants orally, and read on the lips of others." — *Der Taubstumme*, etc. p. 70.

Kruse gives biographical sketches of several of the most distinguished pupils of the German schools. We think he

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oftener celebrates their skill in the language of pantomime, than their skill in articulation and reading on the lips. For instance, he informs us, that a monitress in the institution at Schleswig, though able to speak with tolerable distinctness, and to read on the lips words when uttered slowly and distinctly, was still far from being a proficient in the language of words, but was a perfect mistress of the language of gestures. We see, then, that the German teachers, even by binding the hands of their pupils, have not been able to banish the language of gestures from their schools; and it appears from the testimony of Mademoiselle Morel, whom we have already quoted, that those teachers, while decrying pantomime, do themselves make use of it, not only necessarily in the first lessons, but continually, and almost unconsciously, as an accompaniment to their oral lessons to their pupils, — thus giving to their words a significancy which they would otherwise fail to impart, and which they are in the habit of ascribing to some mysterious, self-explanatory power in speech.

Mr. Mann has placed before us (page 80) some of "the reasons which the German teachers of the deaf and dumb give for preferring the method of speaking by the voice to that of speaking by signs on the fingers, and by pantomime." These reasons appear to have suffered in the process of translation, and require to be examined with caution, lest we do injustice to the German teachers, by charging upon them errors which are probably attributable to the haste with which the version was made.

"1. Loud speaking is the most convenient mode of intercourse, and the one most in accordance with human nature."

Loud speaking is the most convenient mode of intercourse with persons hard of hearing; but it is, in ordinary cases, neither convenient, nor particularly pleasant. Speaking *aloud*, or vocal speech (*Lautsprache*), which is probably the idea intended, is, doubtless, under ordinary circumstances, the mode of intercourse most convenient to those who hear; but that it is not the most convenient for the deaf and dumb, nor the most in accordance with their natures, is evident from the fact we have already noticed, that even those deaf mutes who have been taught to articulate and to read on the lips prefer to use the language of pantomime with all

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to whom that language is intelligible. The reason of this is obvious. In that language they express themselves and understand others without difficulty, without effort, and without fatigue; while the use of speech exacts laborious, sometimes painful, effort, both mental and physical, on the part as well of those deaf mutes who speak, as of those who read on the lips; and becomes impracticable at a distance, or in a faint light which offers no impediment to ready communication by gestures.

"2. The deaf and dumb, as well as the man possessed of all his senses, has a natural impulse to express his feelings, thoughts, &c., by sounds."

The deaf and dumb have, indeed, in common with most animals that possess a larynx, a natural impulse to express their feelings by sounds. They laugh, cry, groan, and scream. But what bearing this fact has on the question of the expediency of teaching them to utter sounds which nature could never teach them to utter, we cannot discover. With equal truth we may observe, that the man possessed of all his senses has, as well as the deaf mute, "a natural impulse to express his feelings, thoughts, &c.," by gestures. Would this be an argument for teaching men in general "to converse by means of signs made with the fingers"? Deschamps, a zealous advocate for teaching articulation, in the last century, gives rules for teaching a person at once deaf, dumb, and blind, to speak orally, and to distinguish words by placing the hand on the mouth of the speaker. According to Mr. Mann, Laura Bridgman actually expresses some of her thoughts by *inarticulate* sounds. This fact ought, on the principle of the argument mentioned above, to be decisive, as to the propriety of teaching her to utter *articulate* sounds. We should be pleased to learn the result of the experiment, if made. It would, very possibly, succeed as well as in the case of many deaf mutes who see.

"3. Experience has long shown, that even those who are born deaf and dumb, and still more those who have become so later in life, can attain fluency in oral expression."

It is not true, that the deaf mutes from birth were *born dumb* more than any other children. At least, a child that could speak before the age of several months would be a

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rare phenomenon. But as the expression is sufficiently intelligible, the inaccuracy is of little moment. It is of more consequence to observe, that those who, though born with the sense of hearing, lost that sense so early as to remain, or to become, really dumb, have no advantage whatever over those who were deaf from birth. On the other hand, a child who loses the sense of hearing after his ideas have become somewhat developed, and after articulation has been sufficiently impressed on his memory, usually retains through life some degree of the power of articulation, and a still greater degree of the important faculty of associating his ideas with his reminiscences of articulate sounds, and thus seldom becomes really dumb. There are, of course, among those who retain the ability to speak, very various degrees of the power of articulation; and it is certainly, as admitted in the preceding citation, far easier to improve and preserve that faculty where it already exists, than to impart it to those who never possessed, or have entirely lost it; for, besides that the great difficulty in teaching articulation to the deaf and dumb is in the earlier lessons, no subsequent instruction can supply that aid which the ability to conceive words as articulate sounds gives to the conception, retention, and combination of them. The instances of *facility* and *correctness* in oral expression attained by persons who were born deaf are, we believe, quite rare, even in Germany. *Fluency* may be attained without correctness, or even intelligibility.

"4. Experience has also shown, that, with the deaf and dumb who have acquired a facility in speaking, all subsequent instruction is more successful than with those who have been taught merely the language of signs and writing."

Supposing the fact were as above stated, we might ask how many wearisome months, nay, years, must be spent in teaching articulation to a deaf mute, before he will acquire this important facility for subsequent instruction. The pupil must spend months in "echoing," to borrow a phrase from Mr. Mann, "the senseless table of *a*, *b*, *c*"; for, with the deaf and dumb, the teacher of articulation has no choice but to begin with isolated letters; and when he proceeds to syllables, far the greater number of the first syllables taught (*pa*, *ba*, *ma*, *fa*, *po*, *bo*, *mo*, and so on) must be either unmeaning, or above the comprehension of beginners.

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"How," to quote again from Mr. Mann, "can one, who is as yet utterly incapable of appreciating the remote benefits which, in after-life, reward the acquisition of knowledge, derive any pleasure from an exercise that presents neither beauty to his eye, nor music to his ear, nor sense to his understanding?" In many cases, "a facility in speaking," in spite of all the skill and labor of the instructer, is *never* attained; and in many more cases, the whole period allowed for the instruction of the child must be exhausted in acquiring this facility, leaving no time for that subsequent instruction which it is to make more successful. But apart from these considerations, we seriously question the fact. We think, that, even where the observation may seem true, it is a confusion of cause and effect. Of the deaf and dumb from birth, only those of remarkably quick perceptions and uncommon docility will acquire "a facility in speaking," and with these, "subsequent instruction" is always the most successful, whether they have been taught to speak or not. On the other hand, every teacher of the deaf and dumb knows, that, in the case of those deaf mutes who retain such a recollection of sounds as to be able to employ, in their own meditations, sensations primarily received through the auditory nerves as the signs of ideas, and thus to regard written words as representatives of their reminiscences of sounds, the acquisition of a language of words is much easier than with those who do not possess this faculty of conceiving words as sounds. It is the want of this faculty, which no skill or labor can impart, where it has not been acquired through the ear, that, whatever be the method of instruction employed, constitutes *the great difficulty* in the task of teaching a language of words to the deaf and dumb. Where there are no ideas of sounds, a language of characters, representing, not ideas, but the elementary sounds of words, might reasonably be supposed, as it is found in fact to be, a most difficult and inconvenient mode of intercourse, and a very heavy burden to the memory. The teaching of articulation does not remove this difficulty (and it is the great error of the German schools to suppose that it does); for, as Mr. Mann himself correctly observes (page 77), "as the pupil has no ear, he only learns motions and vibrations, the former by the eye, the latter by the touch." Hence, at the utmost, his ideas of words will be only ideas of these motions and

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vibrations which have been called the labial and oral alphabet. Words to him will consist, not of sounds, as with men in general, — not, indeed, of distinct lines upon paper, or of obvious motions of the fingers, as with deaf mutes educated upon our system,— but of indistinct lines upon the face, and of scarcely visible movements of the vocal apparatus. That it would be greatly to the advantage of the deaf and dumb to have a mode of representing words more simple as well as more expeditious than alphabetic writing, or even than the ordinary manual alphabet, we fully believe; but the oral alphabet is not such a mode. Its characters are so fugitive, so indistinct, that, far from granting to them the power of making the deaf mute's conceptions of words possess any thing like the ease and simplicity of conceptions of sounds, many eminent teachers have denied that they were as easily conceived, retained, and combined in the mind, as are written characters used as the immediate signs of ideas. These remarks are designed, not to refute any thing Mr. Mann has advanced, for he does not appear to have investigated the philosophy of this subject, but to show the false foundation of the German notions on the subject of articulation. The limits of an article like the present will not admit of going into a full examination of this point; but we may safely appeal to experience, and challenge the teachers of articulation to produce instances of deaf mutes *from birth* instructed under their system, with whom "subsequent instruction *has been* more successful" than in the instances of Massieu, Clerc, Loring, and others whom we might name, who were never taught to utter a syllable.

"5. Loud speaking is of great use to the deaf and dumb, not only as a means of learning, but of imparting their knowledge. They learn by imparting, and thus obtain more definite ideas of what they already know."

What are the peculiar advantages of *loud* speaking as a means of *imparting* knowledge, except, as before remarked, in the case of those who are only hard of hearing? And what knowledge is to be *acquired* by *loud* speaking, besides the knowledge that other people have sensitive ears? We may, indeed, say, that knowledge is fixed more firmly in the memory by imparting it, and that ideas often become clearer and more definite in the mental effort of placing them in-

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telligibly before other minds ;* but any mode of communicating ideas, whether *loud speaking*, whispering, writing, or signs made by the fingers, may be useful as a means both of receiving and imparting knowledge. We see, therefore, no exclusive advantage that "loud speaking," or vocal speech, possesses in this respect. It is certain, that the ideas of the deaf and dumb expand more rapidly, in other words, these persons acquire more ideas, and even more definite ideas, in a community where the language of gestures is the usual mode of communication, than under any other possible circumstances. "Loud speaking," or, more properly, the labial and oral alphabet, may be advantageous to a deaf mute in familiarizing him by more frequent practice with the colloquial idioms of language. Whether the advantage is equal to the cost of acquiring it, is another question.

After admitting, as we have already remarked, that the articulation of the deaf and dumb may be "wearisome, monotonous, inexpressive, or absolutely disagreeable," it is added, that "people soon become accustomed to such imperfect speech." So do people become accustomed to converse by means of signs made with the fingers ; and we apprehend, that the latter mode of communication is, to those accustomed to it, much more agreeable than the wearisome and disagreeable speech of the deaf and dumb. In the case of a little child, its imperfect speech is far from being unpleasant, and soon perfects itself with little effort, by merely imitating the utterance of others ; but in the case of the deaf and dumb, their wearisome and disagreeable articulation usually grows continually more wearisome and disagreeable from the time they leave the care of their instructer.

"The peculiar advantages even of a low degree of acquisition are : 1. The exercise and strengthening of the lungs."

This may be true. It is a common opinion, that the crying of children strengthens the lungs ; and the sounds which deaf mutes utter by natural impulse doubtless serve the same end.

"2. The aid it gives to the comprehension and retaining of words, as well as to the power of recalling them to the memory."

* Mr. Mann, however, disapproves of the Lancasterian system.

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It is admitted, that the *tone* in which words are uttered in earnest conversation is a very important help to the comprehension of words. Otherwise, it were difficult to conceive how the blind from birth could readily learn the meanings of words. But these tones of the voice have no existence for the deaf and dumb; and that the mere ability to articulate a word is any aid to the comprehension of that word is an idea too absurd for serious refutation. We need only refer Mr. Mann to his own account of those schools in which the entire book of Psalms in the Latin language was committed to memory, without "either teachers or children understanding a word of the language which they were prating."

It is possible, that the word "comprehension" may be an inadvertence of the translator, and that we should read *conception*. Whether the labial and oral alphabet is any advantage to the "*conception*, retention, and recalling of words," we have already briefly considered. The German teachers *do* hold it to be important in this respect; but they seem to have confounded, as we have already noticed, the power of articulating words with the conception of words as sounds. The two faculties are quite distinct, and the deaf and dumb from birth can never possess the latter.

"3. It has an extraordinary humanizing power, — the remark having been often made, and with truth, that all the deaf and dumb who have learned to speak have a far more human expression of the eye and countenance than those who have only been taught to write."

A very extraordinary power, indeed! It would be difficult to disprove a remark expressed in terms so vague, and so evidently depending on the imagination; but we much doubt, whether any one not previously possessed with the idea of the *humanizing power* of speech, would have observed this *more human expression*. If the habit of watching the motion of another's lips gives any peculiarity of expression to the *eye*, it must be an expression different from that of human beings in general. Whether articulation has any other effect on the eyes of the deaf and dumb, we leave to those skilled in the occult sciences. It is not impossible, that the habit of exercising the muscles of articulation instead of those of pantomimic expression, by favoring a fuller

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development of the former set of muscles, may create a perceptible difference of expression in those deaf mutes who are taught to articulate. If this is a "more human" look, then we should expect the greatest babblers to have the most human look. Whether this "more human expression" is a sufficient equivalent for the *unhumanness* of *articulation* which usually accompanies it, to say nothing of the labor of giving this last finishing touch to the "human face divine," we leave the reader to judge.

The sixth reason, concerning the importance of reading on the lips, offers little particularly objectionable, or worthy of remark, except the assertion, that "very few of those who have intercourse with the deaf and dumb have time, means, or inclination to hold written communication with them." However this may be in Germany, few educated deaf mutes in this country experience any serious difficulty on this score.

After making all due allowances, we are unable to see any thing particularly conclusive in the reasons we have examined; and unless Mr. Mann has stronger in reserve, we hardly think he will succeed in persuading many of the American teachers of the deaf and dumb to tie the hands of their pupils, and compel them to articulate disagreeably, and read on the lips of those who will consent to sit or stand full in the light, and speak slowly and distinctly. To do so would be, in most cases, to restrict the pupil for years to the wearisome repetition of a few familiar and hackneyed phrases; while, when left to converse with each other in their own language of pantomime, they are perpetually exchanging incidents, opinions, and imaginations drawn from a constantly enlarging circle of material, intellectual, and moral existences. Till we can give them a mode of representing words approaching in *facility* as well as rapidity to the speech of those who hear, we must either be content to see their ideas developed far more rapidly than their knowledge of words, or restrict them for years to extreme inactivity of mind and lamentable poverty of ideas.

Mr. Mann speaks of the object of "*some* of the Trustees of the Perkins Institution for the Blind" (in petitioning for a department for the deaf and dumb), "to exchange the limited language of signs for the universal language of words." If any of the Trustees of the Perkins Institution are in possession of a "universal language of words," we

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hope they will not long delay to communicate to the world so remarkable a discovery. We had imagined, that, since the confusion at Babel, such a language had ceased to exist, save in the dreams of philosophers. At least, though many of the signs used by the deaf and dumb are really *universal*, and many others nearly so, we are not aware, that a single word of any known language, whether said, sung, written, or printed, is universally intelligible among the inhabitants of this globe.

It is possible, however, that Mr. Mann has been as unsuccessful in expressing the views of the Trustees of the Perkins Institution as those of the German teachers of the deaf and dumb, and that the object to which he refers was simply to substitute, for the signs used by the deaf and dumb, the language of words most generally understood in this country. If so, we applaud that object. It is precisely the same for which all our present institutions have ever labored. Till the advocates of artificial articulation can discover some mode of enabling the deaf and dumb from birth to conceive words as sounds, the question between them and us, accurately considered, is narrowed down to the choice of an alphabet. We teach the common written alphabet; they would teach the labial and oral alphabet. Both are addressed to the eye, and both *may be* aided by sensations of the movements — in the one case, of the fingers, in the other, of the lips, tongue, and larynx. We admit, that the latter alphabet, *once well acquired*, would be, under certain circumstances, much the most convenient; but we hold that its attainment is in all cases very difficult, in many cases doubtful, and in not a few impracticable. We prefer, therefore, to teach an alphabet which can be learned with ease, which is within the capacity of all, and which is in this country almost as universally intelligible as the other.

Some of the most distinguished teachers of the deaf and dumb in this country have expressed views favorable to the teaching of articulation and reading on the lips in certain cases. Such views are set forth strongly and ably, yet with proper restrictions, in the twenty-second report of the New York institution, to which the reader may refer. We fully subscribe to the position there laid down, that, when *practicable*, the deaf and dumb should be taught to articulate. Of course, the word "practicable" limits the application to

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those cases, few in number, in which the pupil gives promise of reaching a degree of proficiency that may fairly be considered an adequate compensation for the time and labor bestowed.

We admit, that *all* deaf mutes of ordinary capacity may learn to utter sounds which, *to those accustomed to hear them*, may indicate which of a limited number of ideas is intended; but this mode of intercourse would, in many cases, be not only very disagreeable to strangers, but would, to them, be very often even less intelligible than the language of gestures. We also admit, that all may acquire the ability to read a few strongly marked words on the lips of their acquaintances. The latter, however, seldom fail to learn from the deaf mute as many of his own signs as are necessary for the ready expression of simple and familiar ideas; and these signs being far more distinct, visible at many times the distance, and with much less light, the deaf mute will use them in preference. It is by no means true, that those, who can read even very readily on the lips of their acquaintances, can read with any ease on the lips of strangers. We may add, that to read on the lips at all, beyond a few simple phrases and familiar words, demands a thorough skill in language, which many deaf mutes can never attain under *any* system of instruction. The characters of the labial alphabet are so indistinct and fugitive, that, in very many cases, the deaf mute, even of rare quickness of perception, can only determine the word used by its connection with other words; and hence, to use this instrument of communication readily, he must be perfectly familiar with all the ordinary forms of speech. The most remarkable instances of facility in reading on the lips have been those of persons who acquired a knowledge of language before becoming deaf.

Fortunately, public sentiment in this country does not yet demand, as it does in Germany, either that "every respectable man or child shall sleep between two feather-beds, summer and winter," or that all deaf mutes who are taught at all should be taught to speak, though their speech be wearisome and disagreeable; but we should be pleased to see our institutions follow, in this respect, the example of the Royal Institution at Paris, by forming classes of those who are only partially deaf, who have retained some degree of the power of articulation, or who by uncommon docility show a facility in its acquisition. We admit, however, that the

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adoption of this plan would be attended with grave inconveniences. The members of such a class in any one institution would be of very various degrees of proficiency in their other studies, and should therefore belong at the same time to other classes. Hence, their instruction in articulation should only be an extra lesson, given out of the usual school hours. This would interfere with their instruction in a mechanical trade, a great object in all our institutions. Moreover, such a step would increase, for the favored individuals, the expense of instruction, which would either demand an additional appropriation from the legislature for the benefit of a selected few, or else the means must be found by subtracting part of the allowance from the fund for the education of the rest. In either case, the distinction would be invidious, and it would not always be easy to decide, whether the cases of particular individuals fell within or without any possible rule that might be adopted in making a selection. This difficulty, it is true, would not be experienced in the case of the pupils who pay for instruction; but these are few in number, and seldom able to meet extraordinary expense.

We may further remark, that teachers of articulation are obliged to begin while the organs of speech are still pliable, and thus to receive pupils at a much earlier age than our institutions find expedient or advantageous. It would appear, by Mr. Mann's account, that they begin before their pupils are conscious that they exhale and inhale air; and we know, that they receive pupils at the ages of six or seven, while our own institutions do not, except in rare cases, receive any under the age of ten, and some institutions not till twelve. As six or seven years are the utmost allowed for pupils supported by legislative beneficence, and some States allow but four, it is evident, that pupils admitted at so early an age as is necessary to successful instruction in articulation must leave just when they have reached the most favorable period for mental improvement, for the learning of trades, and for the formation of moral character. Though the second point may be sufficiently cared for by their own friends, yet the cases are very few in which pupils, who leave an institution at twelve or thirteen, will possess as much accurate knowledge, or as correct and well established moral principles, as those who leave it, after an equal term of instruction, at the age of sixteen or eighteen.

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On the whole, we see no present prospect, that the teaching of articulation will be introduced into our institutions at all; and that exercises in it will ever be made general, we cannot believe. Our own experience, and the still more costly experience of the Parisian school, loudly admonish us not to abandon a system which we have practised, or seen practised, for a quarter of a century, and which has been found to answer all the reasonable expectations formed from it, — to adopt a system which we believe to be founded on an erroneous philosophy, and the results of which, judging from all the evidence before us, we believe to have been, on an average at least, less favorable than the results attained under our own plan.

ART. IV. — *The Complete Poetical Works of* WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. Philadelphia: James Kay, Jr., & Brother. 8vo. 1837.

THE imaginative literature of the present century is a subject which criticism has not yet exhausted. At the period in which its great works were produced, many causes prevented them from being judged in a spirit of fairness. The acknowledgment of an author's merit depended, to a great extent, on personal and political considerations. Malignity and partisanship both warped the straight line of analysis. The numerous disquisitions which have appeared, since these passions have been somewhat allayed, have still left room for individual diversities of opinion. We have thought, that a view of the character and tendencies of the imaginative literature of the present age, in connection with the individual and poetical characters of its four great exponents, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, and Scott, would not be distasteful to our readers. We have selected these from the large army of contemporary poets, because in this, as in other armies, we must look to the leaders for the direction of the march and the conduct of the war. We commence with Wordsworth.

Literature has its ebb and flow, its periods of plenty and barrenness, of progress and retrogression. At one time,

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we observe a race of authors spring up, as if by magic, who reflect and modify current tastes and opinions, give a new energy to all departments of letters, become the founders of a school of literature, and trail after them an admiring body of disciples and imitators. But their influence gradually decays. The spirit that animated their writings dies out. New ideas and new ideals take possession of the national mind. Those of the school, who remain, copy their masters' manner, without catching any of their masters' soul. Then generally follows a period of mental sterility, — a weary waste in intellectual history, dotted by only a few spots of verdure and beauty. Soon, however, a reaction commences. The dulness and debility consequent upon a cringing and servile admiration of past merit gradually provoke the best natured "reading public" into wrath. A new order or development of literature supplants the old, — a literature more affected by contemporary events and opinions, more expressive of the advancing character of the people, more original and bold. This, again, when emancipated from the slavery of the past, exercises its tyranny upon the future.

These facts account in some degree for the wide diversities observable in the intellectual history of civilized nations. In one age, we find the loftiest genius, in another, the meanest mediocrity, in the high places of letters. Edmund Spenser, John Dryden, Colley Cibber, Henry James Pye, and Robert Southey have all been poet-laureates of England. The age of Pericles, of Augustus, of Lorenzo de Medici, of Queen Anne, periods of peculiar brilliancy in literary annals, were succeeded by times in which imitation, rather than creation, was the poet's boast. A great author thus establishes a kind of despotism over his successors. The freedom of their minds is trammelled by the canons of taste deduced from his writings. Until imitation has run into a spiritless mannerism, and given over the domain of letters to elegant imbecility or galvanized common-place, it is rare that the reaction commences ; and when it does occur, it is often accompanied by those wild excesses which stain most rebellions against established power.

Thus it was, in some degree, with that rebellion against what is absurdly called the correct school of poetry, which has occurred within the last fifty years. It is hardly possi-

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ble for any person to contrast the torpid formality and florid feebleness, which characterized most of the current rhyme of the last half-century, with the vigor, the broad scope, the earnestness, the sensibility, the intellectual and moral power, which distinguish the poetry of the present age, without being led into an inquiry concerning the causes of so wide a difference. It seems as if the dead body of literature had been touched by the hand of an enchanter, and had sprung upon its feet. To whatever department of literature we turn, we find it swarming with occupants. Signs of mental life and energy meet and reward the eye in every direction. Every thing we see tells us, that the paralysis which struck the inventive powers of the past generation has not benumbed the imagination of our own. The poet has once more ceased to worship fashion and metre, and returned to nature and truth. The scales have fallen from his eyes, and he can see; the fetters have dropped from his limbs, and he can move; the burden has passed away from his soul, and he can soar.

It is impossible to frame any general laws which shall comprehend all the phenomena that precede or accompany a change in the character of a national literature. But there were various causes, some obvious, some recondite, and all in harmony with historical truth, which undoubtedly influenced the character of the poetry that sprang up on the ruins of the critical and artificial school of the time of Queen Anne. That way of writing had miserably degenerated in the compositions of its disciples. All that was admirable in Pope, its great master, could not be reproduced. The keen, searching satire, the brilliant wit, the teeming fancy, the sharp compression of style, which characterized the little man of Twickenham, were beyond imitation; but the flow of his verse, and the artifice of his manner, were not so difficult of attainment. These merely required a good ear and an empty heart; two things which are wonderfully common in all ages. As a matter of course, poetry became feeble and melodious, refined and trite, heartless and genteel. Most of the poems formed on Pope's model made a smooth descent into that nothingness from which they had so daintily arisen, hardly attracting sufficient attention to "pay the expenses of their journey to oblivion." The last faint echo of the "Rape of the Lock" was given in the "Triumphs

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of Temper" of the "amiable" Hayley. During the sixty years which followed the death of Pope, the few good poems which have journeyed down to the present time can hardly be said to have been indebted to his example for any of their merits. They were angel visits, infrequent though celestial sights, to a generation dull and dead to high poetic feeling.

The revolution, however, came at last. The attention of men, sick of monotony and debility, was turned to the earlier and palmy days, — the true Augustan age of English literature, — to that wonderful band of authors which adorned the reign of Elizabeth, — to Shakspeare, Jonson, Fletcher, Spenser, and Bacon. The vast stores of meditation, imagination, and passion, contained in the works of the elder dramatists, were explored. The fine old English ballads, brimful of nature and truth, were placed side by side with the nerveless couplets of heroic rhymers. Burns and Cowper, each after his own way, had shown that there was something new to be said about nature and human life. The butterflies of the Della Cruscan school were broken on the wheel of Gifford's satire, — fit engine for such a work. Even the nonsensical sentimentalities imported from Germany indicated, that maudlin feeling and spurious energy were tolerated for the realities which they suggested as well as caricatured. Both in the work of demolition and in the blundering attempts at constructing anew, the same spirit was manifested.

The two principal causes of the change in the tone and character of literature were, probably, the French Revolution, and that tendency in the highest minds towards spiritualism, which was expressed in the revival of what is now vaguely called the "transcendental philosophy." These, likewise, gave the impulse to some of those agents in the work which we have before noted. Both exerted on the feelings and opinions of men a vast influence. Between the French Revolution, which was the child of French atheism, and the philosophy which reacted against it, there seems, on the first glance, to be little connection; yet no one can examine the poetry of the time without perceiving, that these two influences almost interpenetrate each other in their effect upon the national mind. They are seen in all the high imaginative literature which at all reflects the spirit of the age.

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Of the influence of the "spiritual philosophy" it is difficult to speak here at sufficient length, or with any discrimination. It is a name applicable to a large number of systems, and often perversely applied to opinions which it does not cover. It is certain, however, that, during the period when poetry was most artificial and didactic, the current philosophy was far from being spiritual. Bolingbroke and Pope are the fit representatives of the speculation and the imagination of their age. The "Essay on Man," in which the thoughts and arguments are known to be Bolingbroke's, is a meet philosophical counterpart to the "Essay on Criticism." Berkeley's system is hardly an exception to the rule, for he stands as much apart from his time as Milton does from the time of Charles the Second. The reaction in Scotland and other countries against materialism may be said to have been occasioned by the necessities of natural religion, and the want experienced of a philosophy which should comprehend all the elements of human nature. Both in philosophy and poetry, there was a demand for something which prevalent systems had overlooked. The spirit of transcendental speculation deeply infects the poetry of Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, Keats, and Tennyson, and partly that of Byron. It is the inspiration of the most popular verse produced in our own country. Were Pope's "Essay on Man" and Longfellow's "Voices of the Night" published here for the first time to-morrow, the "Voices" would attract ten times as many listeners as the "Essay." The fertile fancy, harmonious numbers, and brilliant epigrammatic turns of Pope would not compensate for his lack of mystical charm. This change from the sensual to the super-sensual in poetry has not been unattended by abuses as well as beauties. To read some metrical productions of the crude dabblers in spiritualism is a worse physical infliction than the nightmare or the toothache.

Pure spiritualism, as a system of philosophy, imposes on external nature the laws of the understanding or the reason; poetry imposes on nature the laws of the imagination. Both make the inner world of the mind paramount to the external world of matter. The purest poetry is that in which the imagination either evolves from material objects the latent spiritual meaning they secrete, or superadds to those objects thoughts and feelings which the senses cannot perceive as

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residing in them. It thus transcends the sphere of the senses, and is, in a measure, transcendental. No definition of poetry can be more incorrect than that which confines it to imitation, in the usual sense of the word. Even in descriptive poetry, the forms and colors of nature are not imitated, but represented. The mind that describes is always predominant in the description, and gives as much as it takes. Two true poets would probably give an essentially different description of the same landscape. In truth, in the hands of the imagination, nature is a huge plaything, to be tossed about, and forced into whatever shape, and made to symbolize whatever sentiment, the sovereign faculty may impose. The poet, "of imagination all compact," stands before the vast universe of things, and makes it speak the language of his own heart and mind. Every thing stable, and fixed, and hard in matter becomes wax under his touch. All outward objects are colored by the hues of his feelings. He perceives nature rather with the internal than with the external senses. If his soul be darkened by despondency, he can spread a thunder-cloud over the serenest sky; if there be no sunshine in his heart, he can see no sun in the heavens. He sees with his soul rather than with his eye. One of the greatest poets that ever lived — we mean John Bunyan, homely as may be the associations connected with the inspired tinker's name — has left some most pertinent instances in his writings of the sway exercised by the imagination over the external senses. In describing the dark internal conflicts which convulsed him, during one stage of his religious experience, he says: — "I lifted up my head, and methought I saw as if the sun that shineth in the heavens did *grudge* to give me light; as if the very stones in the street, and tiles upon the houses, did band themselves against me." This is as perfect poetry as ever was written.

Thus all poetry must, to a great extent, be transcendental. If in delineating the forms of nature nothing is superadded, the result is always prose. The imagination ever vindicates the natural superiority of mind over matter, by the lordliness with which it changes the aspects of the material creation. In representing and combining outward objects, it stamps them with a new character. There is hardly a portion of earth which it has not decked with new colors. It has made the world we live in radiant with beauty, by clus-

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tering its analogies around all the objects which meet our senses. There is scarcely a form of the visible world which bears not the mark of its celestial footprints. It opens a new revelation of loveliness in every thing it touches. A generation of poets never leave the world as they find it. It becomes a more blessed habitation to the humblest, for every bard who connects any of its forms, colors, and sounds with spiritual truths. Thus poetry ministers to that high aspiration in man for "a more ample greatness and exact goodness, the world being inferior to the soul."

All high imaginative poetry thus transcends the actual sphere of existence. But the poetry of the present age is distinguished by what may be called its philosophical as well as its imaginative character. It grasps at the solution of the dark problems of man's existence and destiny. It grapples with the doubts and fears which perplex the understanding. It watches the movements of the soul, intent on fixing and giving shape to the most fleeting shades of thought and emotion. It is even familiar with the dark and tangled paths of metaphysics. Nothing is too humble for its love, nothing too lofty for its aspirations. The peasant, the monarch, the thinker, are all represented in its creations and ideal forms. Its end is not merely to please, but to inspire and instruct. Whether dealing with skepticism or faith, whether confirming or shaking common belief, it is always in earnest. It is never content with the careless play of fancy, or the cold exercise of reason, on subjects which relate to God, man, and the universe. Its philosophy is not a dead formula, but a living faith, by which the value of institutions is to be tested, and in obedience to which all things must be ruled. It mingles with all the interests of mankind, and gives voice and form to its rights, its wrongs, and its aspirations. It is, as it were, the champion of humanity, declaring the infinite worth of the individual soul, and, both in anathemas and appeals, striking at all social and political despotisms. The force of its practical teachings, the influence of its lofty declarations of duty and freedom, depend on the fact, that man is a spiritual being, with thoughts and affections transcending the sensible world, and bearing a relation to a future as well as a present life.

Thus poetry, as it makes the material universe more beautiful and sublime by associating its properties with the

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operations of the mind, has, also, especially in the present age, thrown new consecrations around the nature of man, and weakened the force of those slavish bonds of opinion, which bind the victim of the world's tyrannies more strongly than with chains. And this brings us to the consideration of the other grand event of the time, whose effect on the character of its imaginative literature is so great and obvious.

The opinions and contests to which the French Revolution gave rise stirred the mind of all Europe to its depths. This great convulsion left its traces deep in the works of almost every author. All changes in the habits, opinions, manners, government, and religion of society call for and create a new epoch in literature; and the revolution in France was especially calculated to produce that effect. In England, the new opinions and new aspirations, which the great social earthquake excited, affected, in some degree, all departments of letters. It was especially adapted to inflame the passions and stimulate the imagination. There was a general uprooting of every thing on which the moss of time had gathered. "What was gray with age" was to men no longer "godlike." Bold questions were put to all forms of religion, political institutions, and social arrangements. A new train of thoughts, hopes, fears, and sentiments passed into the heart and brain of society, and became the inspiration of its literature. Events were constantly occurring, to which no parallel could be found in European history. Fierce and turbulent contests, on the field of battle or in the halls of debate, kept curiosity and wonder constantly awake.

It is evident, that such a time as this was not the period for florid imbecilities and harmonious sentimentalities, — for lines addressed to imaginary Chloes and Daphnes, and for the fooleries of courtly affectation. There was a sturdy democracy of readers demanding something more fiery and daring, or something more hearty and true. The naked energy of unchecked passions for once had full play. Great revolutions, threatening the ancient order of things, and promising the reconstruction of the world, opened fresh fields for the imagination. There had been no period in modern history, when those mighty external causes, generally supposed to stimulate the powers of the poet into intensest action, were in such uncontrollable operation as in the inter-

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val between the years 1790 and 1820. During that period, but principally in the last ten years of it, the great works of imagination, which are the glory of our time, appeared. In them we discover all the conservative and radical elements, which were rife among the people, sublimed by genius.

It is certain, that the moral agencies which the Revolution awoke were among its most marked results. It led to the study and assertion of first principles, and to their promulgation with all the combined energy of reason, imagination, and passion. If the spiritual element, to which we have before alluded, had not pervaded the poetry of the time, it is probable that mere passion would have been predominant, and that the literature would have "foamed itself to air." As it was, almost all the characteristics of the age were reflected in its poetry. The sentiment of humanity, of freedom, of sorrow, of disquietude, — all the virtues, sins, errors, faiths, skepticisms of the time, — its good and its evil, its happiness and misery, its religion and irreligion, — are seen, in a greater or less degree, in the works of Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Southey, Coleridge, and many of less note. We also perceive a prevailing earnestness and intensity of feeling, in some cases rising to agony and desperation, in these writings. Most of them display the individual peculiarities of their authors, and are colored by personal feelings. Each opens some new mines of imagination, or penetrates deeper into those but partially explored. The intellectual energy displayed in most of them is in fine contrast with the feebleness and timid elegance of the poets they supplanted. Even those, who differ most in the character of their minds and opinions, appear influenced by similar causes. The whole literature, indeed, gives evidence of the mighty commotions of the period in which it was produced, and of the numerous agencies which concurred in its formation. In no other age of the world's history were poets characterized by so much subjective action of the mind, and such marked individuality; yet in no other age did they represent so truly the character and tendencies of common feeling and opinion.

First in point of time, and, in the opinion of many, first in point of genius, among the poets of this period, we must place Wordsworth, the pioneer of the new school, for many years its martyr, and now its patriarch. His life, for the

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last fifty years, has been spent in thinking, writing, and acting poetry. To him, more than to any other, are we indebted for the return of the divine art to its true domain, — the soul of man and external nature. Born, as he boasts, in a mountainous country, and exposed from his youth to the influences of sublime and ennobling scenery, he early discovered the difference between the poetry of words and the poetry of things. He was fitted by nature and education for the duties and trials of a reformer. More disposed to look within than without for guidance and approval; plain, manly, independent; unconquerable by injustice or even by ridicule; and free from that servitude to popular caprice which makes the popular author of to-day and the forgotten author of to-morrow; he was eminently calculated to exercise that moral pride which enables a poet to defy contemporary criticism, to retort contemporary scorn, and to labor on a work "in the full assurance that it would be unpopular, and in the full assurance that it would be immortal." His theory of poetic diction, which discarded the peculiar language and jargon of verse, and substituted for it the language of real life, sprang from the simplicity and sincerity of his nature; and if we take his own style as the illustration of the true scope and meaning of his system, we can there discover its strongest defence; for though his diction may lack the incessant glow and glare of Byron's and Shelley's, it is never, in his best works, deficient in splendor and compass. He seems to have begun life with the determination to take nothing at second-hand. It was his object to look nature and man directly in the face, and record his impressions of both without regard to established metrical customs. He was undoubtedly one-sided in the view he took of many of his predecessors; but the evils against which he contended were so great, that nothing but the extreme opposite to the prevailing fashions could correct them. The same enthusiasm and energy of will, which make a man a reformer, make him likewise something of a fanatic.

In his youth, Wordsworth partook of the golden hopes of universal emancipation current among all the imaginative minds of his day; and, with Coleridge and Southey, consumed much time in building Utopian theories of government and "pantisocracies" out of the very inanities of democracy. They had an open sense for all that was poetical in the con-

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tests and opinions springing from the French Revolution. Their theories of poetry, though at first somewhat narrow, possessed the advantage of erring in the right direction. They spurned at the old tricks and gauds of diction, and adopted homeliness in their language as well as in many of their subjects. Nature was the goddess of their adoration. Men and women, as distinguished from lords and ladies, they delighted to honor. They were liberal almost to illiberality. Their adventurous daring consisted in attempting to make those persons and objects which produce physical disgust the means of poetic pleasure. They put souls into dogs, horses, rabbits, and other equally intelligent brutes, and made them the organs of juster sentiments than were uttered in "polite" society. All animals seemed nobler in their eyes than fops and fribbles, though, by a course of very subtile reasoning, fops and fribbles can be demonstrated to be human beings. Indeed, they appeared as the advocates of all things that had fallen under the tyranny of prejudice and harsh opinion. They adopted the quarrel of man and nature against men and society. They were the true democrats of poetry. For the first time, in their writings, the *sans-culotte* trod on poetic feet. All the great virtues and dear immunities of human nature, self-denial, love, charity, faith, piety, goodness, they delighted to represent in the poor and the ignorant, — in those whom poetry before had merely pitied, and whom the dainty spirits of a former age had even stigmatized as "low." They forsook palaces for huts, and were eminently poets of the poor. Neither rags, nor coarseness of manners and clothes, nor even bad taste and worse grammar, could conceal from these literary innovators the inborn grandeur and beauty of the human soul. They committed many errors, and slid into some puerilities; but they deserve the highest praise for passing by the delusions of conventional glitter and pomp, to pour out the full freshness of their young hearts, and the full richness of their fertile imaginations, on objects which pride had before denied to be worthy of poetic adornment; and, by that consecrating power which belongs only to genius, to cast the drapery of the beautiful over what was externally mean and unsightly.

It would be no pleasant task to describe the steps by which these three juvenile republicans became Tories. From

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their companionship in youth, they were classed together as poets, after a more extensive range over the domain of reason and imagination had separated them in taste and manner. Wordsworth alone seems to have adhered steadily to his poetical principles. In his case, the child was ever "the father of the man." To him, we think, belongs the praise of giving its distinctive spiritual character to the imaginative literature of the age. His position is so prominent among the poets of his time that it cannot be overlooked. Verbal critics may be shocked at some of his phrases, and deny him any merit on account of a few trivial epithets. Worldlings may sneer at the simplicity of some of his delineations of rural life. Truculent poetasters, boiling over with the frenzy of a pot-house inspiration, may charge him with a lack of power. But the fact remains, that few poets of the present age have escaped his influence, and that he has stamped the character of his muse indelibly on their writings. He gave, or largely assisted in giving, that tendency to the poetic mind, which produced, at a later period, the magnificent creations of Byron and Shelley.

The originality of Wordsworth, and the priority of his claims to be considered the leader of the poets of his time, we should be inclined to base on the lines written in 1798, during a visit to the ruins of Tintern Abbey. There is one passage in this poem which is, perhaps, the most remarkable in his writings. After describing the manner in which the forms and colors of nature affected his youth, and the "dizzy raptures and aching joys" to which they ministered, when they were to him "as an appetite, and haunted him like a passion," — when, in his enjoyment of their beauty and grandeur, they needed no interest "unborrowed of the eye," — he proceeds to indicate the new aspect under which they appear to him, since

> "Impulses of deeper birth
> Have come to him in solitude,"

and his mind has held mysterious communion with their inward spirit:

> "For I have learned
> To look on nature, not as in the hour
> Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
> The still, sad music of humanity,
> Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power

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> To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
> A presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
> A motion, and a spirit, that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things."

It certainly was a great advance from Pope for a poet to have "an appetite and a passion" for external nature. But this alone would not have constituted any peculiar claim to originality. In the "sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused," in the feeling, that, behind the forms, hues, and sounds of the material universe, there is something more than meets the external senses, — something which defies analysis, undefined and ineffable, which must be felt and perceived by the soul, — in this intense spiritualism, mingled with the mildest and sweetest humanity, we see the influence, and acknowledge the power, of Wordsworth. No such feeling seems to have stirred the consciousness of Pope, of Gray, of Collins, of Goldsmith, of Burns, or of Cowper; and it is doubtful if it can be found in the great poems of the Elizabethan era. To some, it may appear nothing more than the poetry of pantheism. To some, it may seem utterly unintelligible. It was a greater stumbling-block in the way of the northern critics of Wordsworth than his alleged vulgarities and trivialities. But nothing is more certain than that it is this spirit which pervades the highest branches of imaginative literature, and is the inspiration of many a passage in Byron which is read with continual delight. It has passed from the summits of poetry to mingle with the interests and contests of society. It is, perhaps, the unconscious inspirer both of much of the radicalism and much of the conservatism of the age. It affects the theological, the metaphysical, and even the physical speculations of the day. In theology, it is the parent of many a hotly contested dispute on "the spirit and the letter" of Christianity. Indeed, the disposition, everywhere observable, to look beneath the forms to the spirit, not only of nature, but of institutions and modes of faith, is the same in substance with that which is expressed in the celebrated lines of Wordsworth. This habit has led to some queer developments, where it has been unsparingly exercised.

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In this transcendental region of poetry, Wordsworth is rather a listener than a seer. He hears unearthly tones, rather than sees unearthly shapes. The vagueness and indistinctness of the impression which the most beautiful and sublime passages of his works leave upon the mind is similar to that which is conveyed by the most exquisite music. His is not often the thought

> " Which pierces this dim universe like *light.*"

His description of indefinite emotions and subtile ideas is so expressed as to be heard by the soul, rather than seen by mental vision. It awakes a certain mysterious and unspeakable delight, which we can refer to none of the common sources of emotion. To one who is insensible to the mystical charm of Wordsworth's writings, — who is incapable of receiving pleasure except from palpable images and turbulent passions, — a great part of the beauty of his finest poetry must be lost. Few have ever exceeded him in the exquisite delicacy of his sense of sound. Those passages,

> " Through which the ear converses with the heart,"

are, in his nature, ever open to external tones and voices. In his own words,

> " A spirit aerial
> Informs the cell of hearing";

and this spiritual functionary translates to his soul all the music of the universe into the language of the affections and the imagination. It hears

> " Humanity, in groves and fields,
> Pipe solitary anguish";

it enables him to perceive

> " The voice of Deity, on height and plain,
> Whispering those truths in stillness, which the WORD
> To the four quarters of the world proclaims ";

it declares that " innumerable voices " fill the heavens " with everlasting harmony," and that

> " The towering headlands, crowned with mist,
> Their feet among the billows, know
> That Ocean is a mighty harmonist;
> Thy pinions, everlasting Air,
> Ever waving to and fro,
> Are delegates of harmony, and bear
> Strains that support the seasons in their round;
> Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound ";

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it feels the mysterious power of music, and gives significance to that

> " Warbled air,
> Whose piercing sweetness can unloose
> The chains of frenzy, or entice a smile
> Into the ambush of despair ";

it reveres duty as the " stern daughter of the voice of God," and knows

> " A Voice to light gave being;
> To Time, and Man, his earth-born chronicler;
> A Voice shall finish doubt and dim foreseeing,
> And sweep away life's visionary stir."

In that most refined of imaginations, —

> " Beauty, born of murmuring sound,
> Did pass into her face," —

we are even more impressed with the marvellous delicacy of the " spirit aerial " in detecting the most mysterious and recondite influences of tone.

In this faculty of awaking sentiments of grandeur, sublimity, beauty, affection, devotion, in the mind of the reader, by giving voice and soul to unintelligent, and often to inanimate things, and making them act upon the mind through the subtilest feelings of our nature, it would be difficult to find a parallel to Wordsworth. It is evident, however, that the fineness of his imaginations requires thought and attention in the reader, to be perceived and appreciated. For this reason he has never been widely popular. Few are willing to abstract their minds from the daily routine of life, and bring them into harmony with that of the poet. Wordsworth wrote as if all other men looked upon the universe with his eyes. It has been well remarked, that what he said like a recluse, Lord Byron said like a man of the world. The men of the world called the former a meaningless mystic, and the latter an inspired bard.

Wordsworth did not merely consider poetry as an instrument of pleasure, as a thing which men should write or read in their hours of recreation; but he deemed it an art, to which a long life might be profitably devoted, and that, if need were, it should have its martyrs as well as its disciples. Religion, government, society, science, philosophy, life, he observed through a poetic medium. The imagination he considered the most divine of our faculties. He gave to its

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visions the authenticity of revelations. It conducted the soul to heights which yielded

> " Far-stretching views into eternity."

God, man, and the universe could be read aright only through the vision of this marvellous power. " It is conscious," he remarks, " of an indestructible dominion ; — *the soul may fall away from it*, not being able to endure its grandeur ; but if once felt and acknowledged, by no act of any other faculty of the mind can it be relaxed, impaired, or diminished." The understanding ever leads astray, when it denies and rejects the imagination. It resolves every thing into unconnected parts ; it never, unaided, can penetrate to unity. " The pride of intellect and thought " he is continually rebuking, and continually bringing up to its view mysteries which it cannot explain. He says, in reference to some of the " great discoverers " in physical and mental science,

> " O, there is laughter at their work in heaven ! "

and he exclaims,

> " Inquire of ancient wisdom ; go, demand
> Of mighty Nature, if 't was ever meant
> That we should pry far off, yet be unraised ;
> That we should pore, and dwindle as we pore,
> Viewing all objects unremittingly
> In disconnection, dead and spiritless ;
> And still dividing and dividing still,
> Break down all grandeur, still unsatisfied
> With the perverse attempt, while littleness
> May yet become more little ; waging thus
> An impious warfare with the very life
> Of our own souls. And if, indeed, there be
> An all-pervading Spirit, upon whom
> Our dark foundations rest, could he design
> That this magnificent effect of power,
> The earth we tread, the sky that we behold
> By day, and all the pomp which night reveals,
> That these — and that superior mystery,
> Our vital frame, so fearfully devised,
> And the dread soul within it — should exist
> Only to be examined, pondered, searched,
> Probed, vexed, and criticized ? "

It has been supposed that the Supreme Being, whom Wordsworth contemplates, is *produced* by the imagination and affections. Some, who have objected, on this supposition, to " The Excursion," as a work which accomplishes nothing in divinity and philosophy, have overlooked one important distinction in the poet's notion of imagination. This

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faculty, with him, not only combines, creates, and produces, but is gifted with insight into the objective realities of the spiritual world. It sees and hears, as well as makes. In one of his sonnets, he refers to it as overleaping walls and gulfs of mystery to the Infinite object.

> " The universe is infinitely wide,
> And conquering reason, if self-glorified,
> Can nowhere move uncrossed by some new wall
> Or gulf of mystery, which thou alone,
> Imaginative Faith ! canst overleap
> In progress toward the fount of Love."

With this high sense of the uses of the imagination, with this idea of his art as

> " The vision and the faculty divine,"

it is not singular that Wordsworth's self-reliance was never shaken by calumny, sarcasm, and neglect. He felt that he had a great purpose to perform in life, and he bent his energies to it unshrinkingly. He lived in times of vast excitement and turmoil, when the fountains of the great deep of opinion were broken up, and the world was in disorder and commotion, deluged with all varieties of sects and systems. There was an incessant activity of the mind and passions, without any definite resting-place. There was vehemence in asserting and defending opinions, without an assured faith in their truth. The material and spiritual elements at work in society were mutually clashing. He had experienced deeply these outward influences, though the fineness of his affections had preserved him from their harsher manifestations. His writings must be considered with reference to the state of opinion and the outward events of his time. Even when his mind seems most abstracted from real life, and flutters dizzy over the vanishing points of human intelligence, we can perceive that his lofty idealism is assumed for the purpose of opposing some modes of thought, or orthodoxies of action, which he deemed the sins and follies of the period. There is a controversial air around his poetry. The pressure of surrounding circumstances evidently quickened his intellect, not to give an echo, but a warning. He desired to teach a philosophy of the whole nature of man, in which the imagination and the affections should be predominant, and by which the relation of man and the external universe to each other and to God might be displayed "in words that move in metrical array." He hoped to soothe

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and harmonize the soul, by opening to it unexplored regions of loveliness and delight; by accustoming it to the contemplation of the majesty of the universe; by showing the essential littleness implied in the indulgence of stormy individual passions; and by healing those miseries which have their sources in the fret and stir of conventional life. He saw that a vast proportion of the calamities of existence arise from the exaggerated estimate which each individual makes of himself, and the desire of "each to be all." For this individualism he would substitute the sentiment of humanity. No one yields to him in the loftiness of his views respecting the capacity and destiny of the human soul; yet he is careful to preserve this from the taint of vanity and pride.

Wordsworth professes to find the materials of poetry in the common and familiar things of existence. We think, that, in a majority of cases, these common and familiar things are made poetical by his own mind. He superadds more than he evolves from them. He sees objects as they are blended with his own thoughts and imaginations. The common, to him, is full of mystery, and is linked by a chain of mysterious association with the most exalted and kindling truths. Beauty, sublimity, and romance are, to his mind, confined to no period or country, but are ever the attendants of man and nature.

> "Paradise and groves
> Elysian, Fortunate Fields, — like those of old
> Sought in the Atlantic main, — why should they be
> A history only of departed things,
> Or a mere fiction of what never was?
> For the discerning intellect of man,
> When wedded to this goodly universe
> In love and holy passion, shall find these
> A simple produce of the common day.
> I, long before the blissful hour arrives,
> Would chant, in lonely peace, the spousal verse
> Of this great consummation; and by words
> *Which speak of nothing more than what we are,*
> Would I arouse the sensual from their sleep
> Of death, and win the vacant and the vain
> To noble raptures."

In the same spirit he speaks of the beautiful.

> "Beauty — *a living Presence of the earth,*
> Surpassing the most fair ideal forms
> Which craft of delicate spirits hath composed
> From earth's materials — waits upon my steps,
> *Pitches her tents before me as I move,*
> An hourly neighbour."

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We perceive throughout Wordsworth a kind of unconscious distinction preserved between man and men. There is no limit to his confidence in the first, but he is inclined to scan the second with distrust and suspicion. In one of Godwin's essays, reference is made to some rascal "who has the audacity to call himself A MAN." In Wordsworth's mind there appears something of this feeling, though in a milder form. The conventional man, whose nature is distorted by the world's vices both in action and speculation, and who is unwedded to the universe in "love and holy passion," is a perversion of man. Hence his strong tendency to consider the elements of human nature, rather than human nature as modified by society. Hence his lack of dramatic power. He is a moral critic of men, rather than a delineator of character. When he takes pedlers and potters for heroes, they are not those of real life, but pedlers and potters after a type in his own imagination. And even then they have little congruity, except that which comes from the consistency of their acts and discourses. Ever aiming at man in the simplicity of his nature, all that can be said of his characters is, that they are not men, but man, — and man after Wordsworth's image.

Much has been written in praise of Wordsworth's philosophy. If we consider philosophy as the product of the understanding, — as an induction from facts carefully collected and rigidly analyzed, — it seems to us that Wordsworth's claim to distinction among metaphysicians must be small. He does not reason up to principles, or down from principles, but he proclaims and asserts principles. A reasoner would not be influenced at all by the theories of God and the universe scattered over his works. In short, he pursues the poetic rather than the philosophic method. His disposition to sneer at exclusive reason, and his deficiency in that dramatic imagination, by which a poet conceives beings differently constituted from himself, and lives for the time with their thoughts and feelings, would naturally narrow his philosophy of human life to the range of his own experience, and restrict the authority of his metaphysical teachings to those whose minds saw things in the same light in which they were viewed by himself. Shelley says, that a man, "to be greatly good, must imagine intensely and comprehensively ;

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he must put himself in the place of another, and of many others; the pains and pleasures of his species must become his own." Now, the pains and pleasures of the species Wordsworth desires to make his own; but in making them his own, he makes them *Wordsworthian*. The pains and pleasures that the race ought to feel, rather than those which they do feel, are represented in his writings. And it is the same with Shelley.

But the objection which would be made to Wordsworth as a philosopher is the inconsistency of his statements. From the observation of certain mental phenomena, awakened by some mysterious external influences, the Platonic doctrine of preëxistence has been inferred; the contemplations of other philosophers have led them to pantheism; the meditations of others have resulted in the acknowledgment of a Supreme Infinite Being. Now, in Wordsworth we perceive each of these systems poetically stated. They have a poetical consistency, as they were the melodious utterances of the bard, when the phenomena from which each is inferred pressed most heavily on his spirit. But it is evident, that a philosopher would have attempted to harmonize these by a process of reasoning. He would never have admitted them into his system, without modifying the character of each in such a manner, that they would form one consistent theory. But with the poet it is different. He feels more intensely at some periods than he does at others the different states of mind which each system represents, and he pours out the thoughts and impulses of the moment as if they constituted his whole nature. He sees, or thinks he sees, hears, or thinks he hears, in the visible or in the transcendental world, certain truths; and he gives them shape, sound, or hue, without regard to their limitations in reason.

The intensity with which Wordsworth undoubtedly meditates has probably done much to give him a great reputation as a reasoner; but between reasoning and meditation we conceive there is a marked difference, especially in the action of a poetical mind. We believe, that, if "The Excursion" were stripped of its radiant dress of imagination, and reduced to a plain prose treatise on ethics and metaphysics, it would be acknowledged to contain many common and important, and many subtile, truths; but to present, on the

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whole, quite an unphilosophical blending of assertion and deduction, resulting in inharmonious and contradictory theories.

It is as a poet, therefore, rather than as a philosopher, that Wordsworth is to be considered; for when he deals with the themes of philosophy, he pursues the poetical method. The question, whether this method be the correct one, or whether the things which it proclaims from insight be entitled to rank among facts, we shall not discuss. The confidence which men will place in them will depend on the notions they entertain of the scope of the imagination, and the measure in which they themselves possess it. The pleasure, likewise, which will be experienced from Wordsworth's poetry, will depend on the sympathies which the reader has in common with the poet. To persons either of fiery sensibility or cold understanding it would give but little satisfaction. To one it would appear tame, to the other mystical. Though his writings are not barren of those bursts of fine frenzy, which we all love to consider as characteristic of the bard, his nature is rather contemplative than impulsive. His imagination is most affluent, when it is pervaded by a calm, yet intense and lofty, spirit of meditation; and its productions, therefore, do not seem so spontaneous, as if they gushed out in a stream of passionate feeling, under the influence of uncontrollable excitement. Indeed, in his most elevated flights, his soul seems humbled and awed before the Presence into which it comes, and hesitates to bring the fierce fire of human passions into regions "to which the heaven of heavens is but a veil." He is above the tempests and turbulence of life, and moves in regions where serenity is strength, and where he can perceive the "central peace,"

> "Subsisting at the heart
> Of endless agitation."

The height and intensity of his feeling destroy the appearance of power, even when penetrated by its essence. In reading poetry, we are in danger of being deluded into panegyric by mere sound. Carlyle truly says, that "we do not call that man strong who takes convulsion fits, though in that state ten men cannot hold him." The broad, deep river of song, having its fountain in the human heart, and flowing on-

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ward to the one great ocean, may make less noise in its progress than the glittering rivulet, which babbles and chatters the whole of its shallow way. But the rivulet dries up in the sun; the river flows on for ever.

Wordsworth, as a delineator of the heart, is not so successful with the passions as with the affections. He has little of the Titan spirit in his constitution. His passion is "holy passion," — affection rendered intense by thought and imagination, and denuded of its strictly physical and earthly qualities. To us, there is an indescribable holiness and tenderness in his illustrations of the affections. The occasional puerilities of expression in his early poems are not sufficient to break the charm which they exercise on our minds. We feel, in reading them, the exquisite delicacy of his perception of the heart's immunities. There is no grade of life or being, which does not rise in our estimation and love, after it has been consecrated by his feelings. The beauty, dignity, and worth of human nature are more powerfully impressed upon our minds, after being taught the greatness and tenderness of which it is capable, in the exercise of its most common attributes. We are made to feel, that the unselfish affections are always to be honored and admired, as much in the humble and uninstructed, as in the noble and most intelligent; that self-devotion is a greater thing than self-aggrandizement, though the former exist in a peasant, and the latter in a prince. Wordsworth's power of abstracting the sentiment from the circumstances which surround it, and making it stand out in the pure light of its own nature, is one prominent cause of the effect it has upon the feelings. A dramatist would include in his representation the whole character of the individual possessing it, and if there were any thing in its accompaniments to awaken other emotions, they would have their due place, so that the result upon the reader would closely resemble that of an incident in real life. We all know, that the sight of poverty and distress is not always unaccompanied by ludicrous sensations, and that there is often as much to excite disgust as pity. All persons are not able to survey humility, faith, and self-sacrifice in the poor and unintelligent with the pure feeling of respect. The taste, cultivation, and associations of the observer modify his perception of these qualities in others. But Wordsworth would impress us with so deep a veneration for them, that, when recognized in any

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form, they should not only be sacred from ridicule, but should make us feel our own littleness in comparison. It is this very absence of dramatic power, this devotion to the thing itself, without regard to our associations growing out of the accidents of its situation, which confers upon Wordsworth's delineations of the affections so much potency. They form an era in the life of every man who reads them. They teach, that man has a property in his affections, which should be as sacred from violation as any which the law protects. Their influence is felt unconsciously by many who have read only to deride. On some men, we have no doubt, they have wrought a complete revolution in the feelings with which they regarded their fellow-beings. Their extensive circulation would be desired not only by the lovers of beauty and sentiment, but by all who would break down the barriers of selfishness, distrust, and pride, which separate man from man. We believe, that they are yet destined to exert, either directly or indirectly, a vast and beneficial influence upon society, by their agency in the imperceptible changes wrought in the manners and feelings of men, through the diffusion of just and beautiful sentiments of benevolence, charity, and love.

The grace, purity, and harmony, which the fineness of Wordsworth's affections often lends to his style and thought, are in the highest degree pleasing. It would be an easy labor to fill many pages in illustration. In "Vaudracour and Julia," we have the following description of love, which, for simplicity and truth, and the fine blending of imagination with feeling, so as to soften passion into beauty without shearing it of its strength, can hardly be excelled.

> "Arabian fiction never filled the world
> With half the wonders that were wrought for him.
> Earth breathed in one great presence of the spring;
> Life turned the meanest of her implements,
> Before his eyes, to price above all gold;
> The house she dwelt in was a sainted shrine;
> Her chamber window did surpass in glory
> The portals of the dawn; all paradise
> Could, by the simple opening of a door,
> Let itself in upon him; pathways, walks,
> Swarmed with enchantment, till his spirit sank,
> Surcharged, within him, — overblest to move
> Beneath a sun that wakes a weary world
> To its dull round of ordinary cares;
> A man too happy for mortality!"

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The following sonnet appears to us to present a singular combination of the most powerful and intense meditation with the utmost sweetness of feeling.

" It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea;
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder — everlastingly.
Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear'st untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
And worshipp'st at the temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not."

The closing stanzas of the poem which succeeds have a witching delicacy and grace of feeling and expression, which alone would enable Wordsworth to find his way into every loving heart.

" A POET'S EPITAPH.

" Art thou a statesman, in the van
Of public business trained and bred? —
First learn to love one living man;
Then may'st thou think upon the dead.

" A lawyer art thou? — draw not nigh;
Go, carry to some fitter place
The keenness of that practised eye,
The hardness of that sallow face.

" Art thou a man of purple cheer, —
A rosy man, right plump to see? —
Approach; yet, Doctor, not too near;
This grave no cushion is for thee.

" Or art thou one of gallant pride,
A soldier, and no man of chaff?—
Welcome! — but lay thy sword aside,
And lean upon a peasant's staff.

" Physician art thou? one, all eyes,
Philosopher? a fingering slave,
One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave?

" Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,
O, turn aside, and take, I pray,
That he below may rest in peace,
That abject thing, thy soul, away!

" A moralist perchance appears;
Led, Heaven knows how! to this poor sod;
And he has neither eyes nor ears;
Himself his world, and his own God;

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"One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling
Nor form, nor feeling, great nor small;
A reasoning, self-sufficient thing,
An intellectual all-in-all!

"Shut close the door; press down the latch;
Sleep in thy intellectual crust;
Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch
Near this unprofitable dust.

"But who is he, with modest looks,
And clad in homely russet brown?
He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.

"He is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a noon-day grove;
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.

"The outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude.

"In common things that round us lie
Some random truths he can impart,—
The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

"But he is weak, both man and boy,
Hath been an idler in the land;
Contented if he might enjoy
The things which others understand.

"Come hither in thy hour of strength;
Come, weak as is a breaking wave!
Here stretch thy body at full length,
Or build thy house upon this grave."

As far as any of Wordsworth's poems are narratives, they are narratives of thoughts and emotions, rather than actions. Meditation, imagination, and description, generally commingled in their operation, and bearing everywhere the legible impress of his own individuality, appear to be the characteristics of his poems. In the invention of character and incident he is deficient. The skeletons of his narratives present few points of interest and novelty. The filling up constitutes their value. "Peter Bell" is an example, the story being simply this. A vulgar potter, journeying through a wood, spies an ass kneeling beside a stream, and forms the intention of appropriating him to his own use. He mounts him, but the animal refuses to move, and his firmness is not shaken by the most furious blows. It appears, that the ass is keeping watch on the spot where his master has fallen into

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the water, and that he has been there three or four days without food. Peter is affected by what he sees, comes to an understanding with the animal, is conducted to the house of the drowned man, informs his wife and children of the accident, is touched to the heart by their sorrow, muses desperately for some time on his moral condition, and

> " After ten months' melancholy,
> Becomes a good and honest man."

This is what may be called the story of the poem, and it seems sufficiently puerile. There are many stanzas, likewise, which are calculated to relax the most rigid muscles of the most rigid Wordsworthian. But the poem, considered as a whole, and viewed in regard to its meditations and descriptions, is grand and beautiful. In the high excellence of some of its details, it would be difficult to find its parallel. The description of Peter's intellectual and corporeal frame, and the external influences to which he was subjected in the formation and redemption of his character, is exact and highly imaginative, both in conception and expression. The manner in which nature and human life are calculated to affect a heart naturally callous, and minister to its worst feelings, is traced with skilful power.

> " To all the unshaped, half-human thoughts
> Which solitary Nature feeds
> 'Mid summer storms or winter's ice,
> Had Peter joined whatever vice
> The cruel city breeds.
>
> . . . . .
>
> " He had a dark and sidelong walk,
> And long and slouching was his gait;
> Beneath his looks, so bare and bold,
> You might perceive his spirit cold
> Was playing with some inward bait."

The skeleton of the story hardly rises above that of a nursery tale; the thoughts, emotions, and imaginations, which it includes, are in the highest spirit of a profound poetical philosophy.

The ridicule which has been heaped upon Wordsworth, for the occasional singularities and tastelessness of his diction, we have no desire to echo. The courage with which he bore both it and the unpopularity which it excited is one sign, at least, that the faults were not mere affectations.

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His works were successively received by the dominant critics in Edinburgh with a wild peal of elvish laughter, which rang far and wide over Great Britain; but he still labored patiently on, with a devout willingness to bide his time. To attack him with the weapon of ridicule was, indeed,

> "Tilting with a straw
> Against a champion cased in adamant."

In truth, Wordsworth's insensibility to ridicule was, to some extent, the source of many of the faults which provoked it. He seems to have had, comparatively, no appreciation of the ludicrous. He was too grave and earnest himself to calculate the effect of certain phrases and modes of expression upon minds which associated ideas differently. If a subject seemed to him dignified by innate properties, or a word appeared to him picturesque or expressive, he did not inquire how it would be regarded by others. He dwelt too much in his own mind, brooded too intensely over his own consciousness, lived a life too much apart from the flippancies and vivacities of society, to appreciate the condition of minds differently constituted, and subjected to different influences. The insignificant number of his violations of the established decencies of diction is, when we consider this fact, a good proof of his natural taste. The dishonesty of his adversaries consisted in quoting detached fragments of his works as characteristic of the whole, and thus misrepresenting him to the public. Imaginations that "soared into the highest heaven of invention," thoughts of imperishable worth and grandeur, images of almost unspeakable beauty, sentiments of heavenly grace and purity, sweet humanities, calculated to find a home in every earnest heart, were overlooked or scoffed at, except by the pickpockets of letters, because they were sometimes accompanied by errors of taste and diffuseness of expression. Of course, such conduct made his few sympathizing readers champions of his errors of taste, and defenders of his diffuseness of expression.

The character and influence of Wordsworth have rarely been justly estimated. He has been doomed to suffer from the raptures of his disciples, and from the sarcasms of his adversaries. Men who could see nothing but puerilities in his "divine philosophy," and men who could see nothing but "divine philosophy" in his puerilities, have both contributed

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to injure his reputation. The injustice he experienced from the sneering critics naturally changed his admirers into partisans. To settle his position in the sliding scale of English poets was a task of some difficulty ; to call him a dreaming old woman, or a Heaven-inspired prophet, required but a glib motion of the tongue, or a few dashes of the pen. Consequently, he was not judged, but abused and eulogized ; ridiculed in newspapers and quoted in sermons ; a butt for the reviews and a pet for the parsons. For a number of years, the author of "Peter Bell" and "The Excursion," works replete with elevation of thought and grandeur of imagination, was believed, by many lovers of poetry, to be a queer old gentleman, residing somewhere about the Lakes in Cumberland, and spending his time, like Irving's Dutch burgomaster, in doing a deal of unintelligible thinking, and catching at ideas by the tail ; he was accused of laboring under the melancholy delusion, that he was the only poet, and of putting forth certain quantities of mystical trash every year to sustain his pretensions ; and of reproducing, in the literature of the nineteenth century, those curious legends of John Sprat and Master Horner, which had already been immortalized in the lyrics of an equally gifted old woman.

Lord Byron favored these unfounded prejudices by all the means in his power. It was policy in him to profess ignorance of Spenser, and contempt of Wordsworth. His remark on "The Excursion" is characteristic. "It was clumsy and frowsy, and his aversion." He acknowledged that there was "some talent spilt over it ; but it was like rain upon rocks, which falls and stagnates, or rain upon sands, which falls without fertilizing." He knew well how to seize upon those peculiarities of a poet, which he thought calculated to be popular, and, after disguising them in the splendid apparel of his own diction, and infusing into them the marvellous energy of his own passions, to represent their original proprietor as worthy only of his lordly sarcasm and disdain. His conduct in this respect reminds us of what Dryden says of Ben Jonson's plagiarisms:—"He has done his robberies so openly, that we see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch, and what would be theft in any other poet is only victory in him."

Jeffrey's criticisms on Wordsworth in the Edinburgh Review probably contributed more than any thing else to

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the comparative neglect with which his poems were treated by the public. These criticisms it is curious to read now, after they have lost all their sting, and are monuments only of the writer's brilliancy and bitterness. It would be wrong to assert, that they do not contain some just remarks ; but those who defend them overlook one important fact. Nobody complains that they ridiculed some perversities of the poet's taste, but that they also scoffed at the finest products of his peculiar genius. The "Ode to Duty," and the ode on the "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood," receive little better treatment than such couplets as this ;

> "A household tub, like one of those
> Which women use to wash their clothes."

The *critique* on "The Excursion" is, with all its cleverness, one of the most flippant, shallow, and inconsistent essays ever written. Some of the best passages in the poem, — that, for instance, which describes the sensations of the "growing youth,"

> "When, from the naked top
> Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
> Rise up, and bathe the world in light,"—

are quoted only to be qualified with the title of "stuff." It is the incapacity to discern merit, not the exposure of a few errors, which has turned these criticisms from satires on Wordsworth to satires on their author. Jeffrey's subtilty was altogether of the understanding. The most refined processes of feeling and imagination were lost upon him. His talents were never employed to more disadvantage, than when he attempted to criticise Wordsworth and Coleridge. The commiseration he expresses for the perversions of their genius, when he censures those very passages of their poems which are now considered the signs of their genius, appears at the present day more ludicrous than his most felicitous jests.

But a portion of Wordsworth's unpopularity in former years was undoubtedly owing to the faults of his own temper and disposition. That his writings did not sooner begin their ministry of good to the people must be attributed in some degree to himself. He gave his adversaries the advantage over him, by adhering to faults of taste which he

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knew would be ridiculed. Besides, he had been in his youth a republican. He became afterwards a conservative, and, at times, volunteered his opinions on political matters with no small bitterness of expression. He seemed to rely too much on the "strength of backward-looking thoughts," and to be too deeply impressed with the "care prospective of our wise forefathers," to please an age mad with excitement about the present and the future. His love for England and English institutions was too undiscerning. He celebrated in verse many events which were deemed ominous to the cause of liberty. In truth, when Wordsworth deals with virtue, freedom, justice, and truth in the abstract, or blends them with majestic images drawn from the sublimest aspects of the universe, no poet can be more grand and impressive; but when he connects these with the acts and policy of English Tory politicians, or with the state and church of England, we are conscious that the analogy is false, if not ludicrous. Many have accordingly classed him with the poets of the past, rather than with the poets of the future, and have denied his claim to rank with those who sing prophecies of a new and better era for humanity. This opinion seems now to prevail, even among those who acknowledge the vast services he has performed to literature, and the importance of the revolution in poetry which he has done so much to achieve.

In our opinion, this is a sophism, arising from a confusion of things essentially different. Wordsworth may be a politician of the past, but he is emphatically a poet of the future. We have already alluded to his lack of practical understanding, and his ignorance of the ways of men. He surveyed things through a poetical medium, and did not, therefore, see them as they were, in the strict meaning of the term. His practical deductions are accordingly incorrect, for his premises are ideal. Lord Bacon's definition of poetry comprehends the whole matter. "Poetry serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and to delectation. And, therefore, it was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind." Now, Wordsworth, whether he appears to sing of the past or the present, is, in reality, singing of the future. His England of a thousand years past is the Utopia of a thou-

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sand years to come. It is false history and true poetry. If he give objective existence to the ideals of his mind in one point of space or time rather than another, the character of the ideal still remains the same. They are ideals which, in fact, have never been realized, and which accordingly relate to some period far in advance of our own. They refer to a state of society, which the lowness of the ideals of many who object to his conservatism incapacitates them from anticipating. If, by some perversity of vision, the poet thinks he sees them partly realized in a corrupt government or in slavish institutions, the blame is to be laid to his eye, and not to his soul.

We will illustrate this by a few extracts. The sixth book of "The Excursion" begins thus:

> "Hail to the crown, by Freedom shaped, to gird
> An English sovereign's brow! and to the throne
> Whereon he sits! whose deep foundations lie
> *In veneration and the people's love.*"

Now this is false history. It is true of no government in existence. A politician, of either Whig or Tory principles, would despise himself for saying so verdant a thing. It is, in fact, a prophecy of the time when the state will be so pure as to be seated in "veneration and a people's love." The salutation which follows, to the church, is to be interpreted with the same eye to a better condition of the morals and piety of the clergy. That this is the case may be seen from the sonnet to the memory of Milton, in 1802.

> "Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour!
> England hath need of thee; she is a fen
> Of stagnant waters; *altar, sword, and pen,*
> *Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,*
> Have forfeited their ancient English dower
> Of inward happiness."

Here, church, state, and the whole society of England are represented as "a fen of stagnant waters." Now, both representations cannot be true; and yet both were undoubtedly projected from the poet's mind, and are significant, not of the real condition of his country, but of the change in his feelings from despondency to hope. There is no poetical inconsistency between the two. The last represents disgust at the present, arising from a comparison of the present with the ideal; the first represents the ideal projected upon the present. The exaggeration in both cases is the natural result.

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To prove that Wordsworth is not a poet of the future, we must prove that he did not advance beyond the present. Now, it would be difficult to name any contemporary poet whose ideals are higher than his. Lord Byron is generally considered his superior in this respect, because he had a harsh and jarring string in his lyre, and sang of revolution, and hailed the destruction of tyrants by the sword and the axe. In this respect, we humbly think that he was a poet of the past, for nothing can be less original than this mode of disposing of the world's oppressors. The quickest, surest, most natural, and most common method of obtaining rights is to kill him who deprives you of them. This, so far, has been the opinion of the human race, and has been expressed in divers ways at divers times. But one, in whose soul abide the eternal forms of beauty, goodness, truth, and virtue, — whose heart comprehends all mankind in its love, and thirsts for a period when universal benevolence will prevail upon the earth, — who would sing, "long before the blissful hour arrives," the peaceful triumph of good over evil, and right over wrong, — to such a one, the usual mode of despatching oppressors is apt to be distasteful. He may think, that, in the present condition of things, the common course has its advantages; but if he desires to impress on the hearts and imaginations of the people a model of a perfect state of society, he will, if he is a bard of the future, be likely to leave out some of the harsher and imperfect means and materials of the present. This, at least, was the feeling of Wordsworth and Shelley; and this, we humbly conceive, is the Christian feeling.

Wordsworth is considered a champion of monarchy and aristocracy. We do not know but that there may be opinions expressed in his writings which can be forced to bear a construction inimical to political liberty; still, if we consider the tendency of his whole works, we shall find them in the highest degree democratic. "The rights of man" is a phrase to which he gives a more extended application than could be given by any person of less universal sympathies. Mercy, justice, wisdom, piety, love, freedom, in their full beauty and grandeur, are the subjects of his song; and we have yet to learn, that these can subsist with the slightest injury done to a human being. Indeed, he professes to have

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> " Sympathies
> Aloft ascending, and descending down,
> Even to inferior kinds ";

and to teach the last hyperbole of toleration, that

> " He who feels contempt
> For any living thing hath faculties
> Which he has never used."

That Wordsworth was unsuccessful in comments on the politics of the hour, and blundered often in applying his ideal standards to the wrong objects, we willingly admit; but we think this is an objection to him as a practical politician and philosopher, and not an objection to him as a poet, " submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind."

To estimate the degree of longevity which will attach to Wordsworth's poetry might be difficult; but as he has built upon the enduring rock as well as the shifting sand, we cannot tolerate the idea that he will be swept away with things forgotten. As we pause thoughtfully before some of the majestic fabrics of his genius, they seem to wear the look of eternity. And when we consider the vast debt of delight we owe to him, the new inspiration he poured into poetry, and his delivery of it from the bondage of a hundred and fifty years, — the many teasing persecutions he has endured for humanity and literature; — when we think of the consecrations he has shed upon our present existence, and the splendor of the vistas he has opened beyond the grave, — his desire to bring the harsh domain of the actual into closer vicinity to the sunny land of the ideal, — his kindling strains for freedom and right, — his warm sympathy with all that elevates and ennobles our being, and the sway he has displayed over its holiest and tenderest affections, — and the many images of beauty and grace with which he has brightened our daily life; — when we consider these, his faults and errors seem to dwindle into insignificance; reverence and love leap to our lips, and warm from the heart and brain springs our benison,

> " Blessings be on him, and eternal praise,
> Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares!"

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ART. V. — *The Life and Correspondence of* THOMAS ARNOLD, D. D., late Head-master of Rugby School, and Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, M. A., Fellow and Tutor of University College, Oxford. London: B. Fellowes, Ludgate Street. 1844. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 392, 432.

SOMEWHAT more than two years have elapsed since good men and true throughout the realm of Great Britain were called to lament the sudden and premature death of the Rev. Dr. Arnold, late Head-master of Rugby School, and the recently appointed Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. He had risen, by extraordinary merit, to the highest reputation in his profession; he was exerting an influence, which has never been surpassed, over the rising youth of England; he had become the acknowledged bulwark of those principles, on which, in the opinion of Protestants, the vitality of the Christian religion depends; and after having devoted a large portion of his most earnest life to the study of history, he had just been called to a situation in which his acquisitions could be rendered specially available for the good of mankind, and had entered upon the discharge of his new duties with the most flattering omens of success, when, after an illness of about two hours, he was, in the full vigor of his powers, removed by death. He retired to rest in perfect health; at five o'clock he awoke in pain, and shortly after seven o'clock, on the morning of June 12th, he had ceased to breathe.

No one, who did not visit England during the last years of Dr. Arnold's life, can form any idea of the kind of reputation which he had acquired in the various departments of knowledge which he had so successfully cultivated. If the present divisions of the established church were alluded to, he and Bishop Whately were always mentioned as the champions of truly catholic Christianity. If Greek scholarship was spoken of, Dr. Gaisford and he were named as the scholars of whom England had most reason to be proud. If history, ancient or modern, were the subject of conversation, it could not be long before the name of Dr. Arnold was mentioned as one of the highest authority. If you were

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inquiring respecting the system of classical education, the immediate reply was, "You must visit Dr. Arnold, of Rugby"; and, above all things else, it was enjoined upon you to "*hear him preach to his boys in the chapel.*" It seemed to be the universal impression, that no man in England had ever before exerted so powerful a control over the minds of the young; that this control had been preëminently for good; that no man had so magical a power to educe and cultivate the intellectual faculties of his pupils; and especially, that no man had ever equalled him in eradicating vicious habits, and moulding the character of the young men committed to his charge into the form of Christian young gentlemen.

The loss of such a man must be deeply felt anywhere. It is, however, felt in no country as it is in England. A distinguished man is more universally and particularly known there than anywhere else. Intelligence of every kind spreads in a few hours from Dover to the Hebrides. Every man is more sincerely interested in the public weal than in any other country. He who is doing good public service is universally acknowledged as a benefactor, whatever may be his religious or political partialities. If a man's aims are pure, and his intentions honorable, and if he labors in right earnest at what he believes to be for good, he has credit for all this, even among men who may strenuously differ from him in opinion. The truth of all this was seen in the event of the death of Dr. Arnold. Men of all varieties of belief in matters of church and state united in the establishment of the "Arnold Memorial," a fund, "the proceeds of which were applied, after the erection of a monument in Rugby chapel, to the foundation of scholarships, to be enjoyed, in the first instance, by his sons in succession, and afterwards dedicated to the promotion of general study at Rugby, and of the pursuit of history at Oxford."

The intellectual and moral endowments of Dr. Arnold were such as would have commanded distinction in any of the walks of professional life. His memory was tenacious, and his power of acquisition vast. He could recollect with accuracy "the exact state of the weather on particular days, or the exact words and position of passages which he had not seen for twenty years"; "and, when in his professorial chair at Oxford, he quoted Dr. Priestley's 'Lectures on

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History' from his recollection of what he had read when he was eight years old." His love of natural scenery was intense. The extracts from his journals during his excursions on the continent, and his letters to his friends from his mountain retreat at Fox How, show a delight in picturesque beauty such as we have rarely seen exhibited, even in Englishmen. With this love of natural scenery, there was in a very unusual degree what the phrenologists call "locality." He not only loved the beautiful and grand, but he formed an image of it so distinctly, that he could at any time recall it with all the vividness of reality. So strong was his tendency in this respect, that he was dissatisfied with his knowledge of any country until he had been able to form, if we may so say, a visible conception of it. Thus, he writes to his friend and former pupil, Mr. Gell, at Van Diemen's Land, requesting of him information respecting the features of the country, its geological formations, and the character of its mountains, that so he might be able to form an image of it in his mind. We ourselves were struck with this peculiarity, when, on a visit to Dr. Arnold a short time before his death, "What is the character of your American scenery?" said he. "Is it like that of France or England? How does it differ from them? I have never been able to picture it distinctly to myself."

With these elements was combined an unusual degree of humanity, or interest in whatever affected the condition of the race. He saw every thing in its relations to society. In whatever situation he might be placed, the cause in which he was engaged was every thing, himself was nothing. This instinctive tendency was so strong, that he could no more have put it away from him than his very existence. Besides this, his mind was essentially practical. His blood was pure Anglo-Saxon. As soon as he had decided upon the rectitude or wisdom of a particular course, he could by no possibility resist his desire to put forth his whole energies in order to reduce it to practice. Hence the extraordinary interest which he took in every thing that affected the civil or ecclesiastical prosperity of England, or of the world. Whatever he thought on matters either of church or state, he unhesitatingly published. When a crisis occurred in which he felt a deep interest, he used to say, "I shall die if I do not write"; and though he held his opinions alone, he without hesitancy gave them to the world.

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These tendencies were strengthened by a most ardent love of justice, truth, and personal independence. Though boundless in his charities, delighting to minister to the poor, and tender in his affections as an unweaned child, yet the sterner and more energetic virtues were the natural growth of his character. You could see it all in his countenance. The kindness of his heart was displayed in the expressive mildness of his mouth; but when first meeting him, it was for a time overshadowed by the almost stern contraction of his beetling eyebrows. Hence his hatred of oppression, of falsehood, of licentiousness, and of meanness, rose even to absolute abhorrence. He was accustomed, in his discourses to his pupils, to make a true and striking discrimination on this subject. He urged them to be *haters* of that which is evil. This, said he, is a very different thing from merely loving goodness. A man may love goodness and not practise it. But if a man abhors evil, he may be sure that he is truly virtuous.

Endowed with these intellectual and moral elements, it is easy to see, that the pursuits which would most deeply interest him would be geography and history. To these he turned with a natural delight, and to these almost all his studies were in some way subservient. He read the classics for information respecting man at a particular period of his existence, and for the sake of sympathizing with those elevated sentiments with which the ablest of them abound. In general, he preferred the prose writers to the poets. Demosthenes, Aristotle, and Thucydides were more to his taste than Euripides, Sophocles, or Æschylus. He vastly preferred the Greek to the Latin writers, and had the smallest possible reverence for the authority of Livy. When writing the history of Hannibal's march from Capua upon Rome, he was sorely perplexed by the inaccuracy of this writer.

"He is such a simpleton," said he, in a letter to Mr. Justice Coleridge, "that, after having written a page from Cincius or Fabius, he then copies from some other writer who had made him take the other road; and after bringing Hannibal by the Latin road, he makes him cross the Anio to approach Rome, and tells divers anecdotes which all imply, that he came by the Valerian or Salernian road; for of course the Latin road has nothing more to do with the Anio than the Arno."—Vol. II. p. 271.

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All these endowments were set in motion by as thorough and honest an earnestness as ever wrought in the bosom of a statesman or a scholar. He could do nothing, he could be nothing, by halves. Whatever he thought, or said, or did, it was with his whole soul. This earnestness would have rendered him pugnacious and irritable, had it not been sustained by habitual piety, and chastened by unbounded charity. He felt that he was the servant of God; that he had a work to do, and he must consecrate all his powers to the doing of it. But this very consciousness taught him, that other men had also their appointed work, with which he had no right to interfere. The last wish recorded in his diary, after referring to the works which he hoped to accomplish, is in these words: —

"But, above all, let me mind my own personal work, to keep myself pure, zealous, and believing, laboring to do God's will, yet not anxious that it should be done by me rather than by others, if God disapproves of my doing it." — Vol. II. p. 324.

And, as we have intimated, this earnestness was tempered by the most simple consciousness of his own liability to error, and the most charitable construction of the motives of his opponents. While he contended with all his might against the corruptions which Mr. Newman, Dr. Pusey, and his early friend, Mr. Keble, were introducing into the church which he loved, he always spoke with admiration of their piety and genius. He strove to maintain with them the personal intimacy in which he had for many years so much delighted. The interruption of this intimacy gave him great pain, and he took every honorable means for renewing it, even to the day of his death.

But we have delayed too long on this part of our subject. It is time that we allude to the work before us, and to attempt a brief sketch of the life and labors of this distinguished scholar, accomplished instructer, and exemplary Christian.

We rejoice to say, that the responsible task of presenting to the public the life and correspondence of Dr. Arnold could not, we apprehend, have been intrusted to abler hands. The author was a pupil and friend of Dr. Arnold, and one of his more frequent correspondents. He evidently had a clear conception of the character of the remarkable man whose life it has been his duty to write. He has done it

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with great ability, with manly impartiality, and with dignified yet ardent affection. We can hardly conceive how any man, especially any instructer, can rise from the perusal of it without becoming both wiser and better.

Thomas Arnold was born at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, June 13th, 1795. He was deprived of his father by death in the sixth year of his age. After passing through the ordinary course of juvenile studies, he was sent to Winchester in 1807, where his preparation for the University was completed under the direction of Doctors Goddard and Gabell, successively the head-masters of that school. Here he was remarked for a tendency to indolence united with great occasional energy; he was "stiff in his opinions, and utterly immovable by force or fraud when he had made up his mind, whether right or wrong." While a boy at school, he had already read extensively, and with singular discrimination, in history and geography.

In 1811, in his sixteenth year, he was elected a scholar at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. In 1814, he became Bachelor of Arts, his name being placed in the first class in the *Litteræ Humaniores*. In 1815, he was elected Fellow of Oriel College over several able competitors, and gained the Chancellor's prize for the University Essay, for that year and the year 1817.

During his residence at the University, he was remarked for the boldness of his opinions and the earnestness with which he defended them, attacked as they frequently were by the united strength of all the undergraduates of his College. Whether he made converts to his doctrines we are not told; but all agree in testifying, that he was utterly destitute of vanity or self-conceit, and all were convinced, that, in his multiplied discussions, he was influenced by a simple love of truth. His chosen authors in the classics were the philosophers and historians, and with these he became exceedingly familiar, so much so that he could compose in the style of Herodotus, Thucydides, or Xenophon, to the admiration of his contemporaries. His scholarship was not, however, of that peculiar kind on which Oxford so greatly prides herself. He had but little taste for the *minutiæ* of philology, and held the writing of verses, the great criterion of English scholarship, in but moderate estimation. His taste was for things, not words. He strove to render him-

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self familiar with the spirit of the author and of the age in which he lived. His reverence for Aristotle was unbounded. He quoted his maxims as oracles. "I never knew a man," says Mr. Coleridge, "who made such familiar, even fond, use of an author. He spoke of him as of one intimately and affectionately known and valued by him." This affection for Aristotle continued through life. He sent his son to Oxford rather than Cambridge, because his favorite author was studied in the former and not in the latter University; and in the introduction to one of his volumes of sermons, alluding to the studies proper for a clergyman, and impressing the idea, that it is better to study thoroughly the works of master minds than to pursue the ordinary course of theological reading, he adds, that the candidate for orders may well read Bull and Pearson less, if he will study Bacon and Aristotle more. It is, however, proper to remark, that his opinions on the value of critical philology were modified considerably by subsequent experience. He came at last to set a much higher value upon skill in the composition of Greek and Latin verse, though he himself, we believe, never attained to distinguished elegance in this scholarlike accomplishment.

While at Oxford, he united in forming a small debating club, afterwards called "The Attic Society," which held its meetings in the rooms of the members by turns. In this society he formed several of his most intimate friendships, and from its meetings derived additional inducements to diligent investigation. Such associations are common in the British Universities. The members meet without form or combination, merely as literary gentlemen, to discuss together important questions of common interest in literature and science. We wish they were more common with us. Our colleges are abundantly supplied with literary societies; but they are too commonly disfigured, and frequently rendered useless, or worse than useless, by oaths of secrecy, by badges, by perpetual altercations with each other, and by all the foolery of freemasonry on a small scale. It is high time that all this mummery were dropped. It may do well enough for boys; but when a man becomes a member of a college, he should learn to put away childish things.

At Winchester and at Oxford, Arnold's character showed promise rather than performance. The strong elements of

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his nature were rapidly developing themselves. He was amassing great treasures of knowledge. He was becoming confident in his strength by daily opportunities of comparing himself with those who were by common consent eminent. Each one of his endowments was becoming enlarged and strengthened; but they all wanted time and practical exercise in order to be blended together in one harmonious whole. Hence his exercises seem not to have attained the highest praise for symmetry of design and finish of execution; though they always were replete with strong sense and original views, and were clearly the productions of a mind that thought widely and for itself, and that had already collected rich materials for thinking. Even at this time, it is evident that the moral elements of his character predominated, and were giving the form and pressure to his intellectual endowments. He was superior to other scholars, not so much by his acquisitions, as by his ardent love of truth, his intense abhorrence of meanness and vice, and his habitual desire to do something by which mankind should be rendered happier and better. These are the essential elements of a noble nature. Where these are found in any department of life, they rarely fail of leading to eminence. Dr. Arnold's character at this period is happily summed up by Mr. Justice Coleridge in the following words.

"At the commencement, a boy, — and at the close, retaining, not ungracefully, much of boyish spirits, frolic, and simplicity; in mind vigorous, active, clear-sighted, industrious, and daily accumulating and assimilating treasures of knowledge; not averse to poetry, but delighting rather in dialectics, philosophy, and history; with less of imagination than reasoning power; in argument bold, almost to presumption, and vehement; in temper easily roused to indignation, yet more easily appeased, and entirely free from bitterness; fired, indeed, by what he deemed ungenerous or unjust to others, rather than by any sense of personal wrong; somewhat too little deferential to authority, yet, without any real inconsistency, loving what was good and great in antiquity the more ardently and reverentially because it was ancient." — Vol. I. p. 22.

The opportunity for ripening and harmonizing the strong elements of Dr. Arnold's character was afforded by his residence for nine years at Laleham, a village on the Thames, to which he removed in 1819. He married, in 1820, Mary,

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daughter of the Rev. John Penrose, the sister of Trevenen Penrose, one of his earliest school and college friends. Though ordained deacon, he did not take upon himself the duties of a parish clergyman, but devoted himself to the preparation of private pupils for the University.

When he went to Laleham, he adopted education as his profession for life. This determintion effected a great change in his character. It turned all his energies in one direction. It brought upon him definite intellectual and moral responsibilities, which he strengthened himself to the uttermost to sustain. He took large and very grave views of the field of duty upon which he had entered, and he resolved to occupy it without shrinking. He devoted himself without stint to the intellectual cultivation of his pupils. He sought to improve in the highest degree every one committed to his charge. Hence, he was employed with great industry in enlarging his own intellectual resources. But, above all, he deemed it his duty to prepare his pupils for heaven. He felt that he must teach them by example as well as precept, if he desired his instructions to have any salutary effect. Hence, all his moral powers received fresh energy from the circumstances in which he was placed. He was always setting before his boys the highest motives of Christian conduct; and these motives had the more commanding efficacy from the fact, that their instructer was himself striving to be the exemplar of all that he inculcated. A few sentences from a letter of Mr. Price, his pupil at Laleham, and afterwards his assistant at Rugby, give a delightful picture of his manner of life as a private tutor.

"The most remarkable thing that struck me at once, on joining the Laleham circle, was the wonderful healthiness of tone and feeling which prevailed in it. Every thing around me I immediately found to be most real; it was a place where every new comer at once felt that a great and earnest work was going forward. Dr. Arnold's great power as a private tutor resided in this, that he gave such an intense earnestness to life. Every pupil was made to feel that there was a work for him to do, — that his happiness, as well as his duty, lay in doing that work well. Hence, an indescribable zest was communicated to a young man's feelings about life; a strange joy came over him, on discovering that he had the means of being useful, and thus of being happy. . . . . His humility was very deeply seated;

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his respect for all knowledge sincere. A strange feeling passed over the pupil's mind, when he found great and often undue credit given him for knowledge of which his tutor was ignorant. But this generated no conceit. The example before his eyes daily reminded him that it was only as a means of usefulness, as an improvement of talents for his own good and that of others, that knowledge was valued. . . . . In the details of daily business, the quantity of time that he devoted to his pupils was very remarkable. Lessons began at seven, and, with the interval of breakfast, lasted till nearly three; then he would walk with his pupils, and dine at half-past five. At seven he usually had some lesson on hand, and it was only when we were all gathered up in the drawing-room after tea, amidst young men on all sides of him, that he would commence work for himself, in writing his sermons, or Roman history." — Vol. I. pp. 40 – 42.

We regret that our limits will not allow us to insert the whole of this beautiful letter. We can only find room to add, that these habits of devotion to his work continued throughout his residence at Rugby. He informed the writer, that he spent seven hours daily in his labor with his class; and besides this, there were some days in the week, if we recollect aright, when several additional hours were demanded.*

At Laleham, Dr. Arnold commenced a dictionary of Thucydides, which led to his edition of that author; and he

* It may not be amiss here to correct an opinion quite prevalent in this country, that the high situations in England are commonly sinecures. No one, however, who reflects upon the mental discipline and high scholarship attained by a well educated Englishman, need be told, that all this is not the result of sinecures. It is the effect of great and long enduring labor. There are sinecures, we know, enough of them, one overlaying another; but at last you come to the working men, and no men on earth work harder than these. The teachers of all ranks in the great schools, the tutors of the Colleges at the Universities, work much more than any teachers in this country. And they do not call it "intellectual labor," or "mental effort," or any other high-sounding thing, but what it plainly is, "*work*." And they never complain of it as drudgery. They tell you joyfully of the work they must do, and of the work that they have done. They pride themselves upon it, nor do they ever complain of the privations it imposes. As Dr. Arnold remarks, in writing to a friend on this subject, "If you enter upon it heartily, as your life's business, as a man enters upon any other profession, you are not then in danger of grudging every hour you give to it, and thinking of how much privacy and how much society it is robbing you; but you take to it as a matter of course, making it your material occupation, and devote your time to it; and then you find, that it is in itself full of interest." — Vol. I. p. 36.

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entered upon the study of the German language for the sake of preparing himself for writing the history of Rome. In the mean time, the head-mastership of Rugby became vacant, and his friends urged him to make application for the appointment. After some deliberation he complied, and, in December, 1827, was elected to the situation which he afterwards so much adorned. In June, 1828, he received priest's orders from Dr. Howley, then Bishop of London; in April and November of the same year, he took his degrees of B. D. and D. D.; and in August he entered upon his new office. He had explicitly informed the Trustees, that he must be permitted, in all matters pertaining to the government of the school, to act without interference from any one. If he did not please them, they were at liberty to dismiss him, and this he held to be the proper remedy. But so long as he remained head-master, he must be allowed to act wholly according to his own discretion. To this they cheerfully assented, and thus his work was plainly before him.

Dr. Arnold, during his residence at Laleham, had reflected profoundly upon the condition of school education in England. He had become convinced, that the course of instruction commonly pursued was not such as the age, the country, or unprejudiced reason demanded. The studies pursued were almost exclusively Latin and Greek. The labor of the student was occupied, year after year, upon the philological niceties of the language; while the ideas, the spirit, the history and philosophy, of the ancient masters of thought were too much neglected. This discipline, as must be admitted, formed an excellent course of intellectual gymnastics. It required close and protracted attention, considerable intellectual acuteness, and, no doubt, greatly increased the student's power over language. But if this be all that is desirable, it matters little what book is read, or what language is studied. The tales of the incarnations of Vishnu, in the Sanscrit, would, if studied with the same critical ability, be just as useful as the Dialogues of Plato, the Politics of Aristotle, or the History of Thucydides. This was, as it seemed to him, an error that ought to be corrected.

But it was not simply the manner of the teaching that was imperfect; the matter of it was also deficient. The mathematics were scarcely taught at all; and modern languages and modern history were never so much as thought of.

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This seemed to him a very sore evil. He looked upon an Englishman as in some sense a citizen of Europe ; as a man whose position required him to be qualified to form opinions on the politics of the world, that should be worthy of respect. It grieved him, that the youth of his country should spend the best years of their life in learning nothing but the accent of a Greek particle, or the quantity of a Latin noun. It seemed to him, that the course of instruction should be enlarged, and that educated young men should be taught to form opinions for themselves on all great questions, — opinions arising not from the vulgar prejudices of party, but derived from a generous study of both ancient and modern history.

The discipline of the schools seems at this time to have been relaxed. The pupils generally came from the ranks of the highest aristocracy of the land, and the influence of patronage in such a country as Great Britain needs not to be spoken of. The displeasure of a great family might destroy for ever all hopes of a master's preferment. These great institutions were beginning to exhibit those symptoms of disease so common to endowed corporations, "*languor*, *lassitudo*, *cum aliis signis debilitatis*." Of this no other evidence need be given, than that the pupils already urged their vested rights, in opposition to the authority of the government and the good order of the school. It had come to be understood at Rugby, that a pupil had a right to remain there, whatever might be his scholarship, or character, or influence, provided he was not proved guilty of some offence so enormous that the whole community demanded his expulsion.

And more than this, the religious education of the boys seems to have been there, as everywhere else, generally neglected. They were accustomed, it is true, at all the schools, to the daily reading of prayers, and to weekly exercises in the Scriptures and the catechism. But these duties seem to have been only perfunctorily performed. There was nothing like moral training, the teaching of the young men to bring into practice those principles in which they were instructed. Christian duty was not inculcated in the transactions of every-day life, in the schoolroom, the class exercise, and the playground. Thus the period of youth gave no opportunity for preparation for the moral trials of manhood. With moral precepts in abundance on their lips, they were incapable of forming moral judgments, and wholly unpractised in that habit

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of acting on principle when under temptation, on which the whole security of the moral character depends.

All this Dr. Arnold had long seen and deplored. At Laleham, as we have seen, within the small circle of his immediate influence, he attempted very successfully to apply the remedy. He believed, that the same remedy might be applied to the larger schools. His opinions seem to have been well known to his friends, and they were confident of his ability, if an opportunity offered, to carry them into practice. Dr. Hawkins, now Provost of Oriel, who knew Dr. Arnold intimately, in recommending him for the appointment, "predicted, that, if he were elected to the head-mastership of Rugby, he would change the plan of education all through the public schools of England." This discriminating opinion, to the honor of the Trustees, had the desired effect. The result discovered the wisdom of him who had given it.

Dr. Arnold commenced his labors at Rugby with the fixed determination to carry fully into practice the opinions which he had formed. He had a clear conception of the object for which the classics should be studied. It was not that learning the forms of nouns and verbs strengthens the memory ; nor that the attention to minute differences sharpens acuteness ; nor that our language is in part derived from the Latin and Greek, and that through them we may learn more accurately the meaning of the words of our mother tongue. He had a different and far higher notion of the office of a classical teacher. He looked upon the best ages of Greece and Rome as periods of civilization strikingly analogous to our own, and as periods in which the intellectual and æsthetic elements of the human mind had attained their most perfect development. More than this, a grand series of experiments was then made upon government in all its various forms, and the results have been handed down to us by some of the profoundest thinkers who have ever lived. He believed, that we can study these events, and arrive at the knowledge which they proffer, better than would be possible, were the transactions of recent occurrence ; because in the study of the ancients, we are unbiased by the prejudices arising from our political partialities. Hence, his object, in teaching the classics, was to render the student familiar with the works of the human intellect in the most perfect state of development which it has ever attained.

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This was the unchanging object to which all his efforts were directed. "He was," says Mr. Stanley, "the first Englishman who introduced into public schools the mere historical and philosophical interest of philology, and of the ancient writers, as distinguished from the mere verbal criticism and elegant scholarship of the last century." Hence, with him, a recitation in a classic was a high intellectual exercise, calling into action all the nobler faculties of the soul. There was not merely the grammatical analysis, which was always closely attended to; this was only the groundwork. The student was required to render the Greek or Latin sentence into pure idiomatic English, retaining every shade of thought and every pointing of suggestion contained in the original.

"He was constantly on the watch for any inadequacy or redundancy of expression. The version was to represent, and no more than represent, the exact words of the original; and those who, either as his colleagues or his pupils, were present at his lessons, well knew the accuracy with which every shade of meaning would be produced in a different shape, and the rapidity with which he would pounce upon any mistake of grammar or construction, however dexterously concealed in the folds of a free translation."—Vol. I. p. 133.

Every one at all familiar with instruction, and, indeed, every sensible man, whether an instructer or not, must at a glance perceive how greatly this exercise must have tended to produce distinctness and precision, both of thought and language, how broadly and deeply it must have laid the foundations of rhetorical excellence, and how successfully it must have cultivated the talent for conversational elegance and extempore discourse.

But another view was now to be taken. The matter of the writer was next to undergo discussion. If he spoke of a battle, where was that battle fought? The geography of the locality must be faithfully given. The character and the arms of the combatants must be described. The causes of success or defeat must be illustrated. The battle was an event in a war. What was the ostensible, and what the real, cause of the war? Was it just, or unjust? The praise or blame must be impartially awarded to each belligerent. The immediate and ultimate results of the war must be traced

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out. Its analogy to similar contests in modern times must be explained. A similar train of inquiry was pursued, if a passage in an oration, the enactment of a law, or any other important event, became the subject of a lesson. Thus all the faculties of the student were kept ever on the alert, and he was continually stimulated to the widest research and the most earnest reflection. He was daily conscious of increasing knowledge and greater maturity of judgment. He felt himself to be emerging from the level of boyhood, and entering upon the higher responsibilities of an independent, thinking being. Yet this consciousness was not calculated to engender pride. He saw before him an example of vast knowledge combined with profound humility. And yet more, his knowledge was thorough, and thorough knowledge always makes a man modest. No man can have made any real and positive acquisition, without having observed the numerous liabilities to error, and weighed the plausible objections that may frequently be urged against almost every thing really true. He will hence learn a lesson of liberality and catholicism; and this lesson will be enforced with additional impressiveness at every step of his progress.

The great point at which he aimed was to call out and exercise all the powers of the pupil. He sought to impart the most valuable knowledge; but he sought to do it in such a way, that the boy should, with every lesson, learn better than before both how to acquire knowledge for himself, and how to use it after it had been acquired. "'You come here,' said he, 'not to read, but *to learn how to read*'; and thus the greater part of his instructions were interwoven with the processes of their own minds; there was a continual reference to their own thoughts, an acknowledgment, that, so far as their reading and power of reasoning could take them, they ought to have an opinion of their own." Thus the pupil became every day more and more accustomed to bear the weight of original thinking, and to combine the maturity of manhood with the vivacity and vigor of youth.

This process of classical and intellectual training was materially assisted by the writing of essays on subjects prescribed by the instructer. On this exercise Dr. Arnold placed great reliance. His object here was not merely to teach the pupil to write Latin and Greek in general, but to encourage him to acquire such a knowledge of his authors as

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would enable him to write in the peculiar style of any one of them, as, for instance, of Herodotus, Thucydides, or Xenophon. Nor was this all. He gave out subjects that required discrimination and particular investigation on the part of the scholar.

"He dealt at once the death-blow to themes, as he expressed it, on '*Virtus est bona res*,' and gave, instead, historical or geographical descriptions, imaginary speeches or letters, etymological accounts of words or criticisms of books, or put religious and moral subjects in such a form as awakened a new and real interest in them; as, for example, not '*Carpe diem*,' or 'Procrastination is the thief of time,' but '*Carpere diem jubent Epicurei; jubet hoc idem Christus.*' His estimation of the value of these exercises was founded upon the same principles. 'I call that the best theme,' he said, 'which shows that the boy has read and thought for himself; that the next best, which shows that he has read several books and digested what he has read; and that the *worst*, which shows that he has followed but one book, and followed that without reflection.'"

But while he was thus improving the study of the classics, he did not confine his efforts simply to them. He introduced the teaching of the French and German languages into the regular course of school instruction. His studies had led him to explore the wide field of Continental literature. He venerated without measure the profound and universal scholarship of Niebuhr and of the Chevalier Bunsen; and he desired to awaken in his pupils, if not an emulation of such examples, at least a scholarlike admiration of their vast achievements. He was fully aware, that no man could pretend to large and vigorous classical erudition, who had not availed himself of the researches of those modern scholars who have thrown such a flood of light upon almost every point of philological and historical inquiry. Hence, he ingrafted these studies upon the former system. He found great difficulty, however, in procuring suitable instructers in the modern languages, and did not accomplish all that he desired. He contented himself with enabling the student to read, and, if possible, to write, these languages with facility. To teach him to speak them he found to be, under such circumstances, impossible.

To the study of history, both ancient and modern, he attached great importance. The great study, at present, of

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every thoughtful man is the social improvement of the human race. The great problem to be solved is, How may men be governed so as to escape the dangers both of anarchy and despotism? At no time has this subject been so earnestly pressed upon the consideration of every man in the civilized world as at present, and at no time have men been so much disposed to attempt every variety of reckless political experiment. Dr. Arnold was a firm believer in the unceasing progress of humanity. He abhorred those notions that would keep men always as they are, both because they seemed to him treason against our common nature, and to lead of necessity to revolution and anarchy. But he desired, that every attempt at improvement should be made with a profound consideration of all the experience of the past. He believed, that the principles at present in operation have been in operation from the beginning; and consequently, that, by a use of the knowledge of the past, we may save ourselves from innumerable blunders and incalculable mischief. He intended, therefore, so to teach history, as to render it the means of communicating, not merely facts, but the *rationale* of the facts; guiding the pupil to a knowledge of the principles of human conduct, of political rights, of moral philosophy as applied to society, and thus, in a word, to genuine high-minded statesmanship.

The views which he took of this department of knowledge are made known in his lectures on the study of history, delivered in the University of Oxford, and published since his death. Every one who reads these lectures—and every man ought to read them—will perceive the vast reach of information, and the vigorous power of thought and of illustration, which he brought to bear upon this part of his course of instruction. Of the range which was given to this branch of study at Rugby we may form a conception from the list of books and subjects attached to what was called "history time." This list comprehends Markham's History of England, Eutropius, Physical Geography, parts of Xenophon's Anabasis, Markham's France, Xenophon's Hellenics, History of Greece, Geography of Italy and Germany, parts of Arrian and Paterculus, Mackintosh's History of England, parts of Herodotus and Livy, Hallam's Middle Ages, Histories of the Greeks and Saracens, parts of Thucydides and Tacitus, and of Russell's Modern Europe. For these

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studies, as we have remarked, he had a natural predilection. So strong was the bias of his mind in this direction, that some of his friends lamented, that a man who was competent to be a cabinet minister should be confined to the instruction of schoolboys. With such abilities and such knowledge, and with his enthusiastic turn for instruction, we may form some conception of the impulse that would be given to the older boys, when they came to reap the rich results of his reflections in the class recitations.

Every one must be aware of the immense effect that must have been produced upon his pupils by a training of this kind. They would go forth, even in youth, rich in knowledge, and strong in the power to use that knowledge; wise far beyond their age, and, in consequence of that wisdom, humble and modest. It is, moreover, evident, that no one but a man of high talent could carry out such a system of education, and also, that nothing would so finish and perfect his talent as the very act of thus carrying it out. Dull, formal instruction dwarfs the mind of teacher and pupil; vigorous and manly instruction expands the faculties of both in almost equal measure. It was this very exercise of mind, daily calling all his energies into active employment, that rendered him capable of performing those other works, which would have seemed sufficient for the exclusive labor of even an able man.

The question cannot but arise to every man among us, Shall we ever have such schools as this in our country? We are obliged to answer, With our present opinions and practice, never. An education such as we have been considering requires sufficient time allotted to the pupil, and sufficient ability to accomplish it in the instructer. Our system deliberately excludes both conditions. The *beau idéal* of our system is to render the course of education as cheap and as short as possible. We have succeeded in our attempt. We have made it very cheap, and such as may be acquired in a very short time; but after all, it is worth no more than we give for it.

The truth is, that a liberal education is necessarily an expensive accomplishment. It requires high talent to conduct it; and high talent can be commanded only by suitable remuneration. It requires many years of exclusive study on the part of the pupil, — of study so exclusive that he can

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profitably employ this time in no other occupation. With adequate instructers, under a proper system of stimulants and encouragement, and with sufficient time given to their work, we should make as good scholars as any people on earth. But we proceed on principles precisely the reverse. In the first place, we act upon the belief, that the most perfect system of classical education is that which will enable a young man, commencing his studies without a dollar in his pocket, and laboring in vacations, or by the receipt of scanty eleemosynary assistance, to proceed Bachelor of Arts without ever finding himself in debt. Hence, we reduce the salaries of teachers very far below those of any other professional men, and make these salaries in no manner dependent upon the success or ability of the instructer. We make the requisitions for admission to college such as to meet the circumstances of those who cannot afford to spend more than a year, or a year and a half, in preparation. We crowd every sort of knowledge into the compass of four years, because we wish our youth to know every thing; we then shorten the period of study by useless vacations, so that the indigent may be the better able to support themselves; and then blame our schools and colleges, because they produce so little effect upon the intellectual character of their pupils.

It will of course be asked, Are you, then, proposing to exclude the poor from the blessings of a liberal education? We answer, We propose to exclude nobody; we are merely setting forth the reason why our course of liberal education is no better. Without regard to rich or poor, we would seek to make the education good. If a man of talents and good character be poor, it is a public service to assist him in becoming more useful to the community. If a man have not talent, it is commonly a misfortune to him and to the community to place him in a profession. But in neither case can any reason be found for accommodating the whole system of public education throughout the land to meet his pecuniary ability. There are many persons in every community, who can afford to pay but one third of the ordinary price for a wheaten loaf. Would it be wise or just to reduce the wages of bakers to meet this exigency, to make bread of coarse flour, and, in order to economize still more, allow it to be only half-baked, and then enact, that no other bread but that produced in this manner should be eaten?

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In reply to all this, it will probably be asserted, that we are a peculiar people, — a democratic people ; and that, with us, public opinion governs every thing. Be it so. But public opinion cannot perform impossibilities ; and it sadly mistakes its province, if it make the attempt. Public opinion can never render a product good, when it has taken every precaution to insure that it be not good. It cannot cause that to be acquired in one year, which nature has forbidden to be acquired in less than three years ; nor can it make the negligent reading of a classic produce the same degree of mental discipline with the diligent and vigorous study of it. All this seems so self-evident, that we wonder there should be any question about it. We fervently hope, that the Visiters of our institutions of education will inquire whether any reform be practicable in the premises.

But it is time to return from this digression. We have, at as great length as our limits permit, considered the character of Dr. Arnold as an instructer. It is proper now to refer to his views of school discipline. We have alluded to the fact, that, at his coming to Rugby, it was believed, that, if a boy kept himself from enormous offences justifying expulsion, he had a right to remain there ; " that, the worse and more troublesome to parents were their sons, the more did a public school seem the precise remedy for them ; that the great end of a public school was to flog their vices out of bad boys."

Now, nothing could be farther than this from the idea Dr. Arnold entertained of his office, as the head of a school. He did not look upon himself as a boy-herd, employed for hire to keep boys together and flog them into subjection, until they became of an age to be transferred to the constable and the sheriff. He did not consider Rugby a moral lazar-house, into which every form of moral disease and deformity might be thrust, so that the leprosy might fester out of the sight of parents and friends. No ; he knew full well that any public school is a place of moral trial. It cannot be otherwise. Against this he guarded his boys as well as he could ; but he believed, also, that one of the benefits of a public school arises from the fact, that it is a place of trial. He was deeply sensible of the obligation imposed upon him to remove from his pupils all unnecessary temptations to vice ; while he labored with untiring earnestness to

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improve their moral as well as intellectual character. If his efforts were unsuccessful, he was acting dishonestly in receiving remuneration for services which he could not render, and was wasting the pupil's time at a period when it was most invaluable. He therefore accepted his office on the express condition, that he should be perfectly independent in this matter.

"Any thing short of removing boys who were clearly incapable of deriving good from the system, or whose influence on others was decidedly and extensively pernicious, seemed to him not a necessary part of the trials of school, but an inexcusable and intolerable aggravation of them. Till a man learns that the first, second, and third duty of a schoolmaster is to get rid of unpromising subjects, 'a great public school,' he said, 'will never be what it might be, and what it ought to be.' The remonstrances which he encountered, both on public and private grounds, were vehement and numerous. But on these terms alone had he taken his office; and he solemnly and repeatedly declared, that on no other terms could he hold it, or justify the existence of a public school system in a Christian country."—Vol. I. p. 111.

"Few scenes can be recorded more characteristic of him than when, on one occasion, in consequence of a disturbance, he had been obliged to send away several boys, and when, in the midst of the general spirit of discontent which this excited, he stood in his place, and said, 'It is not necessary that this should be a school of three hundred, or one hundred, or of fifty boys; but it is necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen."—Vol. I. p. 101.

While, however, he resorted to this remedy whenever the necessity of the case demanded it, he spared no pains to render that necessity of as rare occurrence as possible. By public addresses, by his preaching, and by private conversation, he strove to cherish in the minds of his boys a high regard for their personal character, and the reputation of the school; he placed before them perpetually the elevated motives derived from the Christian religion; he brought continually to their recollection the obligations they owed to their parents, their country, and the church of Christ. His eye rested with sleepless vigilance on every boy under his care; and he noticed, on the instant, every indication either of deterioration of public sentiment, or aberration from individual rec-

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titude. "Do you see," said he to an assistant master, who had recently come, "those two boys walking together? I never saw them together before. You should make an especial point of observing the company they keep; nothing so tells the changes in a boy's character."

What he particularly dreaded was that spirit of combination in the school, by which the influence of a considerable number is brought to bear upon the sensitiveness of a single individual, and thus to force him into evil. Against this reckless spirit of wickedness he was perpetually on his guard, encouraging the boys at all hazards to resist it, and to act virtuously in defiance of abuse, even though they stood entirely alone.

"At the very sight of a knot of vicious or careless boys gathered round the great schoolhouse fire, 'It makes me think,' he would say, 'that I see the Devil in the midst of them.' From first to last, it was the great point to which all his anxiety converged. 'If the spirit of Elijah were to stand in the midst of us,' said he, 'and we were to ask him, What shall we do, then? his answer would be, Fear not, heed not, one another's voices, but fear and hear the voice of God only.'" — Vol. I. p. 103.

In the government of his school, he was exceedingly averse to acting simply from his own will, or in the view of a particular case alone. He felt the necessity of referring every case, even the slightest, to a general law, so that every act might become a precedent for all that should come after it.

"This disposition ran through every thing, and at times went so far as almost to bear the appearance of inventing universal rules with the express object of meeting particular cases. Still, it was one chief cause of the confidence which he inspired. Amidst all the plans that came before him, he felt that there were principles more deeply seated than any mere question of school government, which he was ready to carry through at any cost, and from which no argument or menace could move him." — Vol. I. p. 89.

By thus governing the school through the means of an ennobling public sentiment which he had created, and which he made it his business continually to foster, he secured great and important objects. The moral principles of the boys were daily improved by it. The virtuous were encouraged. The bad were isolated, or made better. Every

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one felt called upon to set a correct example. Punishments became more and more rare. The more manly and virtuous sentiments of his pupils came into habitual exercise, and thus they formed for themselves a character by which they were, even at the Universities, easily distinguished. Dr. Moberly, for some years tutor in one of the most flourishing colleges at Oxford, after mentioning the great change for the better in the students who, of late years, have come up to the University from the public schools, affirms that to Dr. Arnold this change is mainly attributable.

He adds, "He was the first. It soon began to be matter of observation to us in the University, that his pupils brought quite a different character with them to Oxford from that which we knew elsewhere. I do not speak of opinions; but his pupils were thoughtful, manly-minded, conscious of duty and obligation, when they first came to college; and we looked on Dr. Arnold as exercising an influence for good, which (for how many years I know not) had been wholly unknown in our public schools." — Vol. I. p. 172.

It deserves, also, to be remarked here, that this moral education was not acquired at the expense of classical improvement. "The University honors which his pupils obtained were very considerable, and, at one time, unrivalled by any school in England."

In carrying forward the moral discipline of the school, he made great use of the sixth form, as the highest class in England is always designated. With these boys, now grown, indeed, to be eighteen or nineteen years of age (but still called "boys" there, and not "young gentlemen," as with us), he spent several hours every day in hearing lessons, correcting exercises, and conversing or lecturing on the subject of their study. He always commenced these exercises with prayer, in addition to the public prayers in the school; and by the most paternal solicitude for their temporal and spiritual welfare, by the most self-sacrificing efforts for their good, exhibited that Christian character which he desired them to cultivate. He always spoke to them as though they were in a great measure responsible for the good order and moral condition of the whole school. So long as they were high-minded, morally thoughtful, and improving, he knew that the younger boys were doing well. When, however, any thing wrong occurred among them, it cut him to

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the heart, and withered all his hopes of success. "When I have confidence in the sixth," said he, in one of his farewell addresses, "there is no post in England which I would exchange for this; but if they do not support me, I must go."

In this view of his position he was unquestionably correct. There can be no doubt, that the influence of the head-master of any school or college is to be exercised mainly through the older pupils, or those more immediately under his tuition. Hence, we consider it essential to the best condition of any such institution, that the presiding officer should be daily in the habit of teaching, not only because he should be the best teacher, and aid others by his example, but also because otherwise the exercise of discipline must be, to a great degree, destitute of moral effect. But while we admit all this, it seems to us, that Dr. Arnold went too far in upholding the practice of "*fagging*." By this word, not in use among us, is meant that part of the system of the English public schools, by which great power over the younger boys is given to the sixth form. These older boys, or "preposters" as they are called at Rugby, have the power to direct, control, and oversee the younger pupils, to send them on errands, oblige them to perform services frequently menial, and inflict on them corporal punishment. While we allow the necessity of employing the older scholars as instruments for conveying the influence of the master to the other departments of the school, we see no reason for doing it in this manner. In Dr. Arnold's hands, it would do as little harm as possible; yet it seems to us, that his influence would have been even greater without it.

But the great means by which Dr. Arnold elevated and sustained the moral standard of the school were his regular parochial sermons, and his theological lectures to his class. Soon after he went to Rugby, he began to preach to his pupils; and when, in 1831, the chaplaincy became vacant, he immediately requested that he might be appointed to it, declining to receive any extra remuneration for his services. After this, he preached regularly on the Sabbath, and on other days of public worship, to the whole school. The sermons delivered on these occasions were published during his lifetime, and have met with an almost unexampled circulation. They are, so far as we know, entirely unique in character.

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They are not discourses to men in general, nor about things in general, but discourses to boys, the boys of Rugby school; and they treat of subjects in which these boys had an every-day and common interest. They bring the principles and precepts of the gospel directly home to the business and bosoms of the young persons to whom they were addressed. They apply with a felicity, that, we think, has never been equalled, the truths of religion to a boy's every-day life. Their undeviating object is, to impress upon the conscience the truth, that we are under the most solemn obligation to act piously, in the fear of God, for eternity, in the very condition in which we are placed, and thus to train up the hearers in the practice of the Christian virtues, before they become exposed to the temptations of actual, out-of-doors life. Here, in fact, was the central point of the whole system. Dr. Arnold was a man of ardent, practical, exemplary piety. All who knew him testify, that they never saw a man who brought so habitually before his mind the existence of spiritual realities, and who was so uniformly influenced by the presence of things unseen. His opinions were adopted, his practice was regulated, and his character formed, by the doctrines, the precepts, and the motives of the religion of Jesus Christ. This spirit he diffused among his assistants; he strove to instil it into his immediate pupils, and, through them, to communicate it to every individual in the school. His views of his duty and of the object of his labors are summed up by himself in very few words. "What we must look for here," said he, "is, first, religious and moral principle; secondly, gentlemanly conduct; and, thirdly, intellectual ability."

But we must turn, though unwillingly, from the contemplation of the character of Dr. Arnold as a great and pious instructer. With a few remarks on his labors in other departments, we must close this already extended article. Of Dr. Arnold's edition of Thucydides, and his History of Rome, we have already spoken. The latter was left unfinished. He had, however, carried it far enough to earn for himself the highest praise as a historian. He was meditating a work on the nature of a Christian church and state, a popular commentary on the Scriptures, and an extensive course of lectures on modern history, when his labors were suddenly arrested by death.

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His religious opinions were expressed by the Articles of the established church of England, understood in a broad, liberal, and catholic sense. Newmanism, or, as it is commonly termed, Puseyism, he abhorred with loathing and disgust. He looked upon it as a gross perversion of the essential doctrines of Christianity, and an arrogant assumption by the clergy of all the dearest rights of the church. His views on this subject were substantially those of Archbishop Whately, though modified somewhat by his own peculiar notions of the relation of the state to the church. His opinions on this controversy are given with much clearness and power in the introductions and appendixes to some of the volumes of his sermons.

In politics Dr. Arnold was a Whig, so far as he could be said to belong to any party. He was, however, of by far too independent a mind to belong to any party, whether political or ecclesiastical. He loved human freedom with an honest and ever wakeful enthusiasm. To conservatism, if by that term is meant the holding fast to every thing as it is, he was inveterately opposed. He loved his country with an intense and daily increasing affection. He saw in her present condition much that alarmed him. The vast accumulation of wealth in the hands of a few, contrasted with the depressed condition and gasping penury of the multitude, filled him with sorrow and dread. He apprehended, that, if the tendency to exaggerate these extremes of human condition continued, it must end in a social revolution. Hence, he bent all his efforts to teach charity, humility, and Christian love to the rich, and patience, frugality, and industry to the poor; while he was incessant in his endeavours to elevate the character and improve the circumstances of the working classes, and thus, without abolishing the distinctions of rank, to blend all conditions of men into one harmonious political and ecclesiastical community.

In these labors fourteen years of Dr. Arnold's life were passed at Rugby. He had already contemplated retiring from his post, and spending the remainder of his life in literary labor at Fox How, when, as we have stated, he was appointed to the Professorship of Modern History at Oxford. Nothing could have been more gratifying to his friends than the success which attended his entrance upon this field of labor. The theatre was thronged, when his lectures were

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delivered. All parties united in commending them. It seemed as if a new era in the study of history had dawned upon Oxford. It appeared as if Divine Providence had placed him in the situation in which, above all others, the world would reap the fruit of his vast learning and cultivated judgment. All these hopes were, however, sadly and suddenly disappointed. He had just completed the fourteenth year of his residence at Rugby; he had finished the labors of a half-year of unusual diligence; the school was prosperous beyond any former example; those who had most strenuously opposed his reforms were now beginning with applause to imitate them; his pure intentions, unbounded charity, and practical wisdom were winning him the esteem and veneration of every worthy and intelligent man in the realm, when he was unexpectedly called away from the scene of his labors to receive his eternal reward. Death to him was unexpected, but in no wise startling. In the full possession of his faculties, and in the unshaken confidence of a Christian hope, he calmly fell asleep, June 12th, 1842, having just completed the forty-seventh year of his age.

We are obliged here to close our imperfect sketch of the character and professional labors of this eminent scholar, accomplished instructer, and devout and high-minded Christian gentleman. We mourn over his death as though he were one of ourselves; and, indeed, he was one of ourselves, for he belonged to no country, but to the human race. We commend this work most cordially to the American public, to which we hope it will speedily be given. We would claim for it especially the attention of the instructers of youth. They will derive from it new ideas of the importance and dignity of the profession which they have chosen, and will discover more clearly than before the object to which their efforts should be directed. But more than this, they will learn that very important reforms are practicable, though opposed to long established precedent, if they are demanded by reason, and attempted with steadfastness of aim, and disinterestedness of purpose; and that, although in the beginning they may be assailed by the clamor of self-interest, and frowned upon by the worshippers of expediency, yet, in the end, they will reap their abundant reward, — the accomplishment of a positive good, and the respect of the present and of every succeeding age.

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ART. VI. — *Des Jésuites.* Par MM. MICHELET et QUINET. Paris : 1843.

THE Jesuits ! It is a word of terror, which M. Michelet and his friend utter in the ears of their countrymen ; of terror even to many of their Catholic brethren. Nor is the dread of this long slumbering, but now reawakening, body confined to France. Jesuitism is spreading, and silently acquiring strength, in the United States ; for good or for evil, it is gaining ground among us ; and many, whose eyes are open to the fact, see in our future history *auto-da-fes* and inquisitions, and Protestantism destroyed by a new St. Bartholomew. Under these circumstances, we have thought that a sketch of the founder of Jesuitism, of his purposes and constitutions, might be interesting and even useful.

It was in the year 1491, that the word spread from the ancestral castle up into the valleys of Guipuzcoa, that another son was born to the noble house of Ogner and Loyola. Already had Don Bertram seven sons and three daughters, before the birth of Ignatius, the last born of the family. And what a world was that upon which his eyes first opened ! In Germany, a little, fair-haired Martin Luther, eight years old, was gathering fagots with his mother in the woods of Mansfeld. In Florence, a polished, treacherous Lorenzo de Medici, worn out with gout and intrigue, was preparing to take to his death-bed, and sue, without success, to the haughty, unhappy monk Savonarola, for absolution. In Rome, a Roderic Borgia, the incarnation of evil, was looking forward to the day when, as Alexander the Sixth, he should preside over the Christian Church. In Spain itself, the Moor was fighting his last battles, and breathing his last sigh, and Columbus was standing ready to prove with his life the truth of his bold speculations. Ignatius had not yet walked alone, or mastered his first word, before Granada yielded, Lorenzo died, Columbus sailed, and the Holy College, guarded by armed men, chose the vilest churchman of Christendom as its supreme head.

Six years of his life passed by, and the youngest son of Loyola, handsome, intelligent, proud, ambitious, was already destined to the life of a courtier, and given as a page to Ferdinand the Catholic, when that same overbearing monk,

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Savonarola, who had refused absolution to the chief of Florence unless he would restore freedom to his country, and all that he had usurped from them to his neighbours, stood forth against the abominable Borgia, and on the birthday of his Saviour proclaimed it as a revelation made to him from God, that he was not to obey the corrupt see of Rome. Men looked on admiring, and fancied the day of retribution had come. Not yet; this was but the first blush of its morning, and their admiration and fancy died with the unhappy Dominican, whose weak recantations, a year later, were mingled with the hissing of his blood on the coals which were consuming him. The day was not yet; the great champions were not ready; the little Martin was now a stout scholar of fifteen, singing for bread at Magdeburg and Eisenach; Ignatius, a boy of seven, was waiting on his most Catholic Majesty.

Years pass away; vast events, to our eyes vague and ghost-like, flit across the stage of European history. Spain and France — mighty burglars — agree to enter, and divide the booty of Naples; they enter it, quarrel, and Spain remains mistress. Charles is born, heir to Austria, and Aragon, and Burgundy, and Castile. Cæsar Borgia rages like a wolf through the whole centre of Italy. Venice, that mighty monster of the sea, contends with Turkey, France, the Emperor, the Pope, the Duke of Ferrara, the Marquis of Mantua, and Ferdinand of Aragon; and yet, though the ocean is red with her blood, lives and fights on. The Pope Borgia dies, — dies of his own poison-cup, prepared for another, but seized on thoughtlessly by himself after riding on a warm day; he and Cæsar both drink; the latter outlives it, being plunged by his physicians into the warm and reeking entrails of a mule; but the father is too gross, and dies, and the armed head of Julius fills his place.

Amid all this confused hubbub, Luther sits quietly at Erfurt, studying his Thomas Aquinas, his Cicero and Virgil, but above all, when once found, David, and Isaiah, and John, and Paul, and Jesus. Quietly he sits there, his half-muttered exclamations of delight hardly audible in that world of contest and dispute; and yet within him is preparing matter with noise enough in it to make all Europe rock. Little Charles of Spain, heir to so many thrones, a lad of some three years old, never once suspects, as he plays with

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his golden tassels, that so much trouble for his future life is preparing in the centre of Germany. But so it was ordained; by study, by sickness, by the murder of his friend, by the lightning of heaven, Luther is led on, forced on, till we see him, in the night-time, knocking for admission at the hermit-house of St. Augustine. The Saint admits him, bestows his own name upon him, and, to uproot the pride of his heart, sends him forth to beg bread of his old friends. He is not merely in Augustine's house, and bearing the name of Augustine; but the writings of the old African become, by intense study through ten years, first at Erfurt, then at Wittenberg, his key to the Bible, to life, and to his own heart. The greatest doctor of the Roman Church becomes, in Luther's hands, its deadliest enemy.

We look elsewhere, and find that the boy Ignatius had chafed at his pacific duties as a page, and, under Don Antonio Manrique, has long since become a soldier. When Luther went to Wittenberg, Ignatius was a lad of seventeen, gay, brave, and gallant; when Luther struck his first blow at the Church theology, Loyola was a daring and devoted soldier of twenty-five. Handsome and vain, without any other moral guide than honor and good feeling, beloved by his followers, admired by the courtiers, with a taste for poetry, and absorbed in the pursuits of war and pleasure, there is hardly a man in Europe who seems less likely to do battle with the bull-necked Augustinian of Saxony. Five years more pass by, and, in 1521, the monk stands before the Imperial Diet at Worms, the eyes of Europe fastened upon him; far off, looking down from the towers of Pampeluna on the pleasant plain about it, and across to the steep mountains which rise on every side, the soldier, unseen by Europe, waits the coming of the French army under Esparre. There are few troops in the town, and they are determined to surrender. Ignatius, a mere looker-on, without command, scolds and persuades to no purpose; he retires into the citadel, followed by one soldier. The commander of the citadel also wishes to surrender, and Loyola opposes him. A conference is held with the French, and Loyola, to break it off, becomes violent and insulting; the French, angry at his conduct, leave the meeting; and now they must fight. As a volunteer, he leads the van, and is the soul of the little garrison. The French guns have thrown down the wall,

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and Ignatius is in the gap; hot, and fierce, and obstinate is the contest. Suddenly, the self-made leader falls, his right leg broken by a cannon ball, his left torn by a splinter. The contest is over, and the flag of France waves above the high walls and narrow streets of the capital of Navarre.

There were two castles in Europe, which, in that year, 1521, held strong men, engaged in fierce internal struggles; the one was the Waldburg, overlooking the blue mountains and the Thuringian plains; the other, Loyola, from which, perhaps, across the vales and hill-sides, the eye might catch a glimpse of the sea of Biscay. In the former sat Luther, doubting, dyspeptic, "uttering cries like a woman in travail"; his mind and pen never resting, his great heart corroding in solitude, the enemy of God and man torturing and mocking him. In vain he sang the songs he had sung at Eisenach; in vain he leaned against the oak and listened to the nightingale; in vain he gave his whole soul to the task of reviving a vase of violets which the snow had caused to droop, and wept like a child over one that defied his power. His soul was at ease only in the busy struggle of the world, and in his "Patmos" did but grow more bitter against all opponents. In the other castle lay Ignatius, lame, sick, hopelessly deformed. His broken limb had been set unskilfully, and he caused it to be fractured again; a bone projected near the knee, and he made the surgeons cut it off, scoffing at the agony; the leg was still too short, and he stretched himself on the rack to lengthen it. It was all in vain; he was hopelessly deformed. How bitter to the young courtier, the handsome soldier, were those words, — hopelessly deformed! The light of life was eclipsed, and the music of praise was silenced for ever.

Thin and pale, with lips grown white from suffering, and eyes too proud to weep, but dull with dead hopes, Loyola lay waiting the administration of the eucharist. It was the vigil of the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, and the medical attendants said he could hardly live till morning. The priest came, and the mysterious wafer was given to the dying man. But before his dying sight still flitted the forms of enemies he had slain, and ladies he had loved; he had eaten of the body of Christ, but was far from being filled with his spirit. The night wore on; the relatives, one by one, retired; with failing vision Ignatius watched the fan-

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tastic figures on the tapestry, as they moved with the mountain wind, until, to his faint brain, they seemed like living men. Old, familiar faces smiled or scowled on him; at moments he remembered the rite just administered, and then he thought of the holy men whose festival was to come on the morrow. Again he lost all consciousness, and then, recovering himself, asked if it was death or sleep. Such intervals became more and more frequent; he was then passing away, and with cold lips he tried to fashion a prayer to Jesus, to Paul, to Peter. His lips ceased moving, his eyes closed; the watchers by his side, worn out, dozed in silence. The wind stirring the forest boughs, and the tread of the sentinel, were the only sounds heard in the castle. At that hour, to the unconverted soldier, whose heart beat so wearily, appeared the majestic form of an old man, whose quick, kind eye filled with tears as he gazed upon him. "I am Peter," said the old man, "and I am sent of God to heal and save thee." He touched Ignatius with his hand, and then, turning, passed the watchers, who waked not, though his garments swept their feet, — and disappeared. Daylight stole over the Pyrenees, and the watchers of Loyola wakened like guilty men, and crept to the bed-side to see if he still lived. Calmly breathing, with placid brow, and cheeks no longer drawn by pain, the Heaven-rescued man slept as one to whom health has come again. His heart was no longer weary, no longer wholly given to the world; the Apostle had driven out disease, and planted the germ of that faith which was to develope into Jesuitism.

The germ, — it was but the germ, — and the great enemy, tired of buzzing about Luther's ears in vain, strove hard to root out what the Apostle had planted. The lame, but now convalescing man, as he lay there hour after hour, day after day, thinking of the future, grew nervous and impatient, and longed to be amused. They searched the castle for novels; there was not one that he had not read again and again. Those old chivalric romances had been his Bible for many a day; his faith, and thence his life, had been shaped by them; from them he had drawn that spirit of gallantry and war, which had sustained him thus far, and was, under new forms, to sustain him through yet greater contests, and to lead him to greater victories. They brought him "The Lives of the Saints," St. Benedict, St. Dominic, and St.

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Francis ; these, at least, he had never read. How he turned the book over, and glanced it through in utter despair, is not written, but is none the less sure. Then the remembrance of his dream, or of the actual visit of St. Peter, — he knew not which to think it, — came over him, and his eye caught the account of the miraculous conversion of St. Francis. He read it through with care, read it again, and a third time. He thought of his own past life, of his miraculous cure, of the impossibility that he should thenceforth be a soldier, of the conquests which the holy men, whose written lives lay before him, had effected, of the work yet to be done, of the field yet white with the harvest. His eye kindled with a new hope, his hollow cheek flushed with the fever of a new ambition, and turning to the beginning of the volume which a few hours before seemed so tedious, he read it with his heart. Then rose the curtain from that dark future over which he had brooded so long ; he saw God's purposes in his wounds and sickness ; he knew why he had been torn from the war-saddle, and stripped of his manly beauty. He was a chosen vessel ; God had great objects in store for him ; he might regain the Holy Land, the Lord's sepulchre, Calvary, and Bethlehem, not, like the old crusaders, with an arm of flesh, but by the omnipotence of spiritual power. Who can tell what visions passed before the mind of the warm-blooded Spaniard, as, with many struggles and relapses, — by prayer, and reading, and silent thought, — he became the soldier of Christ ; threw up his allegiance to Charles and to Spain, and bound himself to God and the whole earth ; quenched for ever his cherished love "for a noble lady of the court of Castile," and devoted himself to her who is indeed greater than countess or duchess, even to Mary the Virgin ?

His friends saw the change, and guessed the cause. His brother urged him to remember his renown, his warlike genius, and "to do nothing foolish." Ignatius answered little, discussed nothing, promised nothing, wavered not at all. He, who had been stretched on a rack to lengthen his leg, would not be easily turned aside from the redemption of a world. He was now well, and one day proposed to ride over to Navarreta to see Manrique, his instructer and companion in arms. With two servants he quitted his home ; how calm outwardly, how full of fire within, we may imag-

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ine. We can almost see him turning his horse, as he ascends the last hill that overlooks Loyola, and while his servants on their mules jog along under the oaks and chestnuts, we can observe his lips move as he bids farewell for ever to home, friends, wealth, fame, and pleasure, and with iron will binds himself to poverty, chastity, pain, self-denial, and reproach. He visited Manrique, sent back his servants, and pursued his way alone across the peninsula to Montserrat.

There was at that time in the monastery of Montserrat a Frenchman, John Chanones, who had been long a man of the world and distinguished in it; but the Holy Spirit had called him, and he sat on the mountain, chief-confessor of the pilgrims who flocked thither. One evening, there came to him a man richly dressed, with the manner of a knight, and, though thin and feeble in appearance, wholly unlike the common people who thronged to his confessional. The holy father listened to his words, which were those of an agonized soul. His confession would be long and trying; he had written it, he said, that he might omit nothing, and asked leave of the priest to commence on the morrow. He did so, and for three days, upon his knees, interrupted only by his own sighs and lamentations, did Ignatius pour into that sympathizing ear the tale of his sins, his sufferings, his conversion, his purposes, his temptations, and his fears. Well versed himself in the dangers of the world, the confessor listened with feeling, and answered with wise words. He showed Loyola how Satan slips into the very act of conversion, and prompts the half-saved soul to spiritual pride; he pointed out the true life for the penitent to pursue, and the dangers he would need especially to guard against; he sketched for him the varying features of the Evil One, so that he might know them even when they came before him in the guise of an angel's countenance.

Strengthened and purified, Ignatius left his weary post on the third evening, and, going forth, sought out the meanest beggar of the place, and bestowed upon him his rich apparel, clothing himself in the coarse gown and simple sandals of a common pilgrim. His sword, however, was still by his side, retained there, that, in due time, it might be dedicated to his holy mistress. That night, the devotee who rose, as the clock tolled twelve, to pray before the altar of the Virgin, was startled to find there a man pacing to and

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fro, as the young candidate for knighthood was accustomed to do before admission to his order. In a pilgrim's dress, but with the bearing of a soldier, and carrying in his hand a knight's sword sheathed, this solitary figure walked there before the altar, or knelt, or stood gazing upward, muttering prayers, or talking in low tones to himself, from midnight till early morning. He then hung the sword upon a pillar near the shrine, for the last time dedicated himself to the service of Our Lady, received the communion, and on foot, with bare head, sought concealment in the hospital of Manresa, until the port of Barcelona should be opened, and the way to the Holy Sepulchre lie clear before him.

Meanwhile, the great warfare with the flesh and the Devil was to be maintained; so he girt himself with an iron chain, put on a shirt of hair, fasted on bread and water, or, if he ate herbs, sprinkled them with ashes, slept upon the ground, and thrice a day applied the scourge to his flesh. Seven hours of every twenty-four he spent upon his knees in prayer; to wound his pride, he begged from door to door; and to confound that personal vanity which had so long ruled him, he made himself revolting to the sight, so that the children stoned him in the streets. But at this very time, a report spread in the village, that the loathsome beggar was a grandee of Spain, and men began to look on him with altered eyes, and met him as if he had been a saint. The Great Tempter came, too, and whispered, that, if he would only return, changed and sanctified as he was, to his old haunts, the court and camp, he would be able to reform and regenerate them. But Ignatius knew the features of the deceiver, and, plying his scourge with redoubled force, shouted, "Away from me, Satan!" and for a time he fled. Then he came again, in a new form, and despondency stole over the heart of the weakened devotee; but again he was recognized and foiled. A third time he came, and whispered in a voice of kindness words of comfort. Why should this penitent fear to die? Was he not saintly in his sufferings and self-mortification? Was he not approved and beloved of God and Jesus? Angels seemed to descend and invite him to paradise. But the enthusiast was even here a match for the tempter. He called to mind all his sins anew, exaggerated them, dwelt on them, made men sit by him and recite them in his ears, until the false heaven and the fallen angels vanished.

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Words cannot picture the mental condition of Ignatius Loyola during that period of his life. We may call him fanatical, mad, hypocritical, perhaps; but call him what we will, he was training his nature to endurance and labor such as few men have ever encountered. To form any just opinion of what he was, however, we should study his "Spiritual Exercises," composed chiefly at this time, in 1522. In them shines forth the most marvellous compound of extravagance and good sense, of the wildest enthusiasm and the calmest wisdom, of intense, heart-rending passion, and deliberate meditation. His life was a similar compound. He united then, in a manner which has characterized his order to this day, overwhelming impulses with the coolest judgment, manifested in adapting means to ends.

The parallel between Loyola as he was in 1522, and Luther as he was when at Erfurt, sixteen years earlier, which has been run by Ranke and D'Aubigné, we regard as entirely unjust; for when we consider, that Luther's struggles with himself arose from the action of conscience and intellect, were waged by means of his intellect, and terminated in a doctrine, — while Loyola's came from conscience and a past life of wrong-doing, went on by the instrumentality of imagination and feeling, and resulted in a new life, we see no ground for any comparison between the two. Luther's whole process, which, we repeat, led him to a doctrine, and not to the Reformation, was characterized by those features, both good and evil, which distinguish Protestantism, and Loyola's by those which are peculiar to Catholicism; and any parallel between the two men is but a comparison of the two faiths which they embodied, and addresses itself to prejudice, and not to fair judgment.

At length the plague ceased, and the port of Barcelona was opened. Loyola embarked for Italy, followed by the prayers and blessings of thousands; for he had become known far and wide, had preached and exhorted to the conversion of many, and was already sainted in hundreds of warm and pure hearts. He went to Rome to receive the Pope's blessing, thence to Venice to embark, and on the 31st of August, 1523, landed at Jaffa. When Ignatius reached the Holy Land, with his heart burning to convert the infidel Turks, and rescue the sepulchre of Jesus from pollution by rescuing those who polluted it from Moham-

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med, Luther, on his part, was just commencing, in defiance of the Elector, now trembling under the hand of death, his warfare upon the mass, "the sacrilege of Tophet." "Ketha," not yet his, and, indeed, hardly over the tremor which she felt as she left, with her companions, the monastery of Nimptsch, looked on admiring from the house of the burgomaster of Wittenberg. Luther triumphed; the dean, frightened by the reformer's bulls, ordained the cessation of the great Catholic sacrifice in the church of All Saints, on Christmas day, 1524. The monastery, too, at that time, was no longer a home for monks, but had become the property of the University; and Catharine Bora was beginning to think, that she might yet be the wife of the great reformer.

Luther triumphed, but not so Loyola. His bright dreams of converting the heathen were all dispelled by the absolute command of the Pope's representative in Jerusalem, that he should return forthwith to Europe. The Franciscan little knew to what a proud heart he spoke; his easy eye saw nothing of the struggle in the enthusiast's breast, as he bent without one word to the authority of the Church, resigned his new ambition, crushed his new hopes, and forgot his disappointments in a long, last gaze upon the miraculous footprints of Jesus on the Mount of Olives. Five months after he landed at Jaffa, Ignatius was again in Europe; and when Luther, on the 11th of June, 1525, went up with his bride to the house of Amsdorff to receive the nuptial benediction, Ignatius was studying Latin among little children in the grammar school of Barcelona. He had been led to think, as he returned from Palestine, that, to convert others, he must himself become wiser, a linguist and a theologian; and there he sat, with difficulty mastering the rules of Latin syntax, while the heart of Europe stood still with dismay at the Insurrection of the Peasants. There he sat, studying, contending with the Evil One, who for ever drove out his Latin verbs with Spanish prayers; or waited on the sick in the hospitals; or preached to those of evil lives; or won to the Church the innocent who were yet beyond its fold; a saint in the eyes of many, and gifted with divine power, but among the last one would even then have selected to meet the triumphant monk who had worsted popes, emperors, and kings.

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At the end of two years, he went to Alcala to study philosophy, followed by three disciples, to whom a fourth was added at that place. And he studied philosophy, not in Aristotle and Thomas Aquinas, — who were not much more to his taste than to Luther's, — but in the highways and hovels, in prisons and by the side of dying men, now among the dissolute students, and now amid a group of little children; he studied and he taught, and to such purpose that men thought him a magician, or at least a heretic. The ears of the Inquisition were at that time wide open, for the din of the Lutheran battle drove away sleep; even Spain was menaced, and every suspected man was watched with countless eyes. The abominable practices of Loyola and his disciples, which consisted mainly in doing ten times as much good as the priests, looked very like heresy, and quietly, but speedily, inquisitors from Toledo passed to Alcala. The whole life of Ignatius was examined, but neither magic nor heresy was found in it; and in silence the terrible inquirers sped back again, only requiring of the accused, through the Vicar-General, to go no more barefoot, — no very severe sentence for that tribunal.

But Satan, who had so long been trying to corrupt Loyola, all to no purpose, was bent upon trying what danger and suffering could do; and it was not long before a new accusation arose, of such a character as caused the Vicar-General to cast him into prison, where he lay many weeks, and when proved wholly innocent, he was released with the injunction, that he should give up preaching under penalty of excommunication. This was on the 1st of June, 1527. The sufferings of poor Loyola were now complete. Six years ago, all worldly honor and power were torn from him, and he gave them up without a sigh; two years later, the haughty Franciscan of Palestine demanded the abandonment of hopes and plans that were deep in his heart, and he abandoned them instantly; and now he is bidden, by one who speaks almost with divine authority, to give up what he had so long believed the voice of the Almighty required him to exercise.

It was a trial even for a saint's faith and patience. With reverence he remonstrated, and was sharply answered, that he should not preach novelties. "I did not think," said he, raising his calm, devout countenance, and looking the Vicar-

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General full in the face, "I did not think, that to preach Jesus Christ was a novelty among you. I appeal to the Archbishop." If Luther, who, far off in Germany, was at that moment, perhaps, struggling in great agony with temptation, sickness, and despair, had been near when Loyola spoke those words, he would assuredly have welcomed him as a fellow-laborer.

The Archbishop of Toledo, to whom he appealed, advised him to go to Salamanca, which he accordingly did. But Satan was there before him, and no sooner did he commence teaching the people than he was once more cast into prison, where he stayed twenty-two days. As no fault could be found in him, however, by his judges, save that he preached rather too well, they were forced to set him free, though forbidding him to preach even orthodox doctrines, until he had read a course of divinity. Here again, as at Alcala, the voices of God and of the Church seemed opposed; in vain did the enthusiast try to reconcile them; obey he dared not, and disobedience would but expose him to the dungeon again, and close his lips and his mission. But Loyola was not a Hamlet, to waste his life in trying to reconcile opposing duties. He cut the knot he could not loose, and turning his back on Spain, in mid winter, alone, —for his disciples, too, left him at this juncture, —he passed the Pyrenees in safety, through storms, and snow, and bands of robbers, and early in February, 1528, stood looking down on the tall houses and narrow streets of Paris, from the heights of Montmartre. Thirty-seven years of his life had now passed, and seven of his regenerated existence; — and there he stood, alone, without a friend in the vast city below him, with but a little money, given him by some compassionate people in Barcelona, and in the character of a mere student; for his only object in Paris was to procure a proper education. Strangers from England and from Italy brushed by him as he meditated, and talked of the application which it was rumored Henry was about to make to the Pope for a divorce from Catharine; of the reported alliance between the English king and Francis against the Emperor; of the devastation of Rome since its fall the May previous; and of the horrors of its pillage, which, after nine months' occupation by the Spaniards and Germans, had not even then ceased. Their words fell on Loyola's ear, but

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made no impression. His mind was filled with the single thought of becoming the spiritual regenerator of the immense multitude moving at his feet; his projected life of poverty, labor, and religious instruction became more and more clearly revealed to him, and, before he returned to the Hospital of St. James for the night, the work of the morrow, of many morrows, was determined for him. Placing the little fund he had in a companion's hands for safe keeping, he begged his bread from door to door; he pursued his study of Latin at Montaigne College; and having obtained a hold upon some young Spaniards, proceeded with them through the "Spiritual Exercises," described by him six years before, and persuaded them to sell all they had, to give their money to the poor, and to beg with him enough to support life. But these young men had friends, who looked on all this as madness, and tried to persuade them to come back to common sense; failing in this, they seized and withdrew them by force from the company of Ignatius, and denounced him, as a dangerous seducer of youth, to Ori, the inquisitor, who ordered him to appear and explain his conduct.

But Loyola had for a time left Paris. The friend to whom he had confided his money had proved a rogue, and having spent part, had run away with the remainder. He reached Rouen, there fell sick, and was at last brought to great want and suffering. In this emergency, he wrote to Loyola, and at the moment that the inquisitor summoned the Spanish enthusiast before him as a criminal, he was toiling on his way to Rouen to aid the poor wretch who had robbed him; and before he returned to stand his trial, at the call of the representative of the dread tribunal, he had, by asking alms, obtained enough to procure the repentant wrong-doer a passage to Spain. He returned, was tried, and acquitted.

During seven years, Loyola remained in Paris. His life there was one of poverty, struggle, patient toil, and earnest study. It was the life that had been revealed to him during that first evening on Montmartre; to which hill he frequently retired for prayer and meditation. Into the details of that life we have not room to enter. To reclaim the sinful was one of his chief aims, and no suffering, no labor, deterred him from it. Having long tried to turn one from licentiousness by reason and persuasion, he at length placed himself one evening by the side of the road along

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which the offender was to pass, plunged to the neck in a half-frozen pond; and as the young man came near, there was heard, as from the earth, a voice picturing God's punishment for sin. Startled by such sounds in the partial darkness, the youth trembled and stopped. "It is I," said Ignatius; and, as the terrified and conscience-stricken man crept to the water's edge and peered through the gloom at him, he continued, "And here will I suffer, O sinner, for your sins! Go, gratify your lust."

But his darling purpose was the realization of that dream which for ten years had haunted him, — the reclaiming of Palestine; and he proceeded to enlist disciples to aid him in the work. Through six long, silent years he labored, and for every year could count one convert. It was in February, 1528, that he reached Paris; in August, 1534, in the subterranean chapel of Montmartre, Ignatius, Xavier, Laynez, Salmeron, Bobadilla, Rodriguez, and Faber, bound themselves to the conversion of the infidels of Palestine, or, if they were not permitted to go thither, then to go whithersoever the Vicar of Jesus should send them.

But while, with the enthusiasm of Jesuits, they bound themselves by that memorable vow, with the calm good sense of Jesuits, also, they deferred the execution of their purpose for two years and a half, in order to complete their studies. When Loyola himself went to Spain, early in 1535, it was with the understanding, that his disciples would meet him in Venice, in 1537.

This act of Ignatius, his separation from his disciples for two years, and return home after an absence of fourteen years, we regard as one of the most characteristic of his life. It shows his coolness, his confidence, his power over his companions, his justice, and his self-command, in the clearest manner. Any but a master-mind, which, after so many years of fruitless toil, found itself on the brink of apparent success, would have urged immediate action, and have watched the new converts with jealous eyes, lest they should have forgotten all the past in dreams of the future. Loyola delayed the execution of his cherished scheme, left his disciples to the snares and dangers of Paris and the world, and turned his steps homeward, to repair, before he left Europe for ever, the wrongs of his youth in his native neighbourhood. He reached that neighbourhood, and took

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up his abode at a hospital in Aspeytia, near by the castle of his fathers. To that castle, however, he was asked in vain. In vain was he tempted by rich meats, sent from it to his hospital; he distributed them among the poor. He preached on the open hill-side to the thousands that flocked to hear him; he founded charities; he broke up the gaming-houses; he stripped, by his eloquence, the rich ornaments of the women from their heads; and publicly asking pardon of one to whom, when young, he had done a wrong, gave him two farms as a partial compensation for what he had suffered. It was no wonder that such a man, in that age and land, was able "to do what he pleased"; and was followed, almost worshipped, as a miracle-working saint. Having in this manner bidden farewell to his birthplace, about the end of 1535 he repaired to Venice, there to await his companions.

They came, earlier than was anticipated by some weeks, on the 8th of January, 1537. This they did because of the war then raging between France and the Emperor. When they reached the place of embarkation, though they found their leader there prepared to set forward to the Holy Land, the way was barred by the contest between the Turks and Christians, which continued through that year. Loyola, we say, was ready to go forward; during the year which he had passed in Venice, new views had, probably, been unfolded to him; but he had not in the least abandoned his determination to aim first at the rescue of that land where Jesus taught and died. During that year, he had become acquainted, had lived and labored, with Gianpietro Caraffa, afterwards Paul the Fourth, the chief of the Theatines, and one of the most eloquent, violent, self-willed, self-sacrificing, in short, thoroughly *Roman* Catholic, rulers by whom the Universal Mother was ever governed. From him Loyola caught something, but not much; and even in receiving this, he refused so much more, that he made the future Pope his enemy; so openly his enemy, that, when the missionaries for Palestine thought proper to ask the ruling pontiff for his blessing on their enterprise, it was judged best by Ignatius, that he should not be one of those who were to ask it. That blessing, through the good offices of Peter Ortiz, who represented the injured Catharine of England at the court of Rome, was given; and those who were yet laymen having been ordained as priests, they waited

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for the new year to open the way to Palestine. If it was not open by the close of the year, then their vow bound them to follow the Pope's behests. They waited, not in idleness and luxury, but in hospitals, prisons, and hermit-cells. Labor and suffering, self-denial and self-sacrifice, were not words and resolutions, but acts, with those men.

But they waited in vain; the path was closed, and now another career opened before them. It was at Vicenza that Ignatius met his companions, who had been scattered through various cities on their deeds of mercy. Forty years of constant effort and exposure had matured the expression of that calm, commanding countenance, upon which not a shade of disappointment or regret could be seen, as he announced the failure of the great purpose of his life. When he bade the castle of Loyola farewell in 1522, tears stood upon his cheek; when he abandoned Palestine, his lip trembled; when tyrannized over at Alcala and Salamanca, his eye flashed fire; but years had done their work, and in the spirit of true faith and resignation, he now pointed out to his followers the way which God had opened for them. It was not Palestine, but the whole wide world, that was to be their field; it was not the Mohammedans, but all heretics, all pagans, all sinners, whom they were to convert and bring into the fold of the Saviour. As he spoke, the visions of his youth returned upon Loyola; he saw again, as at Manresa, the opposing camps of Jesus and Satan; he heard again that voice of divine melody, which had so often given him strength in his trials, and saw Mary herself smile upon him. "Brothers," he said, with the calmness of confirmed strength, "brothers, we are 'The Company of Jesus'; he is our Captain, and, battling under him, we will drive back the heretics of Germany, and carry the gospel to the farthest East, and to the new-found heathen of the West." They listened as to a prophet; they felt the presence of Jesus in the midst of them, sanctioning the words of their elder brother; they received the spirit of faith which enabled them to fulfil the prophecy.

Ignatius, Laynez, and Faber went at once to Rome, to offer the services of the Company to the Pope. The others divided themselves among the Universities of Italy, to aid the youth in the pursuit of heavenly wisdom. They bound themselves to live in hospitals, and upon alms; to receive

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no money; to preach with apostolic plainness; to teach children; to aid all men; and to obey one another in turn.

The chief and his two companions were received with kindness at Rome; their works had gone before them. Ignatius became the spiritual director of some aged and distinguished men; the others were appointed to teach in the University. From that time, Rome became the residence of the founder of the Jesuits; sometimes in disgrace, sometimes persecuted, once tried, and through perjury almost condemned, he still labored to assist the suffering, and to perfect the outline of that order which it was now agreed should be founded by the members of the Company of Jesus. The spirit had been breathed into them at Vicenza, the form was taken at Rome; and after long examinations and debates, after prayer and fasting on the part of the comrades, and struggles to resist them on the part of those who feared all change, it was at last approved by the Holy Father on the 27th of September, 1540. In that year, the cause of Luther received two wounds: the bigamy of Philip of Hesse, half-sanctioned by the Reformers; and the foundation of the "Society of Jesus."

The order being sanctioned, a general was to be chosen, and rules or constitutions were to be formed. It could not be that any other than Loyola would be chosen general, and though he resisted the choice, it was clear that his resistance must yield. At length, on Easter day, 1541, he acquiesced in the unchanging wish of his followers. On the following Friday, this now triumphant enthusiast, who for twenty years had labored for that day, walked with his little band through the streets of Rome, visited the seven churches, received and gave the communion, took the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and bound himself and his brethren to go wherever the Pope should order, and to teach little children the Christian doctrine. To this last duty Ignatius at once devoted himself, and through forty days the church of Santa Maria de Strata was filled with curious and awe-struck listeners; — the noble, the rich, the beautiful, learned divines, and venerable teachers, were there, catching with eagerness the broken Italian of the Spanish saint, as he expounded the catechism to the children about his knees. Some sneered, but for the most part men and women wept, or smiled through their tears, as they

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heard the heart-felt, heart-reaching accents of him who had studied divinity so profoundly in the great school of life.

Nor did the active benevolence of Loyola prove less when he possessed power, than when he was borne down by poverty and weakness. He still visited the prison, the sick-bed, and the poor man's hovel; he labored to convert the Jews, to reclaim the vicious, and to ward off danger from those yet uncorrupted. He founded institutions and asylums in pursuance of his designs; but the two great objects of his life thenceforward were, to complete the Constitutions of his society, and to fulfil the weighty duties which devolved upon him as its first general.

The Constitutions of Loyola are worthy of deep study; they unfold his plans, and reveal his spirit. They should be investigated by every student of associated action, and in many points we believe they are worthy of imitation. Let us examine them a little. The purpose of his order was, to fight the battles of Jesus, and to conquer the enemy of Christ and man. His followers were to do this first in themselves, and then in others; remembering, that every blow struck for another's salvation helped to secure their own, provided the act was done in the spirit of Christian love. To attain these two ends, self-sanctification and the good of others, Ignatius saw that there was needed less of solitary contemplation, and more of active labor and benevolence, than was to be found in the other orders of Christendom. He saw, too, that the true field for action was education, in its widest sense; and that the instruction and edification of the young especially was the best method of securing a hold upon the adult population of the world. With equal clearness, he perceived the immense advantage to be gained by occupying those portions of the world, which as yet lay in heathen darkness. The faith of the Western Church was truth to him; the cause of that Church was the cause of Christ; and to spread its power was to spread the power of the gospel. In farther India, in remote Peru, he would lay foundations broad and deep for the Church to rest upon securely, even when, in Europe, the earth rocked under her. With these two great instruments, the education of the young and the conversion of the heathen world, he would combine the power derived through the confessional, and the moral influence growing out of self-sacrificing charity. Aid-

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ed by these, he knew his followers might preach to good purpose, and lay hold of the springs of life in their hearers. But how could men be found capable of such labors as were to be required even of the privates in that Company of Jesus? They were to be *made;* to be made at once perfectly obedient and perfectly self-sustaining. They were not to be machines, but men, — and yet men acting with the unity, the regularity, the unconsciousness, of the various parts of a machine. They were to give up every thing to the great purposes of the order, and were to pursue those purposes with the devotion due to individual ends. They were to annihilate themselves, and yet develope every faculty and taste to the utmost. They were to combine the characters of the religious recluse, the devoted missionary, the finished scholar, the polished gentleman, and the Christian man of the world; to respect no claims, to regard no rules, which interfered with the purposes of the order; for these were God's purposes, far above all other claims and human regulations.

Such was the problem before Ignatius, to make such men. He and his successors solved it; they made men who, in union, could do more for good or evil than any others the world has ever seen; and who did more good when the true purpose was in view, and more evil when a false one usurped its place. They attained success, first, by choosing the right material, and rejecting every one who might begin, but could not go through, the trial. Whoever entered the order was tried like the musket at the armory, and only those who were beyond all question were kept. Secondly, he who entered the society was to abandon every thing beyond it; to hold no converse with the world, except under a superior's eye; to hate father, and mother, and all, for the sake of Jesus. Thirdly, the whole course of education for the order was calculated, like that of a military school, to secure perfect obedience, — that peculiar loss of individuality which is seen among soldiers, with whom the corps is every thing, and the man is nothing. Fourthly, exercises were contrived which caused each member to learn his own resources and rely upon them, — to cultivate and know every power he possessed. The Jesuits were like an army drilled to the last degree in unity of action, and yet so that every man among them could sustain the duties of a partisan warrior. And fifthly, the discipline which was to devel-

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ope the youth into a Jesuit continued until the habits of life were fixed and hardened, not to be changed.

But Loyola saw that all must not be of one rank, or bound to the same duties. He established, therefore, four grades; first, professed fathers, bound to live by alms, and to go on missions; secondly, spiritual coadjutors, without individual property, but provided for by college revenues; these were the instructers; thirdly, the scholars, or Jesuits in the process of development; and fourthly, the temporal coadjutors, who retained their property, and assisted without recompense in the administration of the society. At the centre of this body sat the general, receiving, as through electric telegraphs, news from every quarter; a despot, whose will seemed almost omnipotent, whose eye was on every member in the farthest isles of the Indian sea, and yet who was himself watched and ruled, and who was absolute only within the prescribed circle of his power. If he went beyond that circle, he was warned; and if the warning was disregarded, he might be deposed.

Such are the outlines of those Constitutions, which, with prayer and praise, and, as he believed, under the inspiration of God, Ignatius drew up; which he submitted to the chief men of the society, and left to be approved by the first general congregation that should meet. Into the history of the order we do not propose to enter; but one remark is worthy of a place here, — that the evils of Jesuitism did not appear until the Constitutions had been practically changed, the plan of Loyola violated, and the balance of power overthrown.

Ignatius lived fifteen years at the head of the society which he had founded. He died in 1556, at the age of sixty-five. Luther had died just ten years before. In the latter portion of Loyola's life, we see a man calm and firm as Washington, ruling with the energy and the success of a narrow, but mighty, mind. Obedience was his watchword; he who had obeyed others required others to obey him, absolutely and wholly. He required not only that the conduct and will should comply, but that the mind should deem that course true and right which the superior determined to be true and right. He withstood popes, cardinals, and kings, when they came within his province, as resolutely as Luther, and with far more dignity. He would not allow his follow-

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ers to receive any high office in the Church, but required devotion, entire devotion, to the order they had joined. Novelties he hated and abjured; he was the man of the past, of the ages of blind faith, passive obedience, and pattern excellence; as Luther was the man of the future, of the ages of destruction, and doubt, and disobedience, and progress. Rapidly and widely Loyola saw his order spread. At his death, it existed in fourteen provinces; hundreds of its members were laboring in India, America, and Africa, and millions of souls were under its sway. In the very year that he died, it became fixed at Cologne, at Ingolstadt, and at Prague; and the Protestants, on the field where the Reformation had triumphed, saw themselves surrounded by papal forces far different from the lazy monks whom Luther, and Erasmus, and Hutten warred against.

Then the enthusiast prepared himself to die in triumph. God had granted his prayer, had rolled back the tide of heresy, and won new lands for Christendom. We can see him on that night of the 30th of July, when all had left him, and when, filled with the conviction that his end was close at hand, he bent for the last time before his Maker, giving thanks for the victory which Jesus had secured to his faithful soldiers. And as he looked back and scanned the life of which he was so soon to give an account, his idle youth, his laborious manhood, his successful old age, did Ignatius find himself a hypocrite? Never, we believe, did a man's heart acquit him more entirely of that crime than did Loyola's. He saw his folly, his waste of time, his ill-directed enthusiasm; but he knew that he had sincerely, heartily, laboriously, striven to advance the cause of the Church; and as the body failed, and the remembrance of that other death-night in the ancestral castle, when Peter had appeared to him, rose upon his soul, the calm, stern old man became a visionary youth again. The mountains of his boyhood rose about him; the pebbly brooks he had sat by, reading romances, again gurgled in his ear. The unknown maiden, to whose service he had mentally devoted himself, came by upon her palfrey; his heart was yet young, and far purer than when Peter healed him by a touch. Then, death stood by him, a dreaded and ghastly form from below; now, it was an angel stooping from above to receive him. In his excited mind, the bubbling brook, the maiden's

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laugh, changed to the hymns of blessed spirits, and the form of his early lady-love became that of his true Mistress, before whose altar he had hung up his sword.

Day broke over the Eternal City. It was scarce sunrise, when the fathers came to visit their superior. The color had left his lips, his pulse just moved, but his eye was calm and full of light. They put cordials to his mouth, but he would not taste them. They would have sent for the physicians; but he, by gesture, forbade them. They knelt by his bedside, they heard the death-rattle, and they marked the life leaving the eye. One word his faint lips fashioned, and faintly it echoed through the room, as if spirits had repeated it; it was the name of his Great Captain, "Jesus"; before the echo ceased, Ignatius Loyola had passed to another world.

What, then, was this man? He was one based upon sincerity, above all things; narrow and stationary, fanciful and fanatical, a deep faith still worked in every thing he did and wrote. He was not a man of vast intellect, but of vast energy and courage, and who, without convincing men, obliged them to yield by force of will and nerve of character. His institution was not the result of long meditation and profound ambition, but sprang from circumstances, from the inability of the Companions to reach Palestine, and the experience of their leader during that winter in Venice spent with Caraffa. Its success came from the sincerity of the men who formed it. Less true and devoted, they would have received the honors of the Church; they would have refused such utter devotion to their order; they would have rebelled against the despotic power of the general.

The Constitutions of the Jesuits were less the result of the wisdom of thought, than of the wisdom of devotedness. Laynez was a man of thought, and did much toward perfecting the Constitutions; but their great features were from the soldier Ignatius. The truth of this view will be seen in the history of the order; for when selfishness took the place of self-sacrifice, the Constitutions were changed, the general was stripped of power, and the order was forgotten by its members, as it no longer served to forward their individual ends; the honors of the Church were received, worldliness took the place of sincerity, and Jesuitism was without power.

Lastly, Loyola was a conservative, attached to the past.

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Forms he was ready enough to violate; but the substance of old things, the excellencies of the middle time, he clung to with desperation; and lest he should lose them, he clung also to its follies and its evils. He was a man of one idea, and this idea was, like that of Hildebrand, to bring all things, temporal and spiritual, physical and intellectual, into submission to the will of God, and to the Roman Church. This design may be ascribed to ambition; but look at the life of Loyola up to the year 1538, and where are there plans which show ambition? Yet he had then been laboring sixteen years. And what shall we say of the institution which he founded? The end proposed was one of the highest which man can entertain; for what can be higher than the sanctification of the human race and the spread of Christianity? Though we think Loyola's Christianity was but gross superstition, this judgment cannot affect our estimate of his design. It may be said, also, that the means proposed for gaining the end were admirable, for their efficiency has been attested by their success.

And what may be done by Protestants in this country to stop the growth of Jesuitism? Shall they try to preach or write it down? To vote or burn it down will hardly be openly advocated as the true method. To us the proper course seems to be this; to found better schools, and to seek out more self-sacrificing laborers, more earnest missionaries, more persuasive preachers. Let Protestantism quit scolding, and live out a better Christianity than Romanism and Jesuitism, and these latter cannot succeed. But if they form the church militant, while Protestantism continues to be only the church termagant, the power and the growth will be theirs.

Art. VII. — *Alida; or Town and Country.* By the Author of "Allen Prescott." New-York: Henry G. Langley. 1844. 8vo. pp. 176.

We know not whether we should apply the abused name of Novel to a work like this; for its object is to give just views of life, which the novel has too seldom done. Vivid

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pictures of certain forms of life it has undoubtedly given; but, to the misfortune of our race, the liveliest have frequently been pictures of its least elevated forms, and they have been drawn by those to whom pure and lofty sentiment was an unfathomable mystery. It would be unreasonable to expect that salutary streams should flow from bitter fountains; Jack Sheppard is naturally such a work as Jack Sheppard would have written, had the gibbet failed to claim its due; and the novelists, who would induce us to take the murderer and pirate to our hearts, show very plainly where their own affections lie. Fortunately, mankind are sure in the end to take vengeance on those who would thus mislead them. Every one knows full well what is intended for his benefit, and what is designed merely as an attractive poison; and the certain retribution of neglect, if not of deep aversion, is in store for those who do the appropriate work of evil spirits, in laboring to make the worse appear the better reason, and, by some chemical process of their own, to convert depravity into virtue. It is not necessary to go many fathoms deep in literary history to feel assured of this.

In our own country, happily, the highest talent has been generally found on virtue's side; the tales which will be remembered have been intended to show life as in reality it is, and thus to point out the way of preparation for its business and its duties. When we name Miss Sedgwick's "Home," the reader will be at no loss to ascertain the class of tales to which we here refer; works full of just and true sentiment, whose writers are above the affectations of presenting heroes that never existed, and of describing modes of society they never saw. They do not consider labor to be inconsistent with the dignity of human nature, or mistake wealth and laziness for moral worth; but they endeavour to reconcile men and women to the condition in which Providence has placed them, and teach them to accomplish that for which they were designed by Providence. They write for society as it exists in our own country, at this very day; and they convey lessons which one would be as little likely to find in foreign novels, as to discover in a tropical climate the best modes of averting the severity of a northern winter.

To this class belongs the writer of "Alida." We have

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no hesitation in pronouncing it the work of a lady, because, apart from the information of common rumor, this fact is proclaimed no less by her profound acquaintance with the mysteries of housekeeping, of which men generally know as little as a landsman does of navigation, than by the facility and grace with which she enters into the most delicate traits of female character. Her inventive power is not remarkable, though in this respect there is nothing overstrained, and no deficiency; but in all the other qualities of the writer of fictitious narrative, in the faculty of delineating character with a due regard to the modesty of nature, in purity and grace of style, and in the still more enviable power of enforcing truth of sentiment by unaffected eloquence and pathos, it would not be easy to say by whom she is excelled. Miss Sedgwick is the American writer whom she resembles most; and we are aware that we are uttering no light commendation, when we say, that this work is scarcely in any respect inferior to Miss Sedgwick's happiest efforts in the same attractive line. With a little more experience, she will be inferior to none. In some traits, she reminds us more of Miss Austen, than of any other English writer. She may not be able to execute those daguerrotype likenesses of all manner of men and women, which Miss Austen makes with such marvellous truth and skill, though not without a little slyness, likely to render them as unpalatable to the sitter as are those unhappy portraits "borrowed of the sun." But that admirable writer, though the tendency of her works is always pure, had in view no very elevated moral purpose. She took down the personages around her, as a naturalist impales butterflies; examining them with the most minute and conscientious care, and describing them with great exactness for the edification of mankind. The author of "Alida" has not this microscopic keenness of perception, or this more than Chinese skill in execution; but she sees character in its larger qualities clearly, and, what is better, sees it humanely; with little sensibility to the ludicrous, she possesses that sympathy with other hearts, which teaches one to know them well, and, attracting as it does their sympathies, gives her power for the purposes of good. She will find her way to many hearts; and, inspiring them with those sentiments which mature into sound principles, will be rewarded by the con-

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sciousness, perhaps the best recompense that earth can give, that she has guided others in the way of virtue.

Part of the title of the work is "Town and Country"; and its principal object is to show the favorable influences of the country on the character, as contrasted with those of fashionable life in cities. If we were disposed to take exception, we might, perhaps, find some occasion for it in the partiality of a representation which leads directly to the inference, that those who would excel in virtue must fly from the sidewalk to the field. Most surely, uninterrupted converse with nature is not without its influence in inspiring elevated feelings; and certain it is, that fashionable life does not directly foster such emotions; but we fear that Cowper, when he declared, that "God made the country, and man made the town," expressed rather the sentiment of a heart which shrank from contact with his fellow-men, than that of an unprejudiced one, regarding all things as they really are. A city life is not of necessity a life of self-indulgent pleasure; we apprehend, that many who bear the name of fashionable are exceeded by none in the purity and earnestness with which they do every portion of their duty. External influences, and that is all the author means to say, are less favorable to their moral elevation than to that of many others; but if the disposition be not wanting, there is enough to kindle it, and an ample sphere to fill. For those in whom the disposition is yet to be inspired, the country life may be the best; but we apprehend, that Providence has placed in every form of life inducements enough to virtue, for all who are inclined to find them.

In order to present a few extracts from the work, we must resort to one of those imperfect sketches of the incidents in the story, of a part of them at least, for which those who have not read it, as well as those who have, are not apt to be very grateful. Alida Frazier, the daughter of a prosperous and sensible merchant of New York, is beautiful and full of admirable qualities, but is distinguished from most heroines by the fact, that she is not without faults. She is undisciplined, too obedient to impulse, and very much inclined to have her own will and way. The scene opens with a party at the house of Mr. Hastings, Mr. Frazier's mercantile partner, where Miss Frazier overhears the comments of her friends on the probability that Arthur Dor-

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sey will be the successful candidate for her reluctant hand; and with the usual dignity of young ladies upon such occasions, she resolves that any presumptuous hopes which he may form shall be nipped in the very bud. Miss Weston, an independent single lady, is one of the offenders from whom the unhappy comments came; she is the intimate friend of Mr. Dorsey, and Miss Frazier is greatly exercised by the apprehension, that her father, who is a widower, may be ensnared by the lady's machinations into matrimony. When these clouds have fairly gathered, Mr. Dorsey in an evil hour makes a tender of his hand and heart, both of which are rejected with little ceremony, and he immediately sails for Europe; while the heroine, who has proceeded somewhat hastily in the transaction, begins to find, that blessings brighten as they take their flight. The next personage who appears upon the stage is Mr. William Richards, who comes to New York to establish himself in business. He has letters to Mr. Frazier, and becomes intimate in his family. After a little time, he is attacked by the epidemic of bankruptcy, conducts himself honorably, and procures, by the aid of his friends, a clerkship in a mercantile house in Canton. A letter to Alida, received after his departure, leads her to suppose that she was the object of his secret love; and she reflects, not without remorse, that her conduct may have fed a passion which she is not able to return.

Mr. Frazier has now determined to carry into effect a long cherished project of retiring to a country residence. When announcing this determination to his daughter, he also relieves her mind from all apprehension of Miss Weston's dangerous wiles, by declaring that he would not marry any woman on earth, and that she would not have him were he to ask her. Contrary to his expectations, his daughter readily accedes to the proposed change of life; and Brookside, a village in Massachusetts, is the place selected for their future home; a place which, or the like of which, may be easily seen, though the name has not yet found its way into the gazetteer. The following is the account given of their first entering the village.

"It was at the close of a delicious day in June, that Mr. Frazier and his family entered the village selected for their residence. The arch of heaven was without a cloud. The soft blue of the mid-sky, the roseate hue as the concave declined to meet the

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mountain line which bounded it, and the golden tints which encircled the broad sun as he 'was sinking down in his tranquillity,' were so blended, that the eye could not detect where one was lost in the succeeding. The earth beneath, exhibiting the usual inequalities of New England scenery, was clad in all varieties of verdure, and through the magnificent elms that lined the principal street of the village, peeped out the simple, and often rudely constructed, houses. But summer had thrown her mantle so gracefully round every object, that even these were not unsightly. It was Saturday evening. A rigorous interpretation of Scripture still prevailed in Brookside; and according to their primitive division of time, the Sabbath had begun,—in beautiful accordance with the harmonious coloring, and the few and tranquillizing sounds that fell upon the ear.

> " 'The holy time was quiet as a nun
> Breathless with adoration!'

Alida was at once touched and delighted. It seemed to her a realizing of the prophetic vision,—'A new heaven and a new earth.' She had known nothing of the country except by short excursions in the vicinity of the city; and though the emotions of taste, to which by nature she was disposed, had not been neglected in her education, they had been cultivated chiefly in those artificial modes which affect the imagination more than the heart.

" Mr. Frazier's thoughts, though he responded to Alida's frequent bursts of admiration, were directed principally to different objects.

" 'Yes, very beautiful indeed,' replied he, 'very beautiful. Nature has done her part—her works are always perfect. But see how short man falls of her standard!—see the broken fences—the falling outhouses—the trees unpruned—the houses out of repair—the glazing of the windows replaced by hats and rags!'

" 'But that, papa, only adds to the picturesque; only conceive of a white house, green blinds, and a picket fence, in a landscape!—the coloring of Claude could not save it from burlesque.'

" 'The picturesque!—nonsense!—for a girl of your sense, Alida, I am surprised at such a sentiment. Give me the picturesque in morals, in human happiness! I can see no beauty in poverty and neglect.'

" 'No, not in themselves, certainly; but they may excite the emotion of beauty in relation to the whole.'

" 'No, no, I tell you,' replied Mr. Frazier, impatiently, little disposed to substitute the ideal for the real, 'they excite nothing but disgust, in whole or in part; and for this reason I never see a poor neglected hovel but I connect it with ideas of idleness,

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improvidence, wickedness. We talk of the equal distribution of wealth in our country; and look here, in this paradise, into which you would think nothing evil could enter, even here you see want and discomfort.'

" 'But not necessarily folly or vice. How can we tell but that it may be owing to unavoidable misfortune?'

" 'Yes, that is true,—some of it.'

" 'And to ignorance, papa?'

" 'Still more. But ignorance, though the misfortune of the individual, is often the fault of the community. Woe to those who know and will not teach! Let us, my daughter, escape this condemnation.'

" 'I must learn first myself,' said Alida, laughing, 'before I can teach others.'

" 'So you must, and so must I—we have all need of instruction; the best that can be said of most of us is, that we are willing to learn.' "—pp. 33, 34.

The inconveniences arising from disappointment and delays in the arrangement of their new residence give occasion to several entertaining scenes. Not the least of Miss Alida's perplexities arise from *help*, a word, the meaning of which is feelingly known to most ladies, at least in New England. These circumstances afford an opportunity to the author of displaying a practical good sense, as well as knowledge, upon the subject of the character and manners of the people, which render this portion of the work as instructive as it is amusing. Here follows the trouble with the mason.

"To the joiner again succeeded the mason.

" 'I guess I 'll come to-morrow, and do off that chamber ceiling, ma'am.'

" 'To-morrow! Why not to-day?'

" 'I can't to-day, ma'am, no how; I ha'n't got no float, and besides, I 've broke my hawk; and then, again, I calculate to go to town-meetin' this a'ternoon.'

"Alida would have urged, but it was in vain to strive against the want of tools, and the obligations of a good citizen.

"The man returned as he promised, a rare instance of punctuality!—and the cry of 'mort!' 'mort!' again resounded through the house.

"But Alida trembled for the completion of her work, when she heard the 'tender' say at night, 'I can't come to-morrow, for I 've promised Mr. Thaxton to help him do some ditching—he 's waited a week for me now, and he feels wonderfully!'

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"What 'feeling wonderfully' meant, Alida did not exactly know; but if it signified disappointment, vexation, and perplexity, she was sure that she could entirely sympathize with Mr. Thaxton. A substitute, however, was found; but, again, another inconvenience! to which she submitted even with less grace.

"'Ma'am,' said the mason, 'Squire Tucker wants you to give way.'

"'Give way!' said Alida, repeating, and then, as she supposed, correcting the expression, 'give away what?'

"'For me to do some white-washing for him,' replied the mason.

"What was unintelligible before was now plain enough; and, surprised and displeased at a request which seemed nothing less than impertinent, she exclaimed, 'Why, you are engaged to *me!* and *my* work must then stand still, of course!'

"'Sartin, ma'am; but if you've a mind to give way, you know.'

"'But I have not,' replied she, angrily; and appealed to her father, who, to increase her vexation, evidently hesitated.

"'Why, papa! how can you have any doubt? I never heard any thing so unreasonable!—to expect us to suspend all our business!—the man is absolutely *engaged* to us, till we have completed our work.'

"'That is very true,' replied Mr. Frazier, 'but you can no more monopolize the only mason in the town, than you can the highway. You must, I believe, let him go, and take your reward, or your revenge, whichever you please to consider it, by requiring, in your turn, something quite as unreasonable, as I dare say that, before very long, you will be compelled to do.'

"After nearly innumerable similar delays, they were pronounced 'ready for the painter.' But so was not he for them, though he had been engaged for weeks. After waiting for him in 'confusion worse confounded' a whole fortnight, he drove up in his one-horse wagon.

"'What in the world has kept you so long, Mr. Clark?' asked Alida, impatiently.

"'Why,' replied he, very coolly, and leisurely taking out his kegs, colors, oil-jugs, brushes, a stone on which to grind his paints, his whole establishment, in fact, which he transported from town to town,—'why, ma'am, knowing you could n't be in no hurry, as yours is all inside work, I took this opportunity to paint Mr. Smith's house, in Cartersville.'

"'Opportunity!'—it was too bad!—but what could be done?—he was the only painter in the country, and his finishing touch was indispensable.

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"But this touch completely finished Mr. Frazier's patience, already sufficiently tried by delays and discomforts, inasmuch as he could not for a month come in contact with doors, windows, or wainscoting, without carrying off a portion of the paint." — pp. 36, 37.

The only other character which we have space to introduce to the reader's notice is Lizzy Fay, a beautiful picture of unaffected gentleness and grace. During the severe illness of Alida, she watches over her with untiring kindness, and, on her recovery, remains in the family as a friend. Her unpretending good sense and true principle appear in agreeable relief by the side of the less retiring graces of the city belle. Dorsey returns to visit Brookside; and, from certain circumstances, is believed by Alida to be the lover of Lizzy, or at least to be the object of her love. Lizzy, meantime, who had been engaged to Richards, but had renounced him, from an impression that he had transferred his affections to another, though loving him still, is tormented with a persuasion, that he is now the lover of Alida, and that she is not insensible to his regard. Dorsey has been for years the friend of Richards; but the complicated error is at last unravelled, and it appears that all has proceeded as it should. Mr. Richards is faithful to his earliest love, and Alida, improved and elevated by her country life, reconsiders her former resolution, and cheerfully bestows her hand on Dorsey. There are several episodes, which afford the author an opportunity of describing character with truth and power; we have space only for the death-scene of Clarissa Hawkins, whose affections have been unhappily bestowed on an unworthy object. Lyman, whose name appears in the passage, is a deserving farmer, who has labored with manly generosity to obtain the heart, too deeply wounded by the disgrace and degradation of him to whom it had been early given.

"For some time all was still, — the quiet only broken by the cricket's cry, and the low breathing of the invalid; and Alida, shading the light with her book, endeavoured to exchange her own sad thoughts for brighter ones. By and by a slight movement called her to the bed-side; Clary opened her eyes, knew her, and feebly extended her hand; then, drawing Alida towards her, expressed a wish to speak to her; but requested, first, to be raised. Having been assisted to do so, her emaciation and helplessness were but too apparent; her breathing became oppressed and quick, and Alida feared to see her expire in her arms. The exhaustion, however, was temporary; and, when somewhat re-

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covered, she turned to Alida, and with a feeble voice, and many interruptions, expressed her conviction that her end was fast approaching; commended her mother to her friendship; alluded, falteringly, to the 'poor lost one at Lemmington'; requested that he might be told he had her dying prayers; said that she had no fear of death, but, to the surprise of Alida, expressed a desire to live.

"'To live!' she involuntarily repeated.

"'Yes,' replied Clary, with more firmness. "O, you know not what a teacher Death is! In these few days that I have lain here, just as it were on the edge of life, I have learned more of myself and my duty than ever I knew before. I see myself a selfish, wilful creature, bringing sorrow on all that love me, and why? Just because I could not submit to be crossed.'

"Alida tenderly reminded her of the renunciation and efforts she had made; and that it was not her fault, if a weak body sunk under the conflict; but Clary mournfully shook her head.

"'No,' said she; 'so, indeed, I reasoned, but the clouds are clearing away. Though the mists of death cover my eyes, my mind can see plainer than it did. I 've acted like a petted child. I gave up what I dared not keep; but I only wanted it the more. I was moved as much by fear and resentment as by conscience; and having done what I thought a great thing, I gave myself up to my foolish heart. I hated the light; I loathed my food. Like the rebellious prophet, I said, "It is better for me to die than to live," and I rejoiced to see my flesh waste and my strength fail. But that awful morning, when I was made to see *what* I had set my affections upon! for *whom* I had disregarded father, mother, friends! for *whom* I had kept back my love from Lyman, though I had, in a sort of despair, given him my promise! O, what a sight it gave me of myself! — showing me a poor, blinded, wilful creature, throwing away health, and life, and happiness, just because I had been mercifully restrained from destroying myself. O Miss Alida, if you should ever know any one who sets up her will against the leadings of Providence, and because she can't have every thing just to her mind, will have nothing, tell her of me. Now, when I would live, to be a comfort to my friends, and to atone for my folly, it is too late. The decree is gone forth; and I, who thought I did well to grieve unto death, have got my desire.'

"Exhausted by the effort of speaking, Clary closed her eyes and remained silent, — Alida entreating her to make no further exertion; but, after a short pause, she resumed.

"'It is a relief to me to speak. I cannot say what I would to mother and Lyman, it would make them feel so badly, and that would kill me at once; but when I am gone you can tell them all. But do not let them think that because I have brought de-

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struction on myself, I have no peace in death. O, no! The hope which was early given me has not deserted me. Although a rebellious child, I have not utterly fallen away. I know in whom I have trusted, and that He is able to deliver me. He never yet deserted a poor, repentant, confiding soul, whose hope, though in much infirmity, was yet stayed on Him!'

"Here, with a momentary exultation, Clary raised her face to heaven. Emaciation had given prominence and strength to her formerly delicate features; her eyes were lighted up with a brighter intelligence, and her countenance was irradiated with hope and joy. But the poor diseased body still obstructed the aspiring spirit. A faintness and oppression succeeded, and it was some time before the cordials administered by Alida could restore her. She then sunk again to sleep; but not, as before, undisturbed: low moanings broke from her, and her breathing became quick and laborious. Alida, after vainly waiting, in hope of her obtaining more quiet sleep, became alarmed, and was about to summon Mrs. Hawkins, when she entered; her watchful ear having caught the sounds of suffering. Her distress confirmed Alida's worst fears. It soon became apparent that Clary was fast approaching the final conflict. She was, herself, conscious of it. Fixing her eyes tenderly on her mother, and then laying her hand on her heart, she said distinctly, though with difficulty, 'It is coming; but this is warm yet, mother, — for *you*, — for *all*.' She begged for air, and to be raised; and, while adjusting her pillows, her father, brother, and Lyman, who of late scarcely left the house, entered.

"We are accustomed to see women weep; tears are to them as natural as smiles: but to behold men — men, too, of hardy, apparently unmelting, natures — subdued to the softness of a weaned child, stirs our very hearts. Alida, as she turned from one manly, weather-beaten face to the other, and saw the different shades of feeling, — the bowed-down grief of the father, the turbulent sorrow of the brother, and the deep, speechless woe of the lover, already

"'Heavy with the life-long pang
A widowed spirit bears,'

felt how false and pernicious are the sentiments that would separate us from our fellows; and how good it was to be taught, 'that we have all of us *one human heart*.'

"Clary, though speech and strength fast failed her, endeavoured to express her yet unfailing love. Directing her eye to each, it finally rested on Lyman, and she extended her hand at the same time; with which, as he eagerly took it, she endeavoured to draw him towards her. He knelt down by her side, pressed the little wasted hand to his lips, folded it between his own, as if

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to restore the warmth it was beginning to lose, and then, resting his cheek upon it, turned his fond, despairing eyes to Clary, that he might catch every look. Her mother, seated on the bed, supported her; her apron thrown over her face, as if, in the spirit of the mother of Ishmael, she had said, 'Let me not see the death of the child.' Her brother, trying, but vainly, to check his emotion, leaned against the bed, blinded by tears; or, starting impetuously away, paced with impatient steps the little room, then returned to look and weep again. Her father, grief adding to the respect due to his gray hairs, stood erect at the foot of the bed, with arms crossed behind him; and with eyes occasionally turned from his dying child to heaven, seemed to implore grace to bear the infliction. Clary understood it, and intimated her desire that he would pray for her. He did so, in a broken voice, interrupted by his own emotion, and by the sobs of the rest. His words were few and simple. He thanked God for having given them such a 'pleasant child'; for the years that he had lent her to them; for the early dews of grace that had been distilled upon her. He confessed that they had sinned in their idolatry of her; and acknowledged, that, though, like the patriarch, they had said, 'This same shall comfort us concerning our work and the toil of our hands,' it was just and right that they were afflicted. He implored pardon and peace for her, grace and submission for themselves; that He, who had trod the dark valley for her, would be her light and guide through it; and that they, her bereaved friends, left in a sinful world, might be prepared to follow her.

"The debilitated frame of Clary opposed but feeble resistance. All that love could do, to detain the almost liberated spirit, was done; but although the mandate was mercifully enforced, it was imperative. Her consciousness remained to the last; and, as if anxious to atone to all, by signs and looks of love, she manifested that she thought more of them than of herself. Her respiration became more and more impeded, but attended neither by convulsion nor struggle; and she sunk to rest on the bosom of her mother, with only the faint gasp which often attends the disturbed sleep of an infant.

"A profound silence succeeded the last sigh, which told that the spirit had fled. Mrs. Hawkins, still supporting the lifeless form, turned her eye to the window and then to Alida. A pale light announced the dawn, and she meant to say, 'My Clary's night is also past; but of *her* coming day there shall be no end'; and in the same assured faith, her father said aloud, 'Clary is now wiser than any of us! The Lord's will be done.'"—pp. 157–159.

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ART. VIII. — 1. *The Works of Benjamin Franklin; containing several Political and Historical Tracts not included in any former Edition, and many Letters, Official and Private, not hitherto published; with Notes and a Life of the Author.* By JARED SPARKS. Boston: Hilliard, Gray, & Co. 1840. 10 vols. 8vo.

2. — *The Life of Benjamin Franklin; containing the Autobiography, with Notes, and a Continuation.* By JARED SPARKS. Boston: Tappan & Dennet. 1844. 8vo. pp. 612.

NEARLY forty years ago, the Edinburgh Review, in an article upon a very imperfect edition of Dr. Franklin's works, then just published in London, made the following remarks: — "Nothing, we think, can show more clearly the singular want of literary enterprise or activity in the States of America, than that no one has yet been found, in that flourishing republic, to collect and publish the works of their only philosopher. It is not even very creditable to the liberal curiosity of the English public, that there should have been no complete edition of the writings of Dr. Franklin till the year 1806." The grounds for this reproach were partly taken away, a few years afterwards, by the publication, in London, of William Temple Franklin's edition of his grandfather's works, immediately republished in America, which was tolerably complete, though it still left much to be desired. Not till the appearance of the magnificent edition now before us, can this country be said to have done ample justice to the memory of one whom, as a patriot, statesman, philosopher, writer, and moralist, she has so much reason to honor.

It was fortunate, that the task of preparing this edition, which must supersede all others, fell into the hands of so competent a person as Mr. Sparks. He has executed the work with his usual judgment, diligence, and ability, bringing together all the materials that the most extensive research, both in Europe and America, could supply, and furnishing all the information necessary to explain or illustrate the text, without obtruding himself upon the reader's attention by discursive and useless comments. It is not often, that the patient industry requisite for the completion

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of such a task is united with the extensive information, the clear judgment, and the fine taste and tact, which are needed in order to make the best use of the materials, and to put them together in the most compact and serviceable form. We find a dozen able writers with more ease than one competent editor of such extensive works as the writings of Washington and Franklin. Mr. Sparks has given the best years of his life to the preparation of the long series of volumes, which give the full expression of the life, character, and services of the two persons whose names shed the brightest lustre upon the annals of our young country; and he has reaped his reward by connecting his own reputation indissolubly with theirs. He has been, in some measure, the architect of a monument to their fame, and his own name is justly inscribed with theirs upon the base.

The writings of Franklin, if not of such preëminent and abiding importance for the history of the country as those of Washington, possess a more varied interest than the latter, and offer a wider theme for inquiry and comment. He was eminent in so many different departments of thought and action, and his works relate to so great a variety of topics, that an edition of them requires a great range of illustration, and leads to numerous branches of collateral research. The task of the editor, also, involved some peculiar difficulties. Franklin had all the generous carelessness of a great mind respecting his own reputation. He wrote and labored for particular and immediate ends, and, if these were attained, he cared comparatively little for what his contemporaries or posterity might think of his own agency in the matter. He published anonymously many pamphlets and brief essays on political topics, always to effect some special object, — to correct an erroneous impression, or to make an important statement of facts; and he showed no anxiety about collecting or claiming them afterwards. If it had not been for the zeal of a few correspondents and friends, like Benjamin Vaughan, Peter Collinson, M. Dubourg, and others, many papers of great interest would either have been lost, or never have been ascribed to him as their author. Disputes whether he was the writer of some curious essays arose in his lifetime, which he cared not to settle; and some questions of this sort remain yet undetermined, though the investigations of Mr. Sparks

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have put most of them at rest. His epistolary style was remarkable for ease, grace, and humor, and many of his letters are occupied with topics of great interest; but he seldom kept copies of them, he never demanded them back from his correspondents, and the consequence is, that a great number of them are irretrievably lost. There was ample room, therefore, for the labors of an editor, not only in supplying proper elucidations of matter that had been already published, but in retrieving from obscurity and loss many valuable documents.

The researches of Mr. Sparks have been as successful, as they were laborious and extensive. Among the miscellaneous works of Franklin, he has inserted twenty-five different articles written by him, most of them quite short, which have never before been printed; and thirty-three others, which are not contained in any previous edition of his writings. He has also published two hundred and fifty-three of Franklin's letters, which had not before appeared in print, and a hundred and fifty-four others not included in any former edition. Many of these last were first published by Mr. Sparks, in a small volume printed in 1833, entitled "The Familiar Letters of Benjamin Franklin." He has also inserted, in illustration of Franklin's own writings, many letters addressed to him by his various correspondents, most of which are entirely new to the public. Among these are letters from David Hume, Dr. Priestley, Richard Price, Sir Joseph Banks, and many distinguished Americans. Considering that Franklin's death took place more than half a century ago, that ever since his decease so much curiosity has been felt respecting every thing which he wrote, and that several collections of his miscellaneous writings have been made by those who, from their intimate relations with him, seemed most competent to obtain all the requisite materials, it is extraordinary that Mr. Sparks should have found so much new matter for this edition.

There is great satisfaction in the use of this collection of Franklin's works, arising from the confidence which we place in the care and fidelity of the editor, and in the extent of his historical researches. For more than half a century, the life of Franklin belongs to the history of his country; and his writings during that period, apart from their individual and intrinsic merit, have an immediate bearing on

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the most important events in the annals of America. He was a prominent actor in the great struggle of the Revolution, and contributed more largely, perhaps, than any other person, to its origin, its direction, and its success. In the agitating scenes of our colonial history, which immediately preceded this great event, he was a conspicuous agent, an active and zealous supporter of the rights and interests of the Colonies. It was the work of a historian, therefore, to write his life and to edit his works. Difficult questions have come up respecting some passages in his public career, and a regard for the truth of history, no less than for the character of the individual, requires that they should be fairly and fully considered. The diligence and success with which Mr. Sparks has studied our revolutionary annals are sufficiently known, for they are attested in every page of his previous publications. We not only feel sure, therefore, that the documentary evidence brought to bear upon any point is as full and satisfactory as can be had, but the mere opinion of the editor, when not supported by direct proof, is entitled to great weight. The negative testimony of Mr. Sparks, when he says that nothing can be found to support an alleged fact, is nearly conclusive; for we are certain that the assertion is not lightly made, and what has escaped his researches may fairly be presumed not to exist. When he declares, for instance, that no evidence can be found to substantiate the grave charges and insinuations made against Dr. Franklin by Arthur Lee and others, we deem that his assertion amounts to positive proof that the criminations were calumnious and absurd. With respect to such an affair, also, as that of the "Hutchinson letters," as they were called, though some mystery still hangs about it, we are assured, after going over the ground with Mr. Sparks, that we know all that at present can be ascertained respecting it. If more light be hereafter thrown upon the matter, it must come from sources which as yet are not accessible.

This assurance rests not only upon our knowledge of the great extent and laborious character of the editor's researches, but on our respect for the soundness of his judgment, the impartiality of his views, and his conscientious devotion to the cause of historical truth. He does not write in the manner of an essayist, intent only upon rhetori-

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cal display, nor with the air of a partisan, blindly defending the cause which he has hastily espoused. His taste and his principles are equally repugnant to both these methods. Patient in his investigations, cautious in assertion, and candid in summing up the results of an inquiry, he leaves the reader not only satisfied with the conclusion on which his own mind has rested, but imbued with the highest respect for the qualities of mind and heart which he has displayed in arriving at it. We know of few historians in whom the love of truth is so evidently paramount to all other considerations, nor of any inquirer who possesses higher qualifications for attaining the truth which he seeks.

The life of Dr. Franklin, which fills one of these volumes, embraces the autobiography as far as he wrote it, and a continuation up to the time of his death by Mr. Sparks. The interest of the autobiography is almost exclusively personal; that of the continuation is chiefly historical; and the two together give as full a view as can be desired of his private and public career. The account of the first publication of Franklin's memoir of himself is rather curious. He began to write it in 1771, and, when he was minister from the United States to France, he showed a copy of it to some of his friends in Paris, one of whom, M. Le Veillard, translated it into French. Soon after Franklin's death, this translation was published at Paris, and, after a time, was retranslated by some unknown person into English, and published in London. The imperfect copy thus filtered through two languages is the one which has been generally circulated and read, having passed through numerous editions. More than a quarter of a century elapsed from the time of its appearance, before the original work was published by William Temple Franklin, from his grandfather's manuscript. Mr. Sparks has printed the genuine copy, illustrating it by notes, and dividing it into suitable chapters for the convenience of the reader.

This work is one of the most fascinating autobiographies in English literature. There is a singular charm about it, attributable in some measure to the interest of the events and the graces of the style, but in a much higher degree to the frankness, simplicity, and completeness of the exhibition of the writer's character. It is a book both for boys and men, — an admirable picture of the pursuit of knowledge,

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fame, and fortune, under difficulties, and an instructive manifestation of the workings of character, which the philosopher and the moralist need not be ashamed to study. Many years have passed since we first read it, and returned to its perusal again and again, with an interest not at all inferior to that with which every child hangs over the well thumbed pages of the standard juvenile books. Truth gradually assumes its superiority of interest over fiction, and the man returns with fresh delight to the "Life of Franklin," when he has ceased to care much about "Robinson Crusoe," or "The Pilgrim's Progress." Yet, perhaps, the book owes something of its attractiveness to the fact, that it possesses one of the most common and pleasing attributes of fiction, — that the story is carried out with what is called poetical justice. It shows the gradual, and what we instinctively consider the natural, triumph, in the affairs of this world, of those qualities of character, which we involuntarily love and respect, over those which reason and conscience alike require us to shrink from and condemn. In real life, casual and adverse circumstances interrupt, modify, and pervert what seems to be the course of justice, and we have recourse to fiction in order to find events that harmonize with the conclusions of our reason and the dictates of the moral sense. Sometimes, the reality points the moral quite as impressively as the poet or the novelist would have it; and then fact assumes the interest of fiction, and we dwell upon the incident with a pleasure which shows that it is one of rare occurrence. Usually, because our observation does not take in a range of events of sufficient extent, or because all the rewards of meritorious conduct are not of a definite and outwardly visible character, the incidents of real life seem to run counter to our expectations and our moral judgments.

Franklin wrote his memoirs in the manner of an old man having a number of his grandchildren about his knees, and telling them some pleasant story in order to enforce and illustrate his affectionate inculcation of virtuous and prudent conduct. The language is simple and graphic, the incidents are natural, and the moral is most impressively taught, though never brought obtrusively forward. The burden of the whole narrative is, that industry, temperance, and frugality lead by gradual but sure steps to the attainment of

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wealth and happiness; while indolence, carelessness, and vice bring their own punishment along with them. The lesson is trite enough, and owes all its impressive character to the skill of the narrator, the minuteness with which the incidents are related, and the conviction of the reader that it is a true story. The writer keeps back nothing; he mentions his past errors and occasional lapses from virtue with the same delightful simplicity and frankness that mark the account of the more honorable portions of his life. And with what admirable distinctness and discrimination are the several characters in the little narrative brought forward, and made to play their several parts! The sketches of the able and lively, but careless and dissolute, Ralph; the idle printer, Keimer; the promise-breaking governor, Keith; and the rattling and imprudent George Webb, who ran away from the University of Oxford in order to become a printer's apprentice in Philadelphia, might all be placed beside the admirable portraits in the "Vicar of Wakefield." Indeed, the homely air of Franklin's narrative, and the total want of reserve in speaking of his own weaknesses and his most private concerns, often remind one strongly of the worthy vicar. The incidents connected with both his courtships and his marriage, though of quite a delicate nature, are told with perfect simplicity and fulness, and without a word of apology or comment. He shows no sensitiveness, no secret pride, no artifice, no morbid reference to self. He writes the private history not only of his actions, but of his thoughts, with as much coolness as if he were describing a merely fictitious personage. In this respect, his autobiography is without a parallel in any language. The frankness of Rousseau's "Confessions" is all assumed; the writer is always acting a part, and is most theatrical when he affects to be most free from artifice. The simplicity of Franklin is that of a child; it wins our love rather than commands our admiration.

Minuteness of narration, whether in fiction or in real life, has a singular charm for all readers. It is the great secret of the most successful novelists, biographers, and historians. The reader often gladly leaves the stately and gloomy pages of Tacitus, wonderful as they are for sententious philosophy and eloquent invective, to take up the homely "long stories" of the simple and garrulous Herodotus. The same quality

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constitutes the unsurpassed excellence of Boswell in his department. Defoe and Richardson are indebted to it almost exclusively for their brilliant success. Miss Austen, — dear Miss Austen, — who never says a brilliant thing, nor paints a perfect character, — who is neither witty, nor passionate, nor eloquent, — is still minute, homelike, and true; and by these qualities alone, she twines about the inmost fibres of her readers' hearts. It is not easy to say why these qualities are so attractive. One reason, perhaps, may be traced ultimately to the instinctive love of the human mind, especially in all exhibitions of nature, for the truth. Now, the *only* truth is the *whole* truth. The complete portrait is the only faithful portrait. The only true history or biography is that which tells all. The reality of such a narrative is the only one that is attested by our own experience, which necessarily comprehends the whole of our own thoughts, motives, and actions; the slightest and most trivial, as well as the most important. The piecemeal exhibition of another's life finds no counterpart in our own memories, which embrace every incident in our own career. It is no more a fair portraiture of the other's character, than a few bricks are a fair specimen of a vast edifice. The simplest minds, therefore, when they wish to create an illusion, or to convince another of a fact, heap up as many details and trivial concomitant circumstances as possible, as vouchers of their veracity, though none of them have any logical connection with the main incident. Mrs. Quickly's comic enumeration of all the circumstances under which Jack Falstaff promised to marry her is a fair instance in point. In the case of children, the illusion created in this way is perfect; and even grown persons may confess, that, if the story of Robinson Crusoe is not true, it deserves to be.

Franklin's autobiography interests us, because it tells the whole story of his life, — his good and bad qualities, his failings and errors, and even those small vices which are more humiliating to confess than great sins. He showed the strength of a great mind by keeping nothing in reserve, — by writing with a view only to the effect which his memoirs would have on the formation of the lives and characters of others, and without any regard to the opinions of posterity respecting himself. This indifference about his own reputation — one of the most striking traits of his character — is

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manifested by the point at which he left the personal narrative unfinished. He traces the history of the runaway printer's apprentice down to the time when he had become a respectable mechanic, in moderate circumstances, and had even risen to the dignity of a seat in the provincial legislature. He leaves it for others to write the memoirs of the distinguished statesman and philosopher, who commanded the attention and respect of the whole civilized world.

Mr. Sparks has taken up the story, and told it to the end in a clear, full, and satisfactory manner. He has not attempted to write an essay on his genius and character, for, as he rightly observes, "in the biographical sketch, and particularly in his moral essays and correspondence, will be found a better representation of his character, and of what he accomplished, than the reader could hope to derive from any other source." Yet it may be worth while, for the sake of gaining a connected view of the genius and services of so remarkable a man, and of contemplating one or two curious questions that are naturally suggested by them, to attempt a brief sketch of the leading traits in his character. The task is a difficult one, owing to the number of spheres of action in which he became distinguished, and the variety of aspects under which his life must be contemplated. Still, his character was strongly marked, and a very unskilful limner can hardly fail to catch some of its prominent and striking features.

One of the great secrets of his remarkable success in life may be found in the perfect mastery which he possessed over his appetites and passions. This was acquired in part, perhaps, being a natural effect of his practical philosophy; but a great deal must be ascribed to original constitution. That he formed, early in life, a wise and prudent plan for the regulation of his future conduct, and almost always acted upon system and principle, was not at all extraordinary. Most young persons — at least, those who have their own way to make in the world — form such plans, and lay down wise principles to govern their subsequent career. The difficulty lies in acting up to them. Franklin succeeded in acting up to his, because he was exposed in a less degree than is usual to the action of those disturbing causes, which commonly mar the execution of the wisest purposes. From the evenness of his temper, the moderation of his aims,

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and the tameness of his impulses and appetites, his excellent judgment was enabled to act without bias, and the schemes which he had formed with foresight and prudence were fully carried into effect. The lower part of his nature was kept in easy subjection to the higher, and rarely rebelled against it. As a boy, or a very young man, he was as shrewd and sagacious, as wary and calculating, as he appeared long afterwards, when he had become a gray-haired diplomatist. In boyhood, he abridged his meals, or lived upon a very simple diet, that he might save money and time for books; and this he did, not so much from the love of reading, for he never was a great student of books, but because he cared very little about a good dinner. He showed, also, that his curiosity was stronger than his lower appetites, by experimenting on the effect of an exclusively vegetable diet; and by the reformation he brought about in the London printing-office where he worked, inducing many of the workmen to follow his example in giving up the use of strong beer for water-gruel. It is worth while to mention these circumstances, though trivial, when we remember that they occurred nearly a century before any one thought of the great Temperance reformation.

The coolness of his temperament was also of great service to him in life, as it enabled him to avoid angry disputes and personal difficulties. No one was ever more severely tried in these respects. He was a prominent actor in the most agitating scenes in the history of Pennsylvania, and in the long struggle which terminated in the establishment of our national independence. He was exposed to the most violent abuse from his political opponents, and to insidious and repeated attacks from those who were embarked with him in the cause, and were his colleagues in office. But his placid temper was never ruffled into passion; he allowed no outward signs of emotion to escape him. He bore sarcasm and invective without uttering a word in reply, and often disdained to notice the most serious calumnies that were brought against him. His imperturbability on such occasions provoked his opponents to redouble their attacks, and yet he never winced nor retaliated. His political correspondence is published at great length in these volumes, and it is curious to observe how free it is from acerbity of language, and from the stains of personal abuse. We do

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not mean that he was destitute of feeling; he resented the wrongs inflicted upon his country with great warmth and earnestness. But he despised private disputes, and was able easily to avoid them, not more from principle, than from the gentleness and placidity of his nature.

Every one knows the story of Wedderburn's outrageous attack upon him before the Privy Council, in regard to the affair of the Hutchinson letters. Dr. Franklin was present, and heard it all. In his own language, "he stood there, the butt of this invective ribaldry, for near an hour; not a single lord adverting to the impropriety and indecency of treating a public messenger in so ignominious a manner." The following are the accounts given by Dr. Priestley and Dr. Bancroft, who were also present, of Dr. Franklin's demeanour on this occasion.

"After waiting a short time," says Dr. Priestley, "the door of the Privy Council opened, and we entered the first; when Mr. Burke took his stand behind the first chair next to the president, and I behind that next to his. When the business was opened, it was sufficiently evident, from the speech of Mr. Wedderburn, who was counsel for the governor, that the real object of the court was to insult Dr. Franklin. All this time, he stood in a corner of the room, not far from me, without the least apparent emotion.

"Mr. Dunning, who was the leading counsel on the part of the colony, was so hoarse, that he could hardly make himself heard; and Mr. Lee, who was the second, spoke but feebly in reply; so that Mr. Wedderburn had a complete triumph. At the sallies of his sarcastic wit, all the members of the Council, the president himself (Lord Gower) not excepted, frequently laughed outright. No person belonging to the Council behaved with decent gravity, except Lord North, who, coming late, took his stand behind the chair opposite to me.

"When the business was over, Dr. Franklin, in going out, took me by the hand in a manner that indicated some feeling. I soon followed him, and, going through the anteroom, saw Mr. Wedderburn there, surrounded by a circle of his friends and admirers. Being known to him, he stepped forward, as if to speak to me; but I turned aside, and made what haste I could out of the place."

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"Dr. Franklin did not 'stand in a corner of the room,'" says Dr. Bancroft; "he stood close to the fireplace, on that side

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which was at the right hand of those who were looking toward the fire; in the front of which, though at some distance, the members of the Privy Council were seated at a table. I obtained a place on the opposite side of the fireplace, a little further from the fire; but Dr. Franklin's face was directed towards me, and I had a full, uninterrupted view of it, and his person, during the whole time in which Mr. Wedderburn spoke. The Doctor was dressed in a full dress suit of spotted Manchester velvet, and stood *conspicuously erect*, without the smallest movement of any part of his body. The muscles of his face had been previously composed, so as to afford a placid, tranquil expression of countenance, and he did not suffer the slightest alteration of it to appear during the continuance of the speech, in which he was so harshly and improperly treated. In short, to quote the words which he employed concerning himself on another occasion, he kept his 'countenance as immovable as if his features had been made of *wood*.' This was late on Saturday afternoon. I called on him in Craven Street, at an early hour on Monday morning, and, immediately after the usual salutation, he put into my hands a letter, which had just been delivered to him. It was from the postmaster-general, and informed him, that the King had no further occasion for his (Dr. Franklin's) services as deputy postmaster-general in America.

"It is a fact, that he, as Dr. Priestley mentions, signed the treaties of commerce and eventual alliance with France, in the clothes which he had worn at the Cockpit, when the preceding transaction occurred. It had been intended, as you may recollect, that these treaties should be signed on the evening of Thursday, the 5th of February; and when Dr. Franklin had dressed himself for the day, I observed that he wore the suit in question; which I thought the more extraordinary, as it had been laid aside for many months. This I noticed to Mr. Deane; and soon after, when a messenger came from Versailles, with a letter from Mr. Gerard, the French plenipotentiary, stating that he was so unwell, from a cold, that he wished to defer coming to Paris to sign the treaties, until the next evening, I said to Mr. Deane, 'Let us see whether the Doctor will wear the same suit of clothes to-morrow; if he does, I shall suspect that he is influenced by a recollection of the treatment which he received at the Cockpit.' The morrow came, and the same clothes were again worn, and the treaties signed. After which, these clothes were laid aside, and, so far as my knowledge extends, never worn afterwards. I once intimated to Dr. Franklin the suspicion which his wearing these clothes on that occasion had excited in my mind, when he smiled, without telling me whether

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it was well or ill founded. I have heard him sometimes say, that he was not insensible to injuries, but that he never put himself to any trouble or inconvenience to retaliate." — *Works*, Vol. IV. pp. 451 – 454.

To the difficulties with some of his colleagues, in which Dr. Franklin was involved, while he was a commissioner at Paris, we advert now for the purpose only of quoting, in illustration of this part of our subject, Mr. Sparks's account of the manner in which he bore their attacks.

"The imputations of these gentlemen, and of some others with whom they were allied in opinions and sympathy, reiterated in letters to members of Congress, would necessarily produce a strong impression, especially as Dr. Franklin took no pains whatever to vindicate himself, or to counteract the arts of his enemies. He was not ignorant of their proceedings. The substance of their letters, which the writers seemed not to desire should be kept secret, was communicated to him by his friends. Relying on his character, and conscious of the rectitude of his course, he allowed them to waste their strength in using their own weapons, and never condescended to repel their charges or explain his conduct.

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"It is interesting to see in what manner he speaks of his enemies, and of the artifices they employed to injure him. In writing to the Committee of Foreign Affairs, eighteen months after Mr. Lee and Mr. Izard began their opposition, he says: 'Congress have wisely enjoined the ministers in Europe to agree with one another. I had always resolved to have no quarrel, and have, therefore, made it a constant rule to answer no angry, affronting, or abusive letters, of which I have received many, and long ones, from Mr. Lee and Mr. Izard, who, I understand, and see indeed by the papers, have been writing liberally, or rather, illiberally, against me, to prevent, as one of them says here, any impressions my writings against them might occasion to their prejudice; but I have never before mentioned them in any of my letters.'

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"He writes in a similar tone, whenever he has occasion to allude to the subject, which rarely occurs, except when his attention is called to it by his correspondents. At a date two years later than that of the above extracts, he says to Mr. Hopkinson: 'As to the friends and enemies you just mention, I have hitherto, thanks to God, had plenty of the former kind; they have been my treasure; and it has, perhaps, been no disadvantage to

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me, that I have had a few of the latter. They serve to put us upon correcting the faults we have, and avoiding those we are in danger of having. They counteract the mischiefs flattery might do us, and their malicious attacks make our friends more zealous in serving us and promoting our interest. At present, I do not know more than two such enemies that I enjoy. I deserved the enmity of the latter, because I might have avoided it by paying him a compliment, which I neglected. That of the former I owe to the people of France, who happened to respect me too much and him too little; which I could bear, and he could not. They are unhappy, that they cannot make every body hate me as much as they do; and I should be so, if my friends did not love me much more than those gentlemen can possibly love one another.'" — *Life*, pp. 452 – 454.

Franklin's indifference respecting his own literary and scientific reputation, to which we have already alluded, is another illustration, quite as striking as the former, of the moderation of his desires, and the firm sovereignty of his reason over his passions. He was not insensible to the progress of his fame; far from it. He must have been more or less than man, if he had cared nothing, for instance, about the spontaneous burst of homage with which he was received at Paris, whither his reputation as a patriot and a philosopher had preceded him. The higher circles of Parisian society at that day were fond of excitement on the arrival of a distinguished stranger, and heaped their flatteries upon him with a profusion that resembled a civic triumph, but with a grace and delicacy that were peculiarly French. That staid and sober Scotchman, David Hume, who resembled Franklin in some points of genius and temperament, visited them at about the same period, and was received with an eagerness of respect and adulation, and a crowd of honors, which appeared fairly to bewilder him. The octogenarian Voltaire came also, after a long absence, and was greeted with an ovation so extravagant and uproarious, that it caused his death. Franklin came, and they seemed disposed to kill him also with kindness. His exterior was venerable and striking; he was the representative of a popular cause, the patriot statesman of a new world; and his scientific reputation was supported by one of the most brilliant discoveries of modern times. No honors were too great, no flatteries were too extravagant, for the distinguished visiter. Politicians and people of fashion, learned societies

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and the mob, vied with each other in doing him homage. Pictures, busts, and prints of him were multiplied, and sold in extraordinary numbers. Medallions were made, on which his head was represented, of various sizes, suitable to be set in snuff-boxes and rings. Turgot affixed to his portrait that sublime inscription, which so happily and tersely expresses his most brilliant claims to admiration and respect: —

"*Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis.*"

The French historian, Lacretelle, gives the following striking account of his reception and influence in France.

"By the effect which Franklin produced in France, one might say that he fulfilled his mission, not with a court, but with a free people. Diplomatic etiquette did not permit him often to hold interviews with the ministers, but he associated with all the distinguished personages, who directed public opinion. Men imagined they saw in him a sage of antiquity, come back to give austere lessons and generous examples to the moderns. They personified in him the republic, of which he was the representative and the legislator. They regarded his virtues as those of his countrymen, and even judged of their physiognomy by the imposing and serene traits of his own. Happy was he, who could gain admittance to see him in the house which he occupied at Passy. This venerable old man, it was said, joined to the demeanour of Phocion the spirit of Socrates. Courtiers were struck with his native dignity, and discovered in him the profound statesman. Young officers, impatient to signalize themselves in another hemisphere, came to interrogate him respecting the military condition of the Americans; and, when he spoke to them with deep concern and a manly frankness of the recent defeats, which had put his country in jeopardy, this only excited in them a more ardent desire to join and assist the republican soldiers.

"After this picture, it would be useless to trace the history of Franklin's negotiations with the court of France. His virtues and his renown negotiated for him; and, before the second year of his mission had expired, no one conceived it possible to refuse fleets and an army to the compatriots of Franklin." — *Life*, pp. 420, 421.

Franklin received these unexpected honors with simplicity and composure, and made use of his great popularity only to further the objects of his mission. He had not sought for applause, and he knew how to value it. In his private let-

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ters, he makes but slight allusion to the many civilities that were tendered him, and amused himself with describing the queer contrast which his long gray hairs, covered with a formidable fur cap that reached nearly down to his eyebrows, offered to the powdered heads which were grouped around him at Paris. By his tact, his good-nature, and his power of humorous and lively conversation, he preserved this extraordinary influence with all classes of the people; and the treaty of alliance with France, which was decisive of the success of the Americans in the contest, was brought about at so early a period by no other cause so much as by the personal reputation of Franklin as the negotiator.

"On the 20th of March, the American commissioners were introduced to the King at Versailles, and they took their place at court as the representatives of an independent power. A French historian, describing this ceremony, says of Franklin: 'He was accompanied and followed by a great number of Americans and individuals from various countries, whom curiosity had drawn together. His age, his venerable aspect, the simplicity of his dress, every thing fortunate and remarkable in the life of this American, contributed to excite public attention. The clapping of hands and other expressions of joy indicated that warmth of enthusiasm, which the French are more susceptible of than any other people, and the charm of which is enhanced to the object of it by their politeness and agreeable manners. After this audience, he crossed the court on his way to the office of the minister of foreign affairs. The multitude waited for him in the passage, and greeted him with their acclamations. He met with a similar reception wherever he appeared in Paris.' "— *Life*, pp. 436, 437.

Not less favorable to his scientific pursuits, than to his success as a diplomatist, was Franklin's generous disregard of his own fame and standing in the eyes of the public. A lively curiosity, an eye quick at observation, great sagacity in detecting the more occult relations of facts and the bearings of experiments, and a mind of incessant and intense activity, were the means that enabled him to achieve so much in science. His attention was not diverted from the object of investigation by any regard for what the world might think of the importance of that object, or of his own merit in obtaining it. The necessary experiments were instituted, not in order to convince others, but to satisfy himself. The

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most brilliant results at which he arrived were communicated only in private letters to a few friends, to whom he left the care of publishing them or not, as they saw fit. His theories sat loosely upon him, and he modified or abandoned them, when further observations made it necessary, without care about the charge of inconsistency, and without shame at confessing a mistake. He was never seduced, by the accidental brilliancy or novelty of one object of inquiry, to pay more attention to it than to another, apparently of a more homely character, but, in reality, of equal interest to a philosophical mind. He studied the means of remedying smoky chimneys with as much ardor and industry as he showed in penetrating the secrets of the clouds, and robbing the thunderbolt of its terrors. He was as much gratified by the invention of a new stove, as by that of the lightning-rod. He formed theories of the earth, and projects for cleaning and lighting the streets of Philadelphia, with equal zeal; and having communicated the former in a private letter to a friend, and urged upon his fellow-citizens the adoption of the latter, he dismissed both from his mind, and pursued with fresh interest a wholly different set of investigations.

Franklin carried his disinterestedness so far, and at a period in his life when he had as yet accumulated but a small fortune, that he refused to take out a patent for his inventions, acting on the principle, which, he says, "has always weighed with me on such occasions; viz. That, as we enjoy great advantages from the inventions of others, we should be glad of an opportunity to serve others by any invention of ours; and this we should do freely and generously." Governor Thomas offered him a patent for his newly invented "Pennsylvania fireplace," or, as it was afterwards called, the "Franklin stove." He refused it, and, giving the model to a friend in Philadelphia, wrote a pamphlet describing its advantages, and it was introduced into general use. An ironmonger in London obtained a copy of this pamphlet, and, having made some insignificant changes in the machine, took out a patent for it, and acquired a small fortune by its sale. Franklin says, that this was not the only instance of patents taken out for his inventions, "which I never contested, as having no desire of profiting by patents myself, and hating disputes."

His papers on electricity, it is said, were refused a place among the Transactions of the Royal Society of London.

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We are not sure, that this was the case; but it is certain, that Franklin did not apply to have them published there, and that he had no agency whatever in bringing them at last before the public. His friend Collinson collected them, and gave them to Cave, for publication in the "Gentleman's Magazine." It was finally decided, that they should be published separately, and Dr. Fothergill wrote the preface. An extract from this preface shows in such a striking manner Franklin's indifference about the fate of these papers, the appearance of which marked one of the most important epochs in the history of modern science, that we place it before our readers.

"It may be necessary to acquaint the reader, that the following observations and experiments were not drawn up with a view to their being made public, but were communicated at different times, and most of them in letters, written on various topics, as matters only of private amusement.

"But some persons, to whom they were read, and who had themselves been conversant in electrical disquisitions, were of opinion, they contained so many curious and interesting particulars relative to this affair, that it would be doing a kind of injustice to the public, to confine them solely to the limits of a private acquaintance.

"The editor was therefore prevailed upon to commit such extracts of letters and other detached pieces as were in his hands to the press, without waiting for the ingenious author's permission so to do; and this was done with the less hesitation, as it was apprehended the author's engagements in other affairs would scarce afford him leisure to give the public his reflections and experiments on the subject, finished with that care and precision, of which the treatise before us shows he is alike studious and capable." — *Works*, Vol. v. p. 179.

We have dwelt at some length on this forgetfulness of self, and carelessness about his own fame in the matter, when the great object in view was once obtained, as one of the remarkable traits in Franklin's character, because it seems to us to account in some degree for the prosperity of his career, and for much of his success as a scientific inquirer. Such disinterestedness is not a common virtue among scholars and men of science at the present day; and the want of it seems to be one great reason why, with such enlarged means, such general diffusion of knowledge, and such a multitude of laborers in every department, so little that is really great and useful is

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accomplished. We have much of the machinery of progress. We have observatories, and scientific associations, and expeditions of discovery, and premiums, and diplomas, and the countenance of crowned heads, and the sympathy of the public. But the results are little more than a heap of rash theories and imperfectly observed facts, and a multitude of petty squabbles about the authorship of petty discoveries. The truth is, most of the agents in the work care much more for their own reputation than they do for the interests of science; and this complex and noisy machinery is a mere contrivance for sounding their own praise, and for catching the applause of the multitude. Admission to a learned society is prized as an honor, and not as opening the way for increased effort with enlarged means. It is sought as a reward, and not as an instrument. For, after all, great discoveries are not effected on partnership principles, and joint-stock companies are very inefficient laborers in the cause of science. The work must be done by individual effort, sustained and cheered only by hearty interest in the cause. Men may achieve an ephemeral reputation by labors directed with a view only to this reward; but great truths can be discovered, promulgated, or enforced, and the boundaries of knowledge can be enlarged, only by self-sacrifice and disinterested toil.

This was the case in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the secrets of nature were explored with so much daring and success by a few illustrious men. Galileo, and Kepler, and Tycho Brahe labored alone, or comparatively alone, in a community among whom there were few to appreciate, and none to reward them. Privation and hardship, imprisonment and banishment, formed their only guerdon in their own age; but they toiled on, and an immortality of fame was their final reward. We now build upon a larger basis, but the work of erection goes on all the slower. The progress is by no means commensurate with the number of hands employed, or with the quantity of materials which the labor of centuries has accumulated for their use. The reward is immediate and certain; the applause of the public is readily bestowed for small efforts and doubtful results. And the consequence is, that the workmen look only to that reward, and not to the completion of the edifice. The industry, which might be excited by difficulties, by the want

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of means and of sympathy, is superseded and extinguished by the ease with which fame and fortune fall into the lap, and the whole struggle becomes a mercenary one, — a squabble between rivals for the honor of the thing, instead of a contest among workmen for superiority in the labor achieved. Men think less about the mode of making the discovery, than about the manner of publishing it. They become sensitive, and jealous of each other, and are led to guard themselves against attack by a paltry accuracy in details, instead of a bold and comprehensive investigation of principles. A system of reciprocal puffing is contrived, and the fellows of learned and scientific associations appear as members of what has been happily called "a mutual adulation society." One of the latest contrivances for the advancement of science in England is a grand travelling association, holding annual festivals in different parts of the country, at which noblemen deign to preside, and grave doctors and *savans* lecture in crowded theatres, upon subjects of which their vast auditory hardly understand a syllable. In regard to the meagre results obtained by such machinery, we may well look back with pride upon the signal services and pure fame of the humble, self-taught, and disinterested American mechanic.

The splendor of Franklin's discoveries as an electrician has rather cast into the shade his services in other branches of science. It was long ago remarked of the former, that they were not more valuable for the results obtained, than as lessons in the science of method, or in what may be called the logic of discovery. The close filiation of the principles and experiments, the sagacity with which the former are inferred, and the ingenuity with which the latter are contrived, the precision of the views, and the clearness with which the processes are narrated, all supply an admirable illustration of the Baconian method reduced to practice. But as the happiest specimen of these qualities, we know not that it is so proper to refer to the "Letters on Electricity," as to the papers on the more humble subjects of smoky chimneys, Pennsylvania fireplaces, and the theory of winds and waterspouts. A child may read and understand these, and the philosopher may recur to them for a lesson in humility of purpose, and in the true science of observation and experiment. Playfair justly remarked, that the observations on chimneys, and the mode of warming

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apartments, "are infinitely more original, concise, and scientific, than those of Count Rumford"; and the best test of their utility is, that they are now almost universally reduced to practice. The same distinguished and competent critic remarked, that, in these papers, "the most ingenious and profound explanations are suggested, as if they were the most natural and obvious way of accounting for the phenomena; and the author seems to value himself so little on his most important discoveries, that it is necessary to compare him with others, before we can form a just notion of his merits."

The great extent and diversified character of Franklin's scientific researches afford a striking proof of the incessant activity of his mind, when we consider that he had his own way to make in the world, that he labored long as a printer, and that a large portion of his life was absorbed by political occupations. Besides the subjects already enumerated, we find papers detailing observations, experiments, and speculations, many of them very ingenious and valuable, on meteorology, improvements in navigation, the art of swimming, stilling waves by oil, the theory of the earth, magic squares, a new alphabet, musical instruments, cold produced by evaporation, the causes of the Gulf Stream, and a multitude of other topics, which he discusses with great ardor and diligence, and without the slightest pretension. Having great quickness of vision and perception, and an inquiring habit of mind, the operations of nature afforded him a constant theme for study, and the most insignificant of them elicited original thought. The frankness and humility with which he communicated his views to others arose from his neglect of all motives, except the gratification of his curiosity, and the discovery of truth. He seems to imagine, that all his correspondents are as deeply interested in these subjects as himself, and are ready to aid him by their researches. A letter from Mr. Logan, written in 1750, before Franklin was much known, gives an amusing view of his astonishing activity of intellect. "Our Benjamin Franklin," writes Mr. Logan, "is certainly an extraordinary man; one of a singular good judgment, but of equal modesty. He is clerk of our Assembly, and there, for want of other employment, while he sat idle, he took it into his head to think of *magical squares*, in which he outdid Frenicle him-

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self, who published above eighty pages in folio on that subject alone." Franklin's own mention of these arithmetical amusements of his is quite as characteristic of another trait in his disposition: — "The magical squares, how wonderful soever they may seem, are what I cannot value myself upon, but am rather ashamed to have it known I have spent any part of my time in an employment that cannot possibly be of use to myself or others."

The mass of scientific papers, on a great variety of topics, which Franklin threw off with so much ease and readiness, taking no care for their preservation, has proved a fruitful mine of hints to subsequent inquirers in the formation of their theories, and for the guidance of their researches. His pregnant observation of the fact, never before noticed, that the northeast storms along our coast always begin to leeward, and advance against the wind, together with his speculations on the cause of this phenomenon, is the basis of some of the most important discoveries of our own day in meteorology. In a recent article upon Redfield's and Espy's theories of storms,* we pointed out the manner in which their speculations were based upon this important fact. The science of geology can hardly be said to have been in being in Franklin's time. Yet, as if nothing could escape his sagacity, we find, in some speculations of his respecting the theory of the earth, — which he deemed of so little importance, that he apologized to the correspondent to whom he communicated them, for allowing himself to wander in such fanciful reveries, — distinct indications of views which have since been expanded and worked up into far reaching systems, by our most eminent men of science. One instance we will place before our readers, most of whom are probably familiar with the ingenious and beautiful theory of earthquakes, that has recently been propounded by a justly distinguished geologist in our own land. The germ of this theory, we believe, may be found in the following extract from a letter of Franklin's to the Abbé Soulavie. He has just been speaking of his hypothesis, that the interior of the earth is filled with a dense fluid, and that, as the fluid of magnetism probably exists in all space, by its influence our globe has become a particular magnet, with its poles point-

* *N. A. Review*, Vol. LVIII. p. 335.

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ing constantly in the same direction. He goes on to speculate as follows.

"The globe being now become a perfect magnet, we are, perhaps, safe from any change of its axis. But we are still subject to the accidents on the surface, which are occasioned by a wave in the internal ponderous fluid; and such a wave is producible by the sudden violent explosion you mention, happening from the junction of water and fire under the earth, which not only lifts the incumbent earth that is over the explosion, but, impressing with the same force the fluid under it, creates a wave, that may run a thousand leagues, lifting, and thereby shaking, successively, all the countries under which it passes. I know not whether I have expressed myself so clearly, as not to get out of your sight in these reveries. If they occasion any new inquiries, and produce a better hypothesis, they will not be quite useless." — *Works*, Vol. VI. pp. 446, 447.

Franklin nowhere appears to greater advantage, or as deserving of higher praise, than in his labors as a philanthropist. The plain good sense and practical character of his schemes made it easy to carry them into effect, and he labored indefatigably for their success. He was never led astray by sentiment, nor blind enthusiasm, nor a false estimate of the comparative dignity and elevation of the plans by which any good was to be done to his fellow-men. The standard of utility was the only test that he applied to the schemes for ameliorating the condition of any portion of the human race; and he left it to others to preach, or to claim credit for making the proposal, while he gave his whole attention to effecting the object. No plan was too humble, no means were too laborious, if there was a reasonable prospect of accomplishing a good. He was quite as ready to suggest and execute projects for the greater convenience of his fellow-citizens in Philadelphia, — to establish, for instance, a new city watch, or a fire company, or a law for sweeping the sidewalks, — as to do his part in a society for the relief and instruction of indigent German emigrants, or in providing means of defence in the Spanish war. His adopted city owes nearly as much gratitude to him, as to its illustrious founder; a man who, in many honorable traits of character, bore a striking resemblance to Franklin. In moral sentiment and active philanthropy, in plainness of manner and real elevation of mind, in sagacious foresight and practical wis-

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dom, the patriot sage of a later day loses nothing by comparison with William Penn; while, in point of genius and originality, he was incontestably the superior.

For three of the most useful and flourishing institutions which exist in Philadelphia at the present day, the city is indebted to the wisdom and benevolence of Franklin. The Library Company, the Pennsylvania Hospital, and the University were projected and established by him, and owe all their subsequent success to his watchful care over their infancy. They form a splendid and enduring monument to his fame, and may alleviate the disappointment of the stranger, who finds, in the cemetery of Christ Church, that only a plain marble slab covers his grave. That no greater honors have been paid to his memory by the city which was made illustrious by his residence, and which has profited so largely by his philanthropy, must be ascribed to the fact, that, even after the lapse of almost a century, the jealousies and heart-burnings created by a portion of Franklin's political career have not yet entirely died out. Among the earlier contests which at length converged and produced the Revolution, was the division of parties in Pennsylvania between those who represented the interests of the Proprietaries, or the heirs of William Penn, and the body of the inhabitants. Franklin, whose sympathies were always in favor of popular rights, took sides with the multitude, and his talents and influence had a decisive effect in the contest. He thus incurred the bitter and unremitting hostility of a large, and, in many points, a very respectable party, whose descendants have inherited a portion of their prejudices, and still look with no friendly eye upon his reputation. Without going at all into the merits of the original dispute, though our opinion is decidedly in favor of the equity of the cause which he espoused, we may still suggest, that to cherish the remains of such prejudices at the present day, in the face of Franklin's preëminent services and exalted fame, is to do injury only to the persons whose breasts can harbour such disgraceful feelings. A monument should be erected to his memory in that city, if for no other purpose than to show, that its inhabitants have buried the recollection of old political hostilities in his tomb.

The question respecting Franklin's character as a moralist is more difficult than any which we have yet considered.

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The individuality of the man, the striking and peculiar traits of his disposition, are most clearly seen under the moral aspect of his life and writings. His "Poor Richard" is the most original and characteristic of all his productions. It supplies the key to his autobiography; its spirit pervades all his publications; it furnishes the explanation of his career as a patriot, a philosopher, and a philanthropist; it was acted out through his whole life. Whatever may be thought of the doctrine it teaches, its merits and originality as a work of genius cannot be denied. Few works have been more widely popular, or have been productive of such extensive and permanent effects. It was eminently calculated for the immense circulation among common readers which it almost immediately obtained. Drawn up chiefly in the form of homely proverbs, unequalled for humor, for pithy and terse expression, and for direct application to the object in view, and professing to teach the way to wealth and happiness, it became the manual of every aspiring tradesman and mechanic, and the indirect means, as the maxims were repeated from mouth to mouth, of shaping the character of many who never saw it in print. The scheme of the wise man for modelling the minds and determining the destiny of a whole people, by writing its ballads rather than its laws, was surpassed by the genius of the Philadelphia printer, who made a collection of proverbs for his countrymen, and formed the national character.

We include under the general name of "Poor Richard" the whole body of prudential maxims that first appeared in the almanac of that name, which was projected, edited, and published by Franklin for many years. Most of them were collected some time afterwards, and published separately, under the title of "The Way to Wealth"; and this was the work which underwent so many translations in Europe, and obtained so great circulation and celebrity there. It has appeared in a version even into Modern Greek. Taken together with the other essays on moral and religious subjects and the economy of life, it presents a full view of what may be called the Franklinian morality. The whole should be viewed in connection with that very homely scheme of moral reformation, mentioned in the autobiography, where the principal virtues and the days of the week appear arranged in the form of a multiplication table, the object being to per-

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fect the character by keeping an exact record of daily transgressions.

There is not much sentiment or enthusiasm in such a scheme. It is plain even to coarseness; it is humble almost to meanness. It is the essence of worldly wisdom, the bible of prudent conduct. The whole is a lesson given by a shrewd and sagacious old man, of benevolent impulses and even a warm heart, wary but upright, prudent but philanthropic, self-seeking but just, — a lesson given to the young mechanics and traders among his countrymen, impressing upon them the importance of integrity, industry, sobriety, and economy, as opening a sure path to success in life. It is the true manual of utilitarianism; Jeremy Bentham only borrowed and marred it. Though we may wish that it were animated with a stronger and loftier feeling, that it set forth nobler aims, that it breathed more of an earnest Christian spirit, we cannot deny its admirable adaptation to the purpose which the author had in view. The motives proposed were by no means the highest, but they were effective for the classes whom they were designed to influence. The homely and good-natured tone, the playful illustrations, the clear and pointed style, and the good sense and obvious earnestness of the writer, make these essays models of popular exhortation. The mind which would pronounce them *vulgar* is vitiated by sickly refinement. There is nothing vulgar in the attempt, however prosecuted, to make large bodies of men more honest and intelligent, more economical, sober, and industrious.

It is proper to try these essays only by an ethical standard. Whatever may have been the religious opinions of Franklin, he was not directly influenced by them, when his only object was to give prudential advice to his countrymen. Certainly there is nothing in these essays, which is offensive to Christianity, or which directly militates with its spirit. They form a practical system of utilitarian ethics. To say that this system is vastly inferior to the morality of the gospel is not at all to the purpose; as much as this must be admitted of every scheme of morals, in which the subject is viewed only by the light of nature and conscience. The ethical doctrines of Franklin must be compared with the speculations of Socrates and Cicero, of Hobbes and Hume, of Paley and Bentham, and not with the teachings of the Saviour. And

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here it may be as well to remark of his religious belief, that it contained a recognition of all the truths of natural religion, including the doctrines of immortality and a future retribution, and, so far as we can perceive, a faith in the divine mission of the Saviour. It coincided in most respects with the opinions of the Unitarians of the present day; and if religion was not as solemn and earnest a thing with him as with many of that sect, the misfortune must be ascribed in part to the coldness of his temperament.

Utility may be considered both as a test, and as a motive, or cause, in ethics. To say that all virtuous actions are also useful, and, therefore, that utility is often a very convenient criterion whereby to distinguish right from wrong, is quite a different thing from saying, that actions are right *because* they are useful, and, consequently, that utility is the very essence of virtue. No one denies the former proposition, or the propriety of adopting it as a guide to conduct, unless he be one of those blind enthusiasts, who repudiate all regard to consequences, and adopt the fanatical maxim, that we must act from moral impulse alone, and leave the results with God. The proper answer to such persons is, that, in morals, the act and its consequences are one, and we have no right to proceed upon a partial view. The deed which will ultimately be injurious to others is as wrong as that which does immediate harm; and reason is given to us that we may take care of the future, as well as of the present. So far, therefore, as Poor Richard shows the intimate connection between virtue and well-being, so far as he proves that to be honest and true is the best mode of becoming wealthy and happy, he is a sound moralist. Nor will any great objection be made to his doctrine, if he holds up this fact as *one* of the inducements to virtuous conduct. The theory of religion, no less than of pure ethics, sanctions an appeal to man's instinctive desire of future happiness, as a motive and an incitement to an upright and holy life. This is but a preparatory step, it is true; for that virtue is imperfect, is even mean and grovelling, which is not practised for its own sake.

That beautiful law of our mental constitution, which accounts for the formation of what are called "secondary desires," affords a means for the purification of the motive, and for a passage from the selfish to the disinterested stage

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of moral progress. The process is a simple one, being merely a transference of the affections from the end to the means. By the association of ideas, that which was at first loved or practised only as an instrument, becomes the leading idea and the chief object of pursuit. Thus, in the downward course, money, which is at first desired only as a means of gratifying the appetites, or of answering still higher ends, becomes itself "an appetite and a passion," and the habit and the vice of avarice are formed. And so, in our upward progress, the honesty, which was first practised only because it was "the best policy," the worship of God, which was first paid only as the price of heaven, become at last the unbought and unselfish homage of the soul to uprightness, holiness, and truth. Virtue deserves its name only when, by long practice, it has become a fixed habit; for then only is it freed from the stain of selfishness. The terrors of the law are proclaimed to the sinner only that he may be able to overcome the first shock of the transition from sin to holiness; its promises are reserved for those only who, by patient continuance in well-doing, have become alike indifferent to the debasing fear and the debasing hope.

Only through the process which we have here attempted to explain can we account for the fact, that Franklin, after undergoing a full course of "Poor Richard" morality, became a strictly pure, upright, and benevolent man. The virtues which he cultivated and recommended because they tended to promote success in life, he came at last to love and practise for their own sake. His integrity few will venture to question; and he was a philanthropist in the broadest and most honorable meaning of the term, seeking the good of his fellow-men by methods which did as much honor to his intellect as to his heart. He was the most rational of reformers, the most sensible and judicious in adapting his precepts and plans of improvement to the circumstances and characters of those whom he addressed. It is idle to lament his want of sentiment and enthusiasm, his low and practical views of life, his appeals to humble and even selfish motives. He understood the disposition and temperament of the people for whom he wrote and labored, and aimed to influence their conduct by the means which were most likely to produce an immediate effect. He possessed in an eminent degree that shrewdness and knowledge of human nature, for

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which the natives of New England are proverbial, and which the great circulation of his writings has unquestionably done much to sharpen and increase. He delighted in the use of simple and innocent artifices, by which to convert men to his purpose, and, as it were, to cheat them into doing good to themselves; and he describes the success of these little stratagems with great humor and delight. The account given in the autobiography, of the manner in which he carried through several plans for the improvement of the city and the welfare of the inhabitants, is an amusing and instructive sketch, and quite as characteristic as any thing in the work. He knew that men, taken in the mass, must often be treated like children, must be coaxed and allured into doing what is for their own good, must be trained by go-carts and leading-strings, before they can tread securely the path to virtue and happiness. The picture of a wise and benignant old man, contributing by such humble but effective means to the welfare of his fellow-men, is one which the zealot and the idealist may not dare to despise.

Franklin's views of political economy, and the science of legislation and government, were strongly tinctured with the peculiarities of his mind and temperament. Though he delighted in speculation, he did not theorize with a bold aim and a comprehensive reach of intellect. He looked only to single topics, discussing measures as they were suggested, one by one, with a view to their direct influence on the prosperity of his contemporaries. He contemplated almost exclusively the existing state of things, and was led only by accident, as it were, to the examination of general principles. Not many of his speculations, therefore, in this department, will be found serviceable at the present day. His plain good sense delighted most in the familiar exposition of obvious truths, which were at variance with reigning habits and long established prejudices, and he ridiculed these last with much humor and effect. The speculations on the effects of a depreciated paper currency are not very sound, when considered in the light of theory; but they were written for a temporary purpose, and formed an ingenious defence of a system which was then necessary in the American Colonies, as the lesser of two evils. In a short paper, published in 1766, he argues very ably against the embargo on corn, and presents views respecting a pro-

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vision for the support of the poor, which coincide remarkably with those of Adam Smith, that were published nine years afterwards. We give a short extract from this paper, as a specimen of Franklin's forcible and homely way of reasoning upon such subjects. It must be remembered, that the article was originally written for publication in a newspaper.

"You say, poor laborers cannot afford to buy bread at a high price, unless they had higher wages. Possibly. But how shall we farmers be able to afford our laborers higher wages, if you will not allow us to get, when we might have it, a higher price for our corn?

"By all that I can learn, we should at least have had a guinea a quarter more, if the exportation had been allowed. And this money England would have got from foreigners.

"But, it seems, we farmers must take so much less, that the poor may have it so much cheaper.

"This operates, then, as a tax for the maintenance of the poor. A very good thing, you will say. But I ask, Why a partial tax? why laid on us farmers only? If it be a good thing, pray, Messieurs the Public, take your share of it, by indemnifying us a little out of your public treasury. In doing a good thing, there is both honor and pleasure; you are welcome to your share of both.

"For my own part, I am not so well satisfied of the goodness of this thing. I am for doing good to the poor, but I differ in opinion about the means. I think the best way of doing good to the poor is, not making them easy *in* poverty, but leading or driving them *out* of it. In my youth, I travelled much, and I observed in different countries, that the more public provisions were made for the poor, the less they provided for themselves, and of course became poorer. And, on the contrary, the less was done for them, the more they did for themselves, and became richer. There is no country in the world where so many provisions are established for them; so many hospitals to receive them when they are sick or lame, founded and maintained by voluntary charities; so many almshouses for the aged of both sexes, together with a solemn general law made by the rich to subject their estates to a heavy tax for the support of the poor. Under all these obligations, are our poor modest, humble, and thankful? And do they use their best endeavours to maintain themselves, and lighten our shoulders of this burden? On the contrary, I affirm, that there is no country in the world in which the poor are more idle, dissolute, drunken, and inso-

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lent. The day you passed that act, you took away from before their eyes the greatest of all inducements to industry, frugality, and sobriety, by giving them a dependence on somewhat else than a careful accumulation, during youth and health, for support in age or sickness.

"In short, you offered a premium for the encouragement of idleness, and you should not now wonder, that it has had its effect in the increase of poverty. Repeal that law, and you will soon see a change in their manners. *Saint Monday* and *Saint Tuesday* will soon cease to be holidays. Six *days shalt thou labor*, though one of the old commandments, long treated as out of date, will again be looked upon as a respectable precept; industry will increase, and with it plenty, among the lower people; their circumstances will mend, and more will be done for their happiness by inuring them to provide for themselves, than could be done by dividing all your estates among them." — *Works*, Vol. II. pp. 358, 359.

The literary merits of Dr. Franklin's publications are universally acknowledged. Though he received no academical instruction, and in early life did not enjoy the society of men of taste and letters, he labored on the formation of his style with great care. Fortunately, he chose Addison as his model, being accustomed to rewrite a paper of "The Spectator" from his general recollection of its contents, and then to compare his version with the original. We are not sure that this practice can be generally recommended for imitation, as it is likely to lead to a too slavish copying of another's manner. But the simplicity of Franklin's taste, the fertility of his mind, and his earnestness of purpose, guarded him against affectations and puerilities, and he did not attempt to transfuse into his own manner all the peculiarities of his model. Notwithstanding this early and diligent study of composition, the style in his productions was always made secondary to the thought. The practical and utilitarian turn of his mind prevented him from writing when he had nothing to say, and made him studious of those qualities which he had observed to be most effective in converting readers to his purpose. His compositions, therefore, do not exhibit extraordinary elegance or polish; but they are easy, pointed, and natural, abounding with happy turns of expression and felicitous illustrations. He had that frankness and *bonhommie*, which render the style a picture of the man, and which never fail to please, though they may not

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instruct or convince. He was not a wit, but a humorist; and the playfulness of his manner, coupled with his obviously benevolent intentions, leads the reader on by an irresistible charm, and steals away his assent by gaining his affections. The trifles which he wrote in Paris, for the amusement of the gay society there, show all the lightness and spirit that distinguish the people for whom they were composed. We copy a portion of the "Dialogue between Franklin and the Gout," as it gives an entertaining sketch of his manner of life at Paris.

"FRANKLIN. Eh! Oh! Eh! What have I done to merit these cruel sufferings?

"GOUT. Many things; you have ate and drank too freely, and too much indulged those legs of yours in their indolence.

"FRANKLIN. Who is it that accuses me?

"GOUT. It is I, even I, the Gout.

"FRANKLIN. What! my enemy in person?

"GOUT. No, not your enemy.

"FRANKLIN. I repeat it; my enemy; for you would not only torment my body to death, but ruin my good name; you reproach me as a glutton and a tippler; now all the world, that knows me, will allow that I am neither the one nor the other.

"GOUT. The world may think as it pleases; it is always very complaisant to itself, and sometimes to its friends; but I very well know that the quantity of meat and drink proper for a man, who takes a reasonable degree of exercise, would be too much for another, who never takes any.

"FRANKLIN. I take, — Eh! Oh! — as much exercise, — Eh! — as I can, Madame Gout. You know my sedentary state, and on that account, it would seem, Madame Gout, as if you might spare me a little, seeing it is not altogether my own fault.

"GOUT. Not a jot; your rhetoric and your politeness are thrown away; your apology avails nothing. If your situation in life is a sedentary one, your amusements, your recreations, at least, should be active. You ought to walk or ride; or, if the weather prevents that, play at billiards. But let us examine your course of life. While the mornings are long, and you have leisure to go abroad, what do you do? Why, instead of gaining an appetite for breakfast, by salutary exercise, you amuse yourself with books, pamphlets, or newspapers, which commonly are not worth the reading. Yet you eat an inordinate breakfast, four dishes of tea, with cream, and one or two buttered toasts, with slices of hung beef, which I fancy are not things the most easily digested. Immediately after-

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ward you sit down to write at your desk, or converse with persons who apply to you on business. Thus the time passes till one, without any kind of bodily exercise. But all this I could pardon, in regard, as you say, to your sedentary condition. But what is your practice after dinner? Walking in the beautiful gardens of those friends, with whom you have dined, would be the choice of men of sense; yours is to be fixed down to chess, where you are found engaged for two or three hours! This is your perpetual recreation, which is the least eligible of any for a sedentary man, because, instead of accelerating the motion of the fluids, the rigid attention it requires helps to retard the circulation and obstruct internal secretions. Wrapt in the speculations of this wretched game, you destroy your constitution. What can be expected from such a course of living, but a body replete with stagnant humors, ready to fall a prey to all kinds of dangerous maladies, if I, the Gout, did not occasionally bring you relief by agitating those humors, and so purifying or dissipating them? If it was in some nook or alley in Paris, deprived of walks, that you played awhile at chess after dinner, this might be excusable; but the same taste prevails with you in Passy, Auteuil, Montmartre, or Sanoy, places where there are the finest gardens and walks, a pure air, beautiful women, and most agreeable and instructive conversation; all which you might enjoy by frequenting the walks. But these are rejected for this abominable game of chess. Fie, then, Mr. Franklin! But amidst my instructions, I had almost forgot to administer my wholesome corrections; so take that twinge, —and that.

"Franklin. Oh! Eh! Oh! Ohhh! As much instruction as you please, Madam Gout, and as many reproaches; but pray, Madam, a truce with your corrections!

"Gout. No, Sir, no, — I will not abate a particle of what is so much for your good, — therefore ——

. . . . .

"Franklin. Ohhh! what a devil of a physician!

"Gout. How ungrateful you are to say so! Is it not I who, in the character of your physician, have saved you from the palsy, dropsy, and apoplexy? one or other of which would have done for you long ago, but for me.

"Franklin. I submit, and thank you for the past, but entreat the discontinuance of your visits for the future; for, in my mind, one had better die than be cured so dolefully. Permit me just to hint, that I have also not been unfriendly to *you.* I never feed physician or quack of any kind, to enter the list against you; if then you do not leave me to my repose, it may be said you are ungrateful too.

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"Gout. I can scarcely acknowledge that as any objection. As to quacks, I despise them; they may kill you, indeed, but cannot injure me. And as to regular physicians, they are at last convinced, that the gout, in such a subject as you are, is no disease, but a remedy; and wherefore cure a remedy? — but to our business, — there.

"Franklin. Oh! Oh! — for Heaven's sake, leave me; and I promise faithfully never more to play at chess, but to take exercise daily, and live temperately.

"Gout. I know you too well. You promise fair; but, after a few months of good health, you will return to your old habits; your fine promises will be forgotten, like the forms of the last year's clouds. Let us then finish the account, and I will go. But I leave you with an assurance of visiting you again at a proper time and place; for my object is your good, and you are sensible now that I am your *real friend.*" — *Works*, Vol. II. pp. 194 – 201.

We have no room for extracts from his letters, which present some of the finest models of epistolary composition in the English language. It is difficult to say which are deserving of most admiration, those written to his intimate friends on the ordinary topics of social intercourse, or his business correspondence with politicians and philosophers. Pleasantry, in the former, is sometimes carried a little too far; but they abound with indications of the good sense and ingenuity of the writer, and show a truly affectionate spirit towards his friends. The ease and simplicity of the language are admirable, and a sunny cheerfulness overspreads them, which keeps the reader in constant good-humor. The same traits appear, to some extent, in his political correspondence; but the earnestness and deep feeling of the writer are here more apparent. His attachment to his native land was so strong, that injuries inflicted upon it drew from him indignant and bitter comments, which were never elicited by wrongs done to himself. His confidential letters to David Hartley, who was for a time an unrecognized medium of communication between him and the English ministry, have some energetic passages, in which the vituperation is carried to the utmost point that is consistent with dignity. His firmness and resolution during the darkest periods of the American war are remarkable. After the Declaration, though he was made the organ of several attempts at a reconciliation, he seems hardly to contemplate the possibility

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of the struggle terminating on any other terms than an acknowledgment of the entire independence of this country. His reply to a secret agent of England, who wrote to him in 1778, under the name of Charles de Weissenstein, sounding him about terms for peace, contains such an emphatic expression of the determination with which the writer had embarked in the cause, though he has been accused of lukewarmness in it, that we cannot resist the temptation to quote from it two short paragraphs. It must be remembered, that Franklin wrote it soon after he had received accounts of the gloomy winter passed by the American army at Valley Forge.

"You conjure me, in the name of the omniscient and just God, before whom I must appear, and by my hopes of future fame, to consider if some expedient cannot be found to put a stop to the desolation of America, and prevent the miseries of a general war. As I am conscious of having taken every step in my power to prevent the breach, and no one to widen it, I can appear cheerfully before that God, fearing nothing from his justice in this particular, though I have much occasion for his mercy in many others. As to my future fame, I am content to rest it on my past and present conduct, without seeking an addition to it in the crooked, dark paths you propose to me, where I should most certainly lose it. This, your solemn address, would therefore have been more properly made to your sovereign and his venal Parliament. He and they, who wickedly began, and madly continue, a war for the desolation of America, are alone accountable for the consequences.

. . . . . .

"You think we flatter ourselves, and are deceived into an opinion, that England *must* acknowledge our independency. We, on the other hand, think you flatter yourselves, in imagining such an acknowledgment a vast boon, which we strongly desire, and which you may gain some great advantage by granting or withholding. We have never asked it of you; we only tell you, that you can have no treaty with us but as an independent state; and you may please yourselves and your children with the rattle of your right to govern us, as long as you have done with that of your king's being king of France, without giving us the least concern, if you do not attempt to exercise it. That this pretended right is indisputable, as you say, we utterly deny. Your Parliament never had a right to govern us, and your king has forfeited it by his bloody tyranny. But I thank you for letting me know a little of your mind, that, even if the Parliament should acknowledge our independency, the act would not be

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binding to posterity, and that your nation would resume and prosecute the claim, as soon as they found it convenient, from the influence of your passions, and your present malice against us. We suspected before, that you would not be actually bound by your conciliatory acts, longer than till they had served their purpose of inducing us to disband our forces; but we were not certain that you were knaves by principle, and that we ought not to have the least confidence in your offers, promises, or treaties, though confirmed by Parliament."— *Works*, Vol. VIII. pp. 279–283.

Of the extent and general character of Franklin's political services to this country, it would be difficult to speak fairly, without appearing to run into the language of excessive panegyric. His services in England, up to the commencement of the war, and in France, through nearly the whole of its continuance, were worth more than triumphant battles, or the capture of invading armies, to the cause. On his discretion and good faith, his judgment and activity, and the immense influence which was acquired by his great personal reputation, depended mainly the hopes of the Americans for sympathy and assistance from Europe. Never was there a more important trust, and never were expectations more fully answered. He went to England, in 1757, as the agent of Pennsylvania, appointed to present and support the petition of the Assembly of that province against the arbitrary and oppressive conduct of the Proprietaries. Franklin had long been the champion of this popular body, and had drafted most of the papers which emanated from it, in the course of the dispute. The opposite party dreaded his talents and influence, and made very favorable overtures, to draw him over to their side. But he steadfastly refused, and, in his own language, "was as active as ever in the opposition." During this visit to England, which continued for five years, he labored indefatigably in the service of the province, and contributed freely to the press, in order to remove the misapprehensions and prejudices which existed there respecting the conduct of the Pennsylvanians.

Among other works, he published the celebrated "Historical Review of Pennsylvania"; a volume of considerable size, the object of which was, to expose the injuries that the inhabitants had suffered, and to vindicate them from the charges made by their opponents. It was a controversial

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publication, not aspiring to the fulness and impartiality of history, but written with great ability and vigor, as a plea in behalf of the popular party. He was universally supposed to be the sole author of it, and was much abused for it by the friends of the Proprietaries, both in England and America. With his usual disregard of self, and indifference about personal calumniation, he never publicly disavowed it, and therefore, till the appearance of this edition, it was always attributed to him. But Mr. Sparks has discovered a private letter, which he wrote to David Hume, soon after the publication of the work, in which he expressly disclaims it, saying that the greater part of it was written by another hand. It is properly inserted in this edition, however, as many of the messages and reports of the Assembly, which he wrote when at home, are inserted in it, and as he probably revised the whole, and was certainly responsible for its publication. It is good evidence of the extent and success of Mr. Sparks's researches, that he has been able to put at rest the question respecting the authorship of this work, so long after it was first given to the public.

Franklin returned from England in 1762, and went thither again, on the same service, in 1764. Notwithstanding his eminent services and reputation, the party of the Proprietaries in Philadelphia had contrived to defeat his reëlection to the Assembly, by about twenty-five votes out of four thousand. But they gained nothing by this effort; for, as their opponents still had a great majority in the Assembly, they appointed him special agent to Great Britain, to take charge of the petition for a change of government, and to have the general management of the affairs of the province. His adversaries, among whom we are sorry to find the name of John Dickinson, murmured loudly at this appointment, on the ostensible ground, that he was not in favor either with the ministers or the Proprietaries. Of course, this fact only endeared him the more to the mass of the people, whose interests and feelings he represented.

He went to England this time as the agent of but one province; but affairs were in progress, which soon compelled him to assume a broader sphere of duty, and he became at last the virtual representative of the whole American people. He was successively appointed agent for Georgia, New Jersey, and Massachusetts; and his great reputation, and

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acknowledged familiarity with the affairs and opinions of the colonists, caused all parties in London to apply to him for information and counsel. The Stamp Act was passed, and when the determined opposition to it in America compelled the ministry to think of repealing it, his memorable examination at the bar of the House of Commons took place. It was a noble occasion for the display of his courage, his judgment, his intimate acquaintance with the affairs of the country, and his patriotism ; and nobly did he acquit himself. He was examined in presence of a full House, and was obliged to answer the questions as fast as they were propounded, without having time to consider and prepare a deliberate reply. Every word that he uttered has been preserved, and the record affords a striking proof of the clearness and vigor of his unpremeditated composition, and of the firmness and the self-possession which enabled him to display his judgment and his great store of information with such impressive effect. The ablest speeches of Chatham and Burke did not contribute so much towards convincing the Parliament and the nation of the injustice and impolicy of their conduct towards America, as did the firm demeanour and the unstudied replies of the agent for Pennsylvania.

As the sky darkened, and the danger of a division of the British empire became more imminent, the influence and the reputation of Franklin increased, and all eyes were turned upon him, as the only person who was capable of mediating between the angry parties. As prudent and sagacious as he was patriotic, he shrunk from the evils necessarily consequent upon separation and war, and exerted himself to the utmost to avert such calamities. He deplored the conduct of the ministry, and wrote home, with great earnestness, to allay the over-zealous and imprudent spirit which animated some of the patriots. His letters were full of grief and anxiety ; but they manifested no failure of purpose, no shrinking from the resolution once formed, and so often proclaimed, never to submit to the unjust tax. The government had recourse to him, and plans for reconciling all difficulties were repeatedly proposed, and discussed by him in a spirit of caution and forbearance, eager to avert from both countries the horrors of a civil war. It was all in vain. The insolent bearing of the ministry, and the fatal obstinacy of the king, now known to be the chief cause why matters were brought to such a crisis, overpowered all the efforts of

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the friends of peace; and the blow was struck at Lexington, which rendered the dismemberment of the empire inevitable. Yet the endeavours of Franklin to prevent the affair from being pushed to this extremity were not entirely fruitless. His reluctance and delay showed the conscientious character of the motives with which he entered into the contest. To the mingled moderation and firmness, the prudence, equity, and wisdom of Franklin, and of men like him, was the American Revolution indebted for that appearance of dignity and soberness, by which it was characterized in a greater degree than was any other momentous political convulsion which the world has ever witnessed. It was not the turbulent rebellion of a mob, nor yet a wild and fearful outbreak, upheaving the very foundations of order, society, and morals, like the revolution in France. It was rather the grave and dispassionate act of a whole nation, upon sufficient cause, and with due consideration, severing the political ties which bound it to another, but preserving its own government and institutions intact.

When the die was cast, and the tocsin of war was sounded, the cheerfulness of Franklin instantly returned. Though he had done all he could to avert the struggle, he doubted not its issue. It might be protracted, it was sure to be calamitous in many of its attendant circumstances, and to task to the utmost the resources and the fortitude of his countrymen; but he knew it must end in the establishment of their freedom. The solemn and resolute tone of the letter we have already cited, though it was written some years afterwards, shows his confidence, and the composure of his feelings at this crisis. As a farther illustration of his steadiness and decision of purpose at this period, we make a short extract from a letter which he wrote to Lord Howe, in June, 1776.

"I have not the vanity, my Lord, to think of intimidating, by thus predicting the effects of this war; for I know it will, in England, have the fate of all my former predictions, not to be believed till the event shall verify it.

"Long did I endeavour, with unfeigned and unwearied zeal, to preserve from breaking that fine and noble China vase, the British empire; for I knew, that, being once broken, the separate parts could not retain even their share of the strength or value that existed in the whole, and that a perfect reunion of those parts could scarce ever be hoped for. Your Lordship may possibly remember the tears of joy that wet my cheek, when, at

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your good sister's, in London, you once gave me expectations that a reconciliation might soon take place. I had the misfortune to find those expectations disappointed, and to be treated as the cause of the mischief I was laboring to prevent. My consolation, under that groundless and malevolent treatment, was, that I retained the friendship of many wise and good men in that country, and, among the rest, some share in the regard of Lord Howe.

"The well-founded esteem, and, permit me to say, affection, which I shall always have for your Lordship, makes it painful to me to see you engaged in conducting a war, the great ground of which, as expressed in your letter, is 'the necessity of preventing the American trade from passing into foreign channels.' To me it seems, that neither the obtaining nor retaining of any trade, how valuable soever, is an object for which men may justly spill each other's blood; that the true and sure means of extending and securing commerce is the goodness and cheapness of commodities; and that the profit of no trade can ever be equal to the expense of compelling it, and of holding it, by fleets and armies.

"I consider this war against us, therefore, as both unjust and unwise; and I am persuaded, that cool, dispassionate posterity will condemn to infamy those who advised it; and that even success will not save from some degree of dishonor those who voluntarily engaged to conduct it. I know, your great motive in coming hither was the hope of being instrumental in a reconciliation; and I believe, when you find *that* impossible, on any terms given you to propose, you will relinquish so odious a command, and return to a more honorable private station."—*Works*, Vol. v. pp. 101, 102.

He returned to America just in time to be chosen a member of Congress, to be appointed on the committee for drafting the Declaration of Independence, and to affix his name to that instrument, the charter of liberties to a new world. Then he was sent abroad again, to the most responsible post, except the chief command of her armies, which his country had to offer; and we have seen with what a burst of enthusiasm he was welcomed in the courtly circles of Paris. He remained there, unwearied and most successful in his efforts to conduct the war to a happy termination. He remained till he had negotiated and signed the treaty of alliance with France, which was virtually decisive of the contest, and to the definitive treaty of peace with Great Britain, which marked its triumphant close.

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Then he returned for the last time to his native land, to die there. He landed at Philadelphia on the 14th of September, 1785, in the eightieth year of his age. Sixty-three years before, he had landed at the same spot, on his first visit to the city, as a runaway apprentice from Boston, with a single dollar in his pocket. He came now full of years and honors, and greeted with acclamations by a large concourse of the inhabitants, to find his last resting-place within his adopted city.

Immediately after his arrival, he was chosen President of the State, and held that office by a unanimous vote at the successive elections for three years, being the full term that was allowed by the constitution of Pennsylvania. The infirmities of years were upon him, but his mental faculties were unimpaired, and he discharged all the duties of the station to the full satisfaction of those who elected him. He was chosen one of the delegates to the Convention for forming the constitution of the United States, as if that he might have a share in every important step for establishing the interests of the new republic ; and he entered into the proceedings with great activity and interest, many of his speeches being afterwards written out and published. The last speech which he made in the Convention affords such striking evidence of his liberality of opinion and practical wisdom, that we quote the concluding portion of it. Would that more of the spirit which animates it might appear in the actions of politicians at the present day !

" I consent to this constitution, because I expect no better, and because I am not sure that it is not the best. The opinions I have had of its *errors* I sacrifice to the public good. I have never whispered a syllable of them abroad. Within these walls they were born, and here they shall die. If every one of us, in returning to our constituents, were to report the objections he has had to it, and endeavour to gain partisans in support of them, we might prevent its being generally received, and thereby lose all the salutary effects and great advantages resulting naturally in our favor among foreign nations, as well as among ourselves, from our real or apparent unanimity. Much of the strength and efficiency of any government, in procuring and securing happiness to the people, depends on *opinion*, on the general opinion of the goodness of that government, as well as of the wisdom and integrity of its governors. I hope, there-

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fore, for our own sakes, as a part of the people, and for the sake of our posterity, that we shall act heartily and unanimously in recommending this constitution, wherever our influence may extend, and turn our future thoughts and endeavours to the means of having it *well administered.* On the whole, Sir, I cannot help expressing a wish, that every member of the convention, who may still have objections to it, would with me on this occasion doubt a little of his own infallibility, and, to make *manifest* our *unanimity*, put his name to this instrument."—*Life*, pp. 518, 519.

He was now in the full enjoyment of a serene and happy old age, looking forward with pleasure, but without impatience, to the termination of his career. He had the same cheerful activity of mind, the same interest in philosophical subjects, which he had manifested in the whole preceding portion of his long life. He was at ease in his domestic circumstances, and was surrounded by a happy family of grandchildren, and a circle of intimate and admiring friends. His correspondence was still extensive, and some of the most admirable letters that ever came from his pen, showing all his characteristic gayety, benevolence, and inquiring habit of mind, were written at this period. A stranger visited him in the summer of 1787, and found him in the open air, seated under a large mulberry-tree in his garden, with a small party of friends around him. He conversed with his usual cheerfulness and animation, and showed with great interest some curious objects of natural history, and a large work upon botany, which he was then studying with much ardor. The sickness of death came upon him, but did not impair his serenity of mind, or the activity of his moral and intellectual powers. "A few days before he died, he rose from his bed, and begged that it might be made up for him, '*so that he might die in a decent manner.*' His daughter told him, that she hoped he would recover, and live many years longer. He calmly replied, '*I hope not.*'" He died on the 17th of April, 1790, at the age of eighty-four years, leaving a reputation, as a diplomatist, philosopher, and philanthropist, inferior to none which belongs to the history of the eighteenth century, and as a statesman and a patriot, second only to him whose name is always first in the hearts of his American countrymen.

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Art. IX. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *The Metres of the Greeks and Romans. A Manual for Schools and Private Study.* Translated from the German of Edward Munk. By Charles Beck and C. C. Felton, Professors in Harvard University. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1844. 12mo. pp. 349.

The object of the learned translators of this work was, to furnish a general book of reference respecting the Greek and Roman metres, to accompany the text-books used in colleges for teaching the ancient languages. Instead of preparing an original treatise, they deemed it better to have recourse to the great German storehouse of classical learning, to select from it the most approved manual for their purpose, and to give a faithful version of it into English for the use of scholars in this country and in England. They have accomplished this task with the good taste, sound judgment, and general knowledge of the subject, which one was prepared to expect from their high reputation as instructers, and from the merits of their former publications, in which they have done so much for the progress of classical studies in the United States. The work of Dr. Munk is succinct, accurate, and thorough, and it is rendered into English with great precision, and with as much perspicuity as was possible, considering the abstruse and rugged character of the terminology, which must be acquired before we can have definite notions of the metrical systems of the ancients. We ought not to complain of the rather formidable appearance of this technical phraseology, if the study of the metres is actually simplified by its use, and the meaning given with more precision and brevity than would be possible, if the uncouth terms were avoided by the adoption of a loose and extended paraphrase, instead of a literal translation. In some cases, however, we conceive that the translators might have got rid of very awkward terms and compounds by adopting perfectly equivalent expressions in familiar English. Thus, we see no necessity for writing "iambographers" instead of "writers of iambics," or for making any use of such barbarous compounds as "eurhythmy" and "arrhythmy." By not taking sufficient account of the radical difference between the German and English languages, in regard to the license of introducing foreign words and novel compounds, translators are very apt to make such mistakes, and thereby to injure the purity and individuality of the mother tongue. The pedantry of many German scholars,

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also, fostered by this flexibility of their language, often leads them to enlarge the nomenclature of a particular science to an unnecessary, and even a ridiculous, extent.

It is difficult to give any account of the contents of this work, which shall obviate the necessity of examining the book itself, before the student can tell whether it will answer his purpose. A brief introduction contains a list of the principal works on the metrical science of the Greeks and Romans, which will be very serviceable to those who wish to study the subject in its widest latitude. The first part relates to the doctrine of rhythm, and gives the necessary definitions, and those general views of the topics to be explained which it is necessary to master before we enter upon the study of the details. The introduction to the second part contains a brief survey of the history of Greek and Roman poetry, with particular reference to the metres employed. This is followed by the body of the work, containing a detailed explanation of the various modes in which the laws of rhythm were applied to poetry by the ancients. The different kinds of verse are taken up in a natural order, and their structure is explained with great clearness and precision, and illustrated by numerous examples. The theory of metre here adopted agrees in every essential respect with that of Böckh, which Dr. Munk prefers to the system of Hermann, because the latter is made unnecessarily obscure, through the writer's attachment to the philosophical views and language of Kant. Certainly, the subject is abstruse enough in itself, without being darkened by the Egyptian gloom which fills every recess of the "Critical Philosophy."

The typographical execution of the book is very neat, and as great pains have been taken with the correction of the proofs, we may presume that it is quite free from errors. A copy of it ought to be in the hands of every classical teacher and pupil, as an indispensable auxiliary to his grammar and dictionary, in enabling him to acquire clear views of the form and internal arrangement of ancient poetry.

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2. — *Observations in Europe, principally in France and Great Britain.* By John P. Durbin, D. D., President of Dickinson College. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1844. 2 vols. 12mo.

It is no easy thing, in this age, to write a book of travels in Europe, that shall have any thing of originality or interest. All the prominent objects, whether of nature or of art, have been

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described so many times, that to go over the description again is like repeating an old joke, or parading a venerable Joe Miller for the entertainment of a dinner party. The case is somewhat changed, when the peculiarities of society, or the manners of the times, are the writer's subject; for these are ever shifting, or the writer's point of view differs from any taken by his predecessors; and whatever concerns the men and women of a country creates an interest ever fresh. A large part of Dr. Durbin's book consists of descriptions that fall under the former remarks. They are well written, with no flourish or pretension; but they are mere repetitions of what a thousand tourists have told us before. If the book is designed for the well read classes of the buying public, much of it is undoubtedly superfluous. The author's relations, however, with a numerous and powerful sect, and the information on the religious state of the countries he visited, which he interweaves with the more ordinary texture of the work, will undoubtedly secure him a large and respectful audience. The tone of the book is in the highest degree praiseworthy. Dr. Durbin does not disguise his own religious opinions, while he treats others with candor and Christian decorum. On some topics, — for example, the position of Napoleon with respect to the other powers of Europe previously to the battle of Waterloo, and the effect upon the cause of liberty of English interference in the affairs of the continent at that time, — Dr. Durbin advances opinions at variance with those usually entertained by English and American writers, and more in accordance with the opinions of the French Liberals.

Dr. Durbin had frequent occasion, especially during his visit to England, to feel — as every American traveller must — the deep disgrace which has sullied the American name, since the execrable dishonesty of the repudiating and defaulting States has so disastrously blighted the hopes of freedom throughout the world. Most of the attacks upon Americans he was able to encounter by a plain statement of facts; but for repudiation, and the failure to pay the interest on the Pennsylvania bonds, he was able to find no excuse. Late events have unhappily overthrown some of the arguments which were effective a year or two ago. He says, for example, "Our British friends, innocent of all knowledge of American geography, make no difference between Arkansas and Massachusetts, Iowa and Pennsylvania. A murder is committed at the distance of fifteen hundred or two thousand miles from Philadelphia, *and they imagine at once, that the streets of the Quaker city are thronged with savages, and that bowie-knives are as common there as walking-sticks in Regent Street.*" What will the Doctor's friends say to him,

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when they read the bloody history of the recent riots, perpetrated by throngs of savages in the streets of the Quaker city, infinitely more inexcusable, ferocious, and murderous, than the Lynchers of the South and West? We remember hearing a gentleman from the Southwest say, with as much wit as sarcasm, that, coming from a law-and-order loving country like Mississippi, he was afraid to visit Philadelphia.

The reader will part from Dr. Durbin's volumes with a sincere respect for his abilities, his liberality, and his intelligence.

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3. — *A Lecture on the late Improvements in Steam Navigation and the Arts of Naval Warfare, with a brief Notice of Ericsson's Caloric Engine;* delivered before the Boston Lyceum. By J. O. Sargent. New York and London: Wiley & Putnam. 1844. 8vo. pp. 64.

This discourse is a very appropriate one for a lyceum lecture. It is well and vigorously written, abounding in interesting facts and lucid statements. The most interesting part to the general reader will be the biographical sketch of Ericsson, the inventor of the propeller and of the caloric engine. The name of this gentleman has recently become well known in the United States, on account of his connection with the unfortunate war-steamer Princeton. The circumstances of his early life, as related by Mr. Sargent, are curious and interesting. We copy a part of the biographical sketch.

"John Ericsson was born in 1803, in the province of Vermeland, among the iron mountains of Sweden. His father was a mining proprietor, so that the youth had ample opportunities to watch the operation of the various engines and machinery connected with the mines. These had been erected by mechanicians of the highest scientific attainments, and presented a fine study to a mind of mechanical tendencies. Under such influences, his innate mechanical talent was early developed. At the age of ten years, he had constructed with his own hands, and after his own plans, a miniature saw-mill; and had made numerous drawings of complicated mechanical contrivances, with instruments of his own invention and manufacture.

"In 1814, he attracted the attention of the celebrated Count Platen, who had heard of his boyish efforts, and desired an interview with him. After carefully examining the various plans and drawings which the youth exhibited on this occasion, the Count handed them back to him, simply observing in an impressive manner, 'Continue as you have commenced, and you will one day produce something extraordinary.' Count Platen was the intimate personal friend of Berna-

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dotte, the king of Sweden, and was regarded by him with a feeling little short of veneration. It was Count Platen who undertook and carried through, in opposition to the views of the Swedish nobility, and of nearly the whole nation, that gigantic work, the Grand Ship-Canal of Sweden, which connects the North Sea with the Baltic. He died viceroy of Norway, and left behind him, in the North of Europe, the reputation of one of the greatest men of the century. The few words of kind encouragement, which he spoke on the occasion to which I have referred, sunk deeply into the mind of the young mechanician, and confirmed him in the career on which he had entered.

"Immediately after this interview, young Ericsson was appointed a cadet in the corps of engineers, and, after six months' tuition, at the age of twelve years, was appointed *niveleur* at the Grand Ship-Canal, under Count Platen. In this capacity, in the year 1816, he was required to set out the work for more than six hundred men. The canal was constructed by soldiers. He was at that time not tall enough to look through the levelling instrument; and in using it, he was obliged to mount upon a stool, carried by his attendants for that purpose. As the discipline in the Swedish army required that the soldier should always uncover the head in speaking to his superior, gray-headed men came, cap in hand, to receive their instructions from this mere child. While thus employed in the summer months, he was constantly occupied during the winter with his pencil and pen; and there are many important works on the canal, constructed after drawings made by Ericsson at this early age. During his leisure hours, he measured up, and made working drawings of, every implement and piece of machinery connected with this great enterprise; so that, at the age of fifteen, he was in possession of accurate plans of the whole work, drawn by his own hand.

"His associations with military men on the canal had given him a tendency for military life, and at the age of seventeen he entered the Swedish army as an ensign, without the knowledge of his friend and patron, Count Platen. This step excited the indignation of the Count, who tried to prevail upon him to change his resolution; but finding all his arguments useless, he terminated an angry interview by bidding the young ensign to "go to the devil." The affectionate regard which he entertained for the Count, and gratitude for the interest taken by him in his education, caused the circumstances of this interview to make a deep impression upon Ericsson, but were not sufficient to shake his determination.

"Soon after the young ensign had entered upon his regimental duties, an affair occurred which threatened to obscure his hitherto bright prospects. His colonel, Baron Koskull, had been disgraced by the king, about the time that he had recommended Ericsson for promotion. This circumstance induced the king to reject the recommendation. The colonel was exceedingly annoyed by this rejection, and having in his possession a military map made by the expectant ensign, took it to his Royal Highness the Crown Prince Oscar, and besought him to intercede for the young man with the king. The prince received the map very kindly, expressing great admiration of its beautiful finish and execution, and presented himself in person with it to the king, who yielded to the joint persuasion of the prince and

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the map, and promoted the young ensign to the lieutenancy for which he had been recommended." — pp. 22 – 26.

The tone of this part of the lecture is too eulogistic to be perfectly in taste; and, perhaps, the confidence expressed in the results of Mr. Ericsson's calculations and combinations is too unqualified. The boast of Captain Stockton, "that, with twenty steam-frigates, on the new plan [the plan of the Princeton], he would engage to take possession of the British Channel, and to blockade London itself," takes away all value from his opinion, on which Mr. Sargent seems to set a high estimate. The terrible result of this officer's experiments with the Princeton's guns is an argument against his authority which cannot be easily answered.

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4. — *Remarks on China and the China Trade.* By R. B. Forbes. Boston: Samuel N. Dickinson, Printer. 1844. 8vo. pp. 80.

The affairs of the Celestial Empire have assumed a new interest in the eyes of the barbarian foreigners, since the termination of her war with England has opened a few more of her ports to their trade, and inclined them to speculate upon the possible amount of their goods which she may be induced to take, in exchange for her teas and silks. The moral aspect of the late war has also given rise to some curious questions, which have been discussed with great ardor, but with very little knowledge of the circumstances on which the decision of them must depend. We are very glad, therefore, that a sensible and well informed merchant, who has been long and most successfully engaged in trade with China, and who has resided for many years in Canton, in the most intimate relations with the Hong merchants there, has undertaken to publish a plain statement of many interesting facts, relative to our commercial intercourse with the empire, with which a few persons of his class are very familiar, though the public at large are sadly ignorant of them. He has executed his task with great simplicity and clearness, giving a succinct account of the origin of the trade, with some curious anecdotes pertaining to it, of its great increase, the mode in which it has been carried on, the restrictions under which it has labored, the circumstances attendant upon the late war with Great Britain, and the probable effect of recent events upon future commercial intercourse with China. The constitution and

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purposes of that singular company, the Hong merchants, are very well explained, and the brief history of the management of the trade by them will serve to enhance the ideas entertained by most persons of the shrewdness and the honesty of the better classes among the Chinese. Novel and copious statistics are afforded respecting the amount of the trade, the different articles in which it has been carried on, and the fluctuations to which it has been subject. All the information contained in the pamphlet commends itself to our attention and belief, from the frank and straight-forward manner in which it is given; the single purpose of the writer being evidently to impart knowledge, and not to answer any ulterior end.

Not the least interesting portion of the pamphlet is the brief sketch of the origin and nature of the opium trade. The subject is treated only as a great commercial and political question; its moral aspect, in relation both to the consumers and to the parties who bring it to China, being left entirely out of view. Most of the opium sold at Canton comes from British India, where the growth of it is a government monopoly, and where it is raised avowedly for the purpose of being exported to China. The revenue derived from it by the East India Company is very great; amounting, in one year, to nearly a million sterling. The trade in it was nominally made illegal at the commencement of the present century, but no active measures were taken by the Chinese government to put a stop to it till 1821, when the ships containing the drug were ordered to move out of the river. After that year, Lintin, an island seventy miles below Canton, became the *dépôt* for the opium trade. This island was considered as beyond the jurisdiction of the Chinese authorities at Canton; the British merchants maintaining, that they had as good a right to sell their goods there, as at Macao, or on the open sea. Contracts for the sale of opium were made at Canton, and the purchaser, having obtained an order from the merchant, proceeded with it to the store-ships at Lintin, obtained the drug, and brought it up the river at his own risk; generally, by connivance with the mandarins, but sometimes, by fast boats, in spite of them. If the trade had continued in this channel, probably no difficulty would have occurred. But the British merchants, wishing to get nearer to market, and to save the expense of the store-ships at Lintin, began, in 1835, to send opium up to Whampoa, and even to Canton itself, in small craft, under the British flag. This procedure caused, at last, the seizure of the opium by the Chinese authorities, and, eventually, the war with England.

Mr. Forbes does not expect much from the mission of Mr.

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Cushing, who, he thinks, will not be allowed to visit Pekin, but will make some insignificant commercial arrangements, "will write an interesting account of his voyage, and, after a stay of six or eight months in the outskirts of China, will return home."

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5. — *Drawings and Tintings.* By Alfred B. Street. New York: Burgess & Stringer. 1844.

We have always read the poems of Mr. Street with regret, that so much original power should be wasted by affectation, neglect, and misuse. The very title of the present collection almost compels one to shut up the book, without reading a single page. Mr. Willis began these finical titles in his "Pencillings by the Way"; and since that unfortunate titular whim made its appearance, every puny poetaster and proser has felt himself called upon to mimic the affected metamorphosis of present participles into common — quite too common — nouns.

No doubt, Mr. Street is a poet; he has the imagination and the faculty divine. But he has a very wrong idea of the poet's duty, which he interprets into an imperative obligation to be for ever in a fine frenzy rolling. He is always in a fury; always foaming at the mouth. Nothing short of a tornado of emotion can satisfy his uneasy spirit. But no man can for ever keep his imagination at the high-pressure pitch. The mind refuses to submit to an eternal tension; and the Muse herself cannot keep up an endless ecstacy. Mr. Street seems to think, that to be calm and self-possessed is to be tame and prosaic, forgetting that the truest power makes the least bluster. Enthusiasm and passion are temporary in their very nature. Whoever attempts to protract them beyond a certain point does violence to the powers of the human mind, and those to whom he addresses himself listen, if they listen at all, with dislike and incredulity. Mr. Street is perpetually attempting to work up his materials into something grand, imposing, and terrible. It is impossible to believe, that he can really think every thing is so very gorgeous and wonderful; and therefore we are offended with the simulated splendors which he attempts to throw around his compositions, as essentially untruthful. We are thoroughly wearied with the immense quantities of sound and fury, signifying nothing, which his rampant genius produces.

With such radically wrong views of poetry, Mr. Street's style could not well be otherwise than bad. The first defect that strikes

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the reader, whose taste has been in the least chastised, is the vast disproportion between the words and the thoughts. Oceans of phrase, on the roaming billows of which few and scattered ideas are tossing about, inspire us with terror lest the poet's meaning should suffer shipwreck and go to the bottom. His language seems a chaos of epithets, a perfect maelstrom of adjectives. Harsh compounds, which the genius of the English language utterly rejects, make his page hideous. He has no perception of the beauty and charm of a simple, direct, unaffected style, varying to suit the subject. His knowledge of the true character of the English language is very slight, and his taste in using it is of the worst possible description. It would be difficult to select a passage of half a page, free from very serious blemishes; although single lines, and sometimes half a dozen lines together, occur, of great vigor and beauty. To illustrate Mr. Street's tasteless gorgeousness of style, it is unnecessary to select; any page will furnish specimens. From the first page of the first poem, on "Nature," we extract some lines, to read which makes the head ache, as it were, with the explosions of adjectives.

> "God glanced on chaos—into form it sprang—
> Worlds clustered round him—instant at his will.
> Blazing, they darted to their destined spheres,
> Spangling the void, and in their orbits wheeled,
> Each with a different glory. Kindled suns
> Shot their fierce beams, and gentle moons were robed
> In soft, pure, silvery lustre. Chaos lived.
>
> "As the bright shapes were speeding to their goals,
> The angels gazed with wonder. Orb on orb
> Swept past their vision, shedding fitful gleams
> Upon their jewelled brows and glittering wings,
> And trailing, as they whirled along their flight,
> Pathways of splendor, till the boundless space
> Flashed in a web of gorgeous brilliancy.
> But when Omnipotence had formed his robe,
> And cast its spangled blazonry round heaven,
> The countless myriads of those shining ones,
> Their wonder changed to awe, bowed crown and harp
> Beneath the dazzling brightness."—p. 3.

The allusion to the Saviour's sepulchre, in the following lines, is worse than tasteless:—

> "Nature speaks soothing music, stealing through
> Each avenue to the heart, till all is peace;
> *The stone is roll'd from Pleasure's sepulchre*,
> And forth she treads again to life and light;
> Our thoughts are lifted, passions swept away,
> And in our soul a holiness is shed,
> *A mental moonlight*"——

whatever that may happen to be.

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To show with what needless profusion Mr. Street lavishes compound epithets, we take the following from a single column, on the "Gray Forest Eagle." In the first line we have,

"With *storm-daring* pinion, and *sun-gazing* eye."

Then, a few lines lower, we find "rock-lashed torrents," a phrase which is chargeable with the absurdity of making rocks lash the torrent, instead of the torrent lashing the rock, as torrents usually do. Again: —

"The *many-voiced* sounds of the *blast-smitten* wood."

Then come the

"*moss-bearded* hemlock,"

and

"His eyeballs *red-blazing*, *high-bristling* his crest,
His *snake-like* neck," &c.,—

quickly followed by these remarkably picturesque lines: —

"The strong hawk hangs lifeless, a *blood-dripping* wreck;
And as dives the free kingfisher, *dart-like* on high,
With his prey, soars the eagle, and melts in the sky."

The passage which follows is a fair, and by no means an exaggerated, specimen of Mr. Street's sublime manner: —

"A fitful red glaring, a low rumbling jar,
Proclaim the *Storm-Demon* yet raging afar;
The black cloud strides upward, the lightning more red,
And the roll of the thunder more deep and more dread;
A thick pall of darkness is cast o'er the air,
And on bounds the blast with a howl from its lair;
The lightning darts zigzag and forked through the gloom,
And the bolt launches o'er with crash, rattle, and boom.
The Gray Forest Eagle, where, where has he sped?
Does he shrink to his eyry, and shiver with dread?
Does the glare blind his eye? Has the terrible blast
On the wing of the *Sky-King* a *fear-fetter* cast?
No, no, the brave Eagle! he thinks not of fright;
The wrath of the tempest but rouses delight;
To the flash of the lightning his eye casts a gleam,
To the shriek of the wild blast he echoes his scream,
And with front like a warrior that speeds to the fray,
And a clapping of pinions, he 's up and away!
Away, O, away, soars the fearless and free!
What recks he the sky's strife? — its monarch is he!
The lightning darts round him, undaunted his sight;
The blast sweeps against him, unwavered his flight;
High upward, still upward, he wheels, till his form
Is lost in the black scowling gloom of the storm." — p. 5.

The entire poem abounds with similar beauties.

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From the poem entitled "A Forest Nook" we take another specimen of Mr. Street's sublimity: —

"God hath formed
All, from the mountain wreathing round its brow
The black cars of the thunder," &c.

Just imagine a mountain wreathing black cars round its brow!

The following poem, notwithstanding its occasional false and finical epithets, and its feeble conclusion, is the least faulty piece in the collection.

"WHITE LAKE.

"Pure as their parent springs, how bright
The silvery waters stretch away,
Reposing in the pleasant light
Of June's most lovely day!

"Curving around the eastern side,
Rich meadows slope their banks, to meet,
With fringe of grass and fern, the tide
Which sparkles at their feet.

"Here busy life attests that toil,
With its quick talisman, has made
Fields green and waving, from a soil
Of rude and savage shade.

"While opposite the forest lies
In giant shadow, black and deep,
Filling with leaves the circling sky,
And frowning in its sleep.

"Amid this scene of light and gloom,
Nature with art links, hand in hand,
Thick woods beside soft rural bloom,
As by a seer's command.

"Here waves the grain, here curls the smoke,
The orchard bends; there, wilds, as dark
As when the hermit waters woke
Beneath the Indian's bark.

"Oft will the panther's startling shriek
With the herd's quiet lowings swell,
The wolf's fierce howl terrific break
Upon the sheepfold's bell.

"The ploughman sees the wind-winged deer
Dart from his covert to the wave,
And fearless in its mirror clear
His branching antlers lave.

"Here, the green headlands seem to meet
So near, a fairy bridge might cross;
There, spreads the broad and limpid sheet
In smooth, unruffled gloss.

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"Arched by the thicket's screening leaves,
A lilied harbour lurks below,
Where on the sand each ripple weaves
Its melting wreath of snow.

"Hark! like an organ's tones, the woods
To the light wind in murmurs wake;
The voice of the vast solitudes
Is speaking to the lake.

"The fanning air-breath sweeps across
On its broad path of sparkles now;
Bends down the violet to the moss,
Then melts upon my brow."—p. 18.

The skilful use of language is an art acquired by severe study and long practice. Mr. Street has scarcely a dim perception of its principles. He ought to begin a course of ascetic discipline, by signing a pledge of total abstinence from all adjectives, at least for several years of probation. He should call in all his published poems, and subject them to a most unsparing revision, striking out without mercy every thing that seems to him particularly fine, especially all the sublime passages; and he should never attempt to "make believe" sublime again. He may then hope to produce something that the present generation will read, and future generations will not willingly let die.

6.—*The Government and the Currency.* Part I. By Henry Middleton, Jr. Philadelphia. 1844. 8vo. pp. 69.

The two questions which Mr. Middleton discusses in this pamphlet are, in substance, What are the powers of the government, in relation to and over the currency? and, What are the conditions of a sound currency, and the most effectual constitutional means of securing one to the country? He first examines the clauses in the Constitution which confer upon the government of the United States all the powers which it possesses over the whole subject. He then considers the nature of bank-notes, which he pronounces to be, not money, but only promises to pay money; and their value, he thinks, is founded on contract. The conclusion, to which his reasoning upon this part of the subject leads, is, that the power of government is "that of selecting and establishing the standard, and that of providing for the fulfilment of all promises to pay." In other words, the government of the United States has the power to coin money, and regulate the current value of the precious metals,

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which are the materials of money; and in relation to that part of the currency which consists of bank-notes, it has no other power than to enforce the fulfilment of their promises, on the same principles as any other contracts or promises to pay money may be enforced. In order to effect the degree of security required, he maintains, that government should exercise "the power of requiring, that those who establish a bank should give security to government, or to commissioners appointed under the authority of government, for the payment of their notes." The feasibility and desirableness of this measure, and its sure consequences in guarding the community against sudden expansions and ruinous contractions of the currency, are next discussed, at considerable length. But the author considers it improbable, that, in the present state of things, the Congress of the United States will undertake so bold a measure of reform; and that the only hope of bringing it about is, to invoke the aid of the legislatures of the States.

The last branch of the subject treated here embraces "the fourth of the essential conditions of a sure and safe currency"; namely, its exact proportion to the wants and business of the community. But as a preliminary to this part of the subject, he considers the principles which regulate and determine the value of gold and silver, in the general market of the world; principles which it is necessary to understand, in order to form sound and clear ideas in relation to the currency. Under the last head, Mr. Middleton considers some of the most important questions of political economy; such as the relations between the currency and labor, labor and population, and the rates of wages; the relations between the currencies of different nations; the principles which regulate exchanges, or the prices of orders to pay; and he then returns to the general subject of the proportion between the currency and the wants of the community. He is thus naturally led to consider the effect of the introduction of paper money, properly so called, and of bank-notes, upon the currency; which he pronounces to be "no other permanent effect whatever than that of lessening the amount of the precious metals in circulation." This is well made out by the following reasoning.

"The demand for these metals, for the purposes of currency, in the country where the substitution takes place, is, in a greater or less degree, diminished; and the effect of this is, first, to raise prices generally, throughout the country; to disturb, consequently, the par value previously established with foreign countries; and to cause, as an inevitable result of this, an exportation to them of some portion of the precious metals. Prices which were raised by the issue of bank-notes and paper money will subside again, when, in consequence of

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the withdrawal from the currency and exportation of a portion of the gold and silver coin, the quantity of money has been reduced again to its original amount. As regards foreign countries, and the general demand for the precious metals throughout the world, the effect is exactly the same that it would have been, had it been found possible, by economy and contrivance, to carry on the business and commerce of the country (where the substitution takes place) with a diminished amount of the precious metals, while prices continued unaltered. That is to say, the general demand for gold and silver would be somewhat less, and their average value, consequently, would be also somewhat less, than it would have been, had the demand for these metals continued undiminished. The country making the substitution of paper money and bank-notes in the currency, in the place of gold and silver coin, will have somewhat less of those metals in proportion to the value of her income; and the foreign countries, among whom the subtracted or exported currency is divided, will have somewhat more of them; but this will cause no change in the par of value between the former and the latter. The exportation of gold and silver from the former will continue only until the par of value is restored, after having been disturbed by the high prices consequent upon the issue of paper money and bank-notes; which, until a portion of the metallic currency was withdrawn, must necessarily have had the effect of increasing the whole mass of paper and metallic currency beyond the amount required for the business and commerce of the country."— pp. 58, 59.

We have briefly indicated the leading topics considered in this very able pamphlet. But the subject of the currency is now so hopelessly overwhelmed by the cant and vulgar ferocity of party politics, that calm and temperate writing, like this of Mr. Middleton, stands but slight chance of fixing the public attention. Still, the work will do good. It is written in a singularly clear, manly, and elegant style; the arrangement of topics is excellent, the statements are well weighed and conscientiously made, and no trace of the rampant party spirit, which perverts public opinion to a dreadful and alarming extent, on all questions of national policy, is discernible in its pages. The object aimed at by Mr. Middleton, namely, "to combine, so far as it is possible to do so, the advantages of the metallic with those of the bank-note system," is one which ought to be studied by the public men of all parties; but the demagogues have seized upon the subject for their own purposes, and the minds of the people are filled with ignorance, prejudice, and passion, until they are scarcely capable of acting without manifesting an insane violence, by which their real interests are sacrificed.

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7.—*The Morals of Freedom. An Oration delivered before the Authorities of the City of Boston*, July 4th, 1844. By Peleg W. Chandler. Boston: John H. Eastburn, City Printer. 8vo. pp. 54.

The author of this excellent discourse, one of the most distinguished among the young lawyers of Boston, has done honor to himself, and justice to the occasion, by the manly tone and style of his address. The promptings of national vanity, and the claims of an exaggerated patriotism, have been equally set aside by him, for the teachings of wisdom and truth. The fulsome flattery, with which Fourth of July orators have very generally been in the habit of entertaining their audiences, has been made to give place to better and wiser views; to the lessons and warnings of experience; to admonitions upon our national faults, and to the inculcation of a higher system of national morality and honor. While, on the one hand, the orator does not fail to see the faults and follies which our popular organizations have often manifested,—on the other, he does not fall into the strain of sinister forebodings, which many eminent citizens feel it impossible to avoid, in contemplation of the outbreaks of that anarchical spirit, with which the history of recent times has been in some quarters mournfully signalized. He sees, through all the confusions of the age, strong grounds for encouragement and hope. Not agreeing wholly with some of his representations of the tendencies of the times, especially on one or two questions of education, we yet think he has, in the main, seized the truth, and given it utterance, with equal precision, boldness, and sincerity.

Those who are familiar with Mr. Chandler's previous writings, especially with the volumes of Trials, and his articles in the Law Reporter, will naturally expect to find his style possessing the capital requisites of clearness, force, purity, and generous eloquence. This oration is written in his best manner, and deserves, from its various merits of style and matter, to enjoy a more enduring reputation than commonly falls to the lot of American "demonstrative" exhibitions.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Biographical, Literary, and Philosophical Essays, contributed to the Eclectic Review. By John Foster, author of "Essays on Decision of Character," &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1844. 12mo. pp. 419.

Brief History of Evangelical Missions, with the Date of Commencement, and Progress and Present State. By Andrew M. Smith. Hartford: Robins & Smith. 1844. 12mo. pp. 193.

The American Elocutionist, comprising Lessons in Enunciation, Exercises in Elocution, and Rudiments of Gesture; with a Selection of new Pieces for Practice in Reading and Declamation. By William Russell. Boston: Jenks & Palmer. 1844. 12mo. pp. 380.

The Retrospect of Practical Medicine and Surgery, being a half-yearly Journal, containing a Retrospective View of every Discovery and Practical Improvement in the Medical Sciences. Edited by W. Braithwaite. Vol. IX. January – June, 1844. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 12mo. pp. 339.

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